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DECEMBER, 1905

The
BUSY MAN'S
MAGAZINE

Formerly Business and The Business Magazine

The Cream of the World's Magazines
Reproduced for Busy People

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best
Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

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SUBSCRIPTION

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Inside With the Publishers

"WHY don't you call your magazine The Busy Man's Magazine? It seems to me that the name, Busy Man's Magazine, suits the publication better than The Business Magazine. Business Magazine is just a trifle suggestive of the dry and technical, whereas your splendid monthly is anything but that. It is the brightest and cleverest publication I have read for a long time."

These words, written by a distinguished Canadian business man, were just sufficiently persuasive in their tone to induce us to put into practice an already half-formulated desire on our own part to change from The Business Magazine to The Busy Man's Magazine. We feel sure that our many readers will applaud the change, emphasizing as it does the general aim of the magazine—to be an entertaining and instructive companion for the busy man or woman of affairs.

This month we have enlarged The Busy Man's Magazine to the extent of sixteen pages. This is in keeping with the promises contained in the preceding numbers that we would continue to enlarge and improve the magazine from month to month. The enlargement admits of the addition of several more articles, bringing the total up to a number that is unsurpassed by any other magazine publication in the world.

It is most gratifying to the publishers to note the way in which The Busy Man's Magazine has been received by all sorts and conditions of men. Bank presidents, railway magnates, professional men, the heads of big businesses, and commercial men have all been entered on our subscription list and all have spoken in most kindly terms of our publication.

In addition we have secured a strong hold on the ranks of the country retailers, the smaller business men of the land, and the young men. The Busy Man's Magazine is cosmopolitan in its interests. It suits old and young, rich and poor, employer and employee, teacher and scholar.

In a few days Christmas will be here. On that occasion many employers are accustomed to bestow "Christmas boxes" on their hands. These frequently take the form of colorless presents, which mean little to either giver or receiver. Let us suggest that this year employers should give to their deserving employees subscriptions to The Busy Man's Magazine. The gift would be worth while. It would be appreciated by the receiver. It would be an incentive to him to throw his whole interest into the work that lay next to his hands and this would mean better results for the employer. In fact, the gift would prove a good investment. Any subscriber to the paper can secure one or more subscriptions made out in the name of an employee at the special reduced price of \$1.50 per annum. For five or more a special rate will be quoted. This offer only holds good until the new year.

Complimentary press notices still pour in upon us. In one day no fewer than one dozen papers sent us copies, in which pleasing paragraphs about The Busy Man's Magazine were inserted. This speaks most highly for the worth of the magazine. It would be impossible to reproduce all these press notices, but one or two should suffice to show their general character.

Under the heading "Twil' be a Success Sure," the Echo, of London, Ontario, says:

"When the *Business Magazine* issued its initial number in October, those who were fortunate enough to get it felt sure that it would be a success. In the first place, the magazine's plan seemed to be different from anything previously started in Canada; and secondly, it was presented by the MacLennan Publishing Co., who are in touch with all classes of business men. This is the firm which issues the different trade journals, as well as newspapers, trade, as, for instance, the *Printer and Publisher*, which is looked for monthly not only by printers, but by other men of business interested in the advertising columns which appear in that paper. And evidently, the *Business Magazine* is going to be a success. Last month readers of the *World* will remember the story, "Pays in Pique," which was read and enjoyed by thousands. Though it appeared first in another magazine, the *World* was indebted to the *Business* for it. This month we notice the new *Toronto Magazine* has another excellent humorous business story and a couple of dozen of the best articles reprinted from other magazines, besides an original article on "Senator Folland—Advertising King." In reviewing the hundreds of magazines and selecting the best, the *Business Magazine* has made itself a compilation of the best literature of the month, a time-saver and a valuable literary aid to the busy man or woman. Certainly the magazine deserves success, which is assured, and the MacLennan Publishing Co. are to be congratulated upon their venture, which is already meeting with a welcome from Canadian business people."

* * *

The career of D. D. Mann, which Mr. Augustus Biddle has handled so admirably in this number of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, is typical of many Canadian business men of today. One of our aims is to bring the lives of such men into a greater prominence and to let their example shine forth as a guiding light to young Canada. There are the makings of many "Dan" Manns in this country. All that is necessary is to give them the proper incentive and that, we believe, can be largely done by stimulating them to emulate the deeds of those who have been successful. A series of helpful papers on Canadian business men who have made their mark will be run during the coming year.

* * *

The utility of the department devoted to recording a list of the best articles in the current magazines, which for reasons of space we are unable to reproduce in *The Busy Man's Magazine*, can best be tested by examining it. There the reader will find a splendid terse outline of the contents of all the leading period-

icals. Mere titles convey but little meaning and give only a doubtful idea of what an article is about. We have accordingly gone a step further and, after the title of the more important articles, have put their contents, so to speak, into a literary nutshell. A reader can thus go over the list of articles, pick out those that appeal to him, and purchase the magazines in which they appear.

Our scheme has been far more useful than we imagined and dealers have profited by it. A leading Montreal dealer has assured us that since our November number appeared he has made a large number of sales of magazines directly through its instrumentality. Jokingly he appealed to us to circulate *The Busy Man's Magazine* free among business men, because thereby the general sale of magazines would be stimulated.

* * *

Our book department is being rounded into shape as one of the most useful sections of *The Busy Man's Magazine*. If a man has little time for magazine reading, he has still less for book reading, and just as we are trying to aid him in the former, so we are endeavoring to assist him in the latter.

* * *

The editor is glad to be able to announce that the Canadian character sketch for the January issue will be one of the Hon. W. S. Fielding. The writer is Mr. H. F. Gadsby, wielder of one of the most trenchant pens in Canadian journalism, whose work on the *Toronto Star* and other papers has attracted attention. The question, "What Shall We do With the Tariff?" is looming large on the political horizon just now, and a sketch of the man who makes the tariff should be timely.

An Appropriate Christmas Gift.

SO many people are worried just about this time of the year over the subject of Christmas presents, that a little suggestion from the publishers of the *Busy Man's Magazine* should not come amiss. Our plan is that you should make use of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, not only when you are in doubt but under other circumstances as well, by present-

cards reproduced herewith to inform him of your kindness.

The Busy Man's Magazine will prove an admirable gift from the boys and girls of the household to the father, or from the mother to the son just starting in business life. In fact, it suits almost every person who has anything to do either directly or indirectly with business.

With the Season's Compliments.

*M*erry Christmas to you and yours.

In extending to you the season's greetings begs to present to you a year's subscription to *The Busy Man's Magazine*, which he has instructed the publishers to send to you from now until the end of nineteen hundred and six.

To you and yours.

ing your friends with subscriptions to it. The thing is easily done. Forward us the name and address of the person to whom you wish the magazine sent, along with two dollars to pay for the subscription. We will immediately enrol the name of your friend on our list and will send him one of the handsome presentation

The character of the magazine is such as to make it agreeable reading for the leisure hour. It accordingly will be welcomed where a more technical publication might be received with disfavor. The bright, readable contents, covering a wide range of knowledge, fit it to the minds of everybody.

The Busy Man's Prayer.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The day returns and brings us
the petty round of irritating con-
cerns and duties.

"Help us to play the man, help us to
perform them with laughter and kind
faces; let cheerfulness abound with
industry.

"Give us to go blithely on our busi-
ness all this day, bring us to our
resting beds weary and content and
undishonored; and grant us in the
end the gift of sleep.—Amen.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 3.

D. D. Mann, Railroad Builder.

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

A remarkable man is D. D. Mann, of the great firm of MacKenzie & Mann, owners of twenty-five hundred miles of railroad. Few, who knew him as a boy, could have prophesied the splendid career which is his today. He was a hearty young giant but no scholar, and parent and teacher alike despised him. But he had the makings of a great man in him and it is coming out to-day.

ON the twenty-second of November, 1905, the last spike in the main line of the Canadian Northern to Edmonton was driven, in the presence of the most interested crowd ever assembled in that remarkable country. Present at that spike driving was a big, black-haired man with streaks of gray and a square-set jaw; a man of striking build, after the pattern of the great labor leader, John Burns. He had come over the new line in a special train, accompanied by a few officials. Looking out over the young city on the gorge of the Saskatchewan, he spoke a few plain words of congratulation, scarcely lifting his voice above a rather heavy monotone. He said the least of any of the orators. He was cheered the loudest.

Jargoning in half a dozen languages the crowd dispersed, and the projector of the C.N.R. went back to his car. He was photographed and

quoted in the newspapers, and that night was banqueted at the Queen's Hotel. At the banquet he made a speech—one that for its construction denotes a great business mind, and for its matter takes rank as a prairie classic. It was a great occasion, and it was Donald D. Mann's third public speech. Here is one of its paragraphs which was cheered like a political oration:

"We will give you a tri-weekly service till June, when you will have a daily service consisting of sleeping and day-coaches, lighted with acetylene gas, and equal to the best and most modern equipment arriving at or leaving any city on the continent of America."

This to Edmonton, which but four years and one month previous got its first train across the river from Strathcona, thanks to Mackenzie & Mann, in the days when the young city was fed by drays and the old cable ferry. All down the Saskatchewan, in 1901, bunches of shacks and stores on the forks of the prairie trails were yearning to become rail-

road towns. Edmonton had been talking of a capitalship and a railroad centre. The monopoly of the C.P.R. should be abolished. The freight trains of Mackenzie & Mann should crawl in from the east along the 500-mile wheat belt. No longer should it be necessary for Edmontonians going east to pass through Calgary. By the first of December, 1905—four years they had been counting the year without knowing the month—the C.N.R. main line from the east should be spiked to the spur put across the bridge from Strathcona in 1901. The builders had kept their word. The road was in ahead of time. There was jubilation such as only a commercial out-looker knows how to express; such as had never been equalled in all the historic home-comings of the Red River carts from Winnipeg, or the old steamboats Northwest and Northcoote from the Grand Rapids, or even the building of the iron bridge from Strathcona in 1899. The lead and front of the celebration was Donald D. Mann, whose speech, punctuated by cheers at almost every paragraph, contained also this statement, significant as showing the magnitude of the C.N.R. and the temper of its builders:

"We intend to connect the western system with our eastern system. We have eight hundred miles of railway in the older provinces, three hundred of which is main line, and I hope that the next great celebration as the Canadian Northern Railway will be when we inaugurate a train service from Edmonton to the Atlantic Ocean."

The next day D. D. Mann went back in his train over the new road, 1,265 miles, to Port Arthur, its other temporary terminus on Lake Superior. The furthest north town in Canada, except Dawson, was now a railroad centre, and the great Saskatchewan Valley, with its 800 miles

of wheat stations, was on the main line of the C.N.R.

Donald D. Mann and William Mackenzie were the two first Canadians to build a man-owned national railway in Canada. Together they own and operate more miles of railway than any other two men in the world. Donald D. Mann was born near the town of Acton, in the county of Halton, near the birthplace of James J. Hill, whose metropolis was Rockwood, the next station six miles up the line. This was in March, 1853, two years after the first locomotive was run in Canada. Donald Mann's father's name was Hugh, and his mother in her maiden days was Helen Macdonald, both natives of Glengarry, Scotland. In 1843 Hugh Mann came with his father, Donald, to Canada, and settled on a 300-acre farm in the township of Esquevington, not far from what was then the wooden little burg called Acton. Two of Hugh's brothers got each 100 acres at Donald's death. Of the remaining hundred Hugh got half.

D. D. Mann, the fifth in a family of ten, was born in a log house on a fifty-acre farm one mile east from Acton. When he was three years of age the Grand Trunk main line was put through and Acton became a railway station. A year or so later Hugh Mann sold his fifty acres, already five times too small, and moved nearer Acton, about half a mile from the post office, onto a 200-acre farm. Here Hugh Mann reared his family of ten, six of whom are still living, the youngest, Hugh, having been killed while operating on the Dauphin branch of the C.N.R. the track-laying machine of his own invention. Here Donald D., the biggest in stature, learned enough of farming to hate it.

Even though that two hundred acres was cleared, fenced and ditched by the time he became old enough to drive horses, it never inspired in the lad's breast that pensive love of the old homestead which so largely figures in rural drama and heroic poetry. Donald had already gone to school at Bannockburn—a little wooden school whose teacher was a Mr. Campbell, who afterwards became school inspector in Kincardine. At Acton, after the sale of the old farm, he went to the two-roomed village school presided over by the stern Robert Little, afterwards inspector of Halton county, now dead.

By this time, however, Donald was big enough to help his father crop the farm, so that his school days each year began when the roots were hoisted, the peas threshed, and the pigs killed. From that until the frogs began to pipe down on the river flats was the lad's chance to get what was called in those days an education. There were no frills on the Acton curriculum; nothing but the three historic R's, and another one—the Rod. Robert Little believed in the four R's. He knew how to trim the bluebeech gad and right well how to trim with it the lad that most needed it. He never waited for somebody to hoist him out of the window. And he could well see that young Donald Mann, with his big shoulders and his roustabouting leg boots was not haunter after a university career. Donald worked vulgar fractions and did spelling because he had to. When the class got its turn to be called up Donald was at the foot as often as any boy in it—for anything but history and geography, both of which he ardently loved, little dreaming, perhaps,

that he would yet be a factor in making both for Canada.

"Donald, you're the biggest boy in the class," Robert Little would say with a tired look, "and you'll be the biggest failure in Esquevington unless you mend your ways—I'm thinking."

But neither exhortation nor gall could make of Donald Mann a scholar. In conversation with the elder Mann the master said that he doubted if the lad would ever be anything but a good-for-nothing, and Hugh Mann was sore vexed thereat. Donald was as healthy as the north wind, had a chest like a barrel and an appetite like a horse. He could throw any two of the village boys at once catch-as-catch-can. At the swimming-hole he was fine. Shinner on the old mill pond was his special delight. At the Dominion Day celebrations, when he got a little older, he was a champion in shot putting, running, jumping, and wrestling. Even to the present day Mr. Mann has never been thrown in a wrestle. But he would not study. Of books he was fond enough, devouring novels when he got the chance, which in the Mann household was seldom. He read *Pilgrim's Progress* till he almost knew it by heart. Twice a Sunday he went to the kirk at Acton with his father, his mother having died when he was thirteen. Fifty-two times a year, rain or shine, he went to Sunday school—when he didn't play "hooker" in the cemetery—and recited all he knew of the catechism to Rev. Lachlan Cameron. Three hundred and sixty-five times a year he knelt in family prayer before breakfast. It was a Scotch household of the most rigorous type. Hugh Mann was bringing his lads up in the fear of the Lord. Most of them he could see would succeed in farming,

or in some practical pursuit. For Donald he could see nothing likely but to be a Presbyterian preacher, for the lad had a good voice and a fair knowledge of Scripture.

This desire of Hugh Mann to see his son in the pulpit was not shared by either the schoolmaster or by Donald himself, who by the time he was eighteen had decided to quit farming forever. In the Spring of 1871 he told his father so. He would leave home. Two trunks he packed with all he had of this world's goods. His father said he might go and welcome if he would but go to college and be a preacher; otherwise he wished him to stay.

"All I want you to do, father, is to hitch up the team and take my trunks to the station," was the reply.

Still Hugh was obdurate. Donald went upstairs and got his grip. "Father," he said, "I'll walk to the station. You can send the trunks after me."

Silently the old man invoked on his persistent son the blessing of the Almighty. Donald wickered up his valise and out across the fields to the station. His father followed him.

"If you won't go to college I can't give you any money," said the old man just before the train came in. "But I want you to take this Bible."

Donald obediently tucked the Bible into his grip and boarded the train going west. That night he got to Port Huron. From there he took a lake boat up to Alpena, which in those days was a fine place for Canadian boys who desired to learn the joys of the lumber camp in the pine woods. His first job was river driving, at which picturesque and har-

ardous pastime he was a huge success. It was wild enough to make him forget the monotony of the farm and arduous enough to take all the muscle and nerve he had. After a few months at shoving pine logs down the rivers he took to running a drag-saw in a shingle mill, cutting off blocks shingle length. This was less exciting, and did not suit him so well. After about a year in the Michigan camps he went up to Peterborough county, in the vicinity of Gull River. Here also he did river driving, sawing logs in the woods, chopping, and anything else he was set at by the camp boss. From there he drifted to Parry Sound, where he had charge of camps and drives.

But in all this Mann didn't seem to have found anything that satisfied him. In fact he considered himself just about an absolute failure. He went back to Esquewaug after a few years in the lumber woods. He had saved a small wad of money out of his hard-earned wages. Whether he intended to remain in Esquewaug is not clear, but his elder brother, Allan, persuaded him to try farming again. There was a farm at Crewson's Corners, three miles from Aetna, for rent at a low figure. Mann yielded, feeling in his bones that he was making a mistake. The two brothers took a three-year lease of the farm and went into contracts for getting out cordwood to burn in the locomotives of the Grand Trunk Railway.

With all D. D. Mann's knowledge of roughing it, and of farming, that rented farm never paid. Every year the two brothers went further behind. The third year they gave it up and celebrated the anniversary by an auction sale of chattels to pay

debts on implements. The things went low, and the proceeds of the sale paid only a small margin on the debts.

That gave Mann his final settlement on agriculture. His repentance, however, did not drive him into the ministry. He left Aetna and drifted west. The C.P.R. was building. Going by way of Duluth he got for the first time into the great Northwest, which was yet to remember him somewhat, as it recalled his great namesake, Donald A. Smith, whose career antedated Mann's by one chapter. He got a contract getting out ties for the section east of Winnipeg. The scrubby woods of Eastern Manitoba were easy after the pine woods of Michigan and Muskoka. On Christmas Eve of 1879 his contract was completed, and the first train shot into Winnipeg over the Red River. Mann laid the sixteen-foot ties across the ice for that first locomotive, the John G. Haggart, which all that Winter went down one bank "lickety-split" across the ice and up the other bank with the momentum got on the down grade. In 1880 Mann got pneumonia and came near quitting everything. In the Winter of 80-81 he again took a contract getting out ties on the western section of the C.P.R., and during the next five years, till the completion of the road, he took contract after contract for building entire sections of road between Winnipeg and the coast.

Mr. Mann had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Mackenzie, who, a native of Victoria county, was also a contractor on the C.P.R. In '86 he built 80 miles of the Manitoba and North Western Railway, and 40 miles of the Hudson's Bay road from Winnipeg to Oak Point on Lake

Manitoba. The next year, in company with Mr. Mackenzie, he went east to Maine and built the short line for the C.P.R. through that state. The Fall of '88 saw D. D. Mann down in Chili. Here, for the best part of a year, he put in a hazardous and eventful time among Indians and Spaniards, building a Government road for Mr. H. S. Holt, of Montreal. Next year he came back to Canada and again struck west. Associated with Mr. James Ross, Messrs. Mann, Mackenzie and Holt built what is now the Regina and Long Lake Road, 250 miles, from Regina to Prince Albert. In the three following years the same aggregation built the Calgary and Edmonton line, and the line from Calgary to Macleod, on the boundary. These lines put out of business forever the old Saskatchewan steamers Northwest and Northcoast.

The activity of Messrs. Mann & Mackenzie, following so soon after that of the C.P.R. syndicate, had now given the northwest just about all the railroad building it was able to stand for some time. For the next three years, until 1885, Mr. Mann went mining in British Columbia. Here he laid the basis of the firm's present enterprises in mining properties, and pioneered several mines, notably the North Star and the Dominion Copper Co. group, including the Idaho, Rawhide and Stem Wind-er. This was a sort of work for which Mann was specially suited, with his intuitive capacity for sizing up a proposition at a surmise glance. The properties pioneered by him in those years have all turned out well.

But as yet there was no Canadian Northern, and so far as is known, even so late as ten years ago, Messrs. Mann and Mackenzie were

not planning a transcontinental line. It is certain, however, that together they traversed the Saskatchewan valley. What speculations either of them indulged on the trip is not known. They were shrewd enough to observe that the wheat belt was there. But neither Mann nor Mackenzie was yet a capitalist. Not a mile of the new roads in the northwest, except the C.P.R., was paying a cent of dividend, or even earning fixed charges. Even the C.P.R. had missed one dividend. Of the Saskatchewan Valley Canada was profoundly ignorant. The whole northwest in the popular imagination was yet a frozen hunting-ground, and the men who had built railways there probably desired to go on record as avle grease philanthropists. Settlers were not going in. Only Manitoba was considered capable of bumper wheat crops, and that was doubtful. It was the worst time possible to build new roads. Credit was next to impossible to obtain. Ordinarily, having made a respectable pile out of contracts, a railway builder might have been satisfied to go home and leave the country to work out its own salvation.

Such a retrogressive policy was not the style of Mr. Mann. He had more faith in the Northwest than he was in the habit of advertising. It was in 1895 that he was offered an option on the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Co., with a projected line from Portage la Prairie to Dauphin and Lake Winnipegosis.

The Dauphin section he knew to be a fine country. Already there were many settlers waiting for a railroad, many of whom were hauling grain 100 miles to Gladstone, on the C. P. R., the nearest station. But the west had gone back on building rail-

ways. It was impossible to interest capital in the project. Mr. Mann himself was not in a position to build the road and operate it. His first intention was to build it and turn it over, simply making his profits on the contracts. But to whom would he turn it over? Nobody wanted it. As yet he himself, after having built thousands of miles of railway, did not own a mile of track. Neither did Mr. Mackenzie, who was the first man to supply the missing link for the Dauphin road. He offered to go in with Mr. Mann, build the road, and operate it themselves.

The offer was accepted. But the name Mackenzie & Mann was not in those days the power it is to-day. They had no Midas touch. Their combined accumulations of capital would not build and run the new road. It was this fact that really gave birth to the C.N.R., which is based primarily on the personality of its promoters, second on a system, third on a principle. The personalities of the men were already well established in the public mind. They were recognized as men who did things while other men were talking about them. The system had as yet never been tried. To the Manitoba Government Messrs. Mann & Mackenzie applied. They offered to build the road and to give the Government bonds to the extent of \$8,000 a mile. The offer was accepted. For the first time in the history of railroading in Canada a Government stood behind a man-built and man-owned railway. The project went ahead. Instead, however, of building from Portage la Prairie, the firm acquired running powers and built from Gladstone into the Dauphin country. By the completion of the road in 1906 every mile of it was

earning its fixed charges of 4 per cent. on \$8,000 hauling out grain and taking in settlers' effects.

This line, owned and operated by Mackenzie & Mann, was the progenitor of the great C.N.R. main line, with all its subsidiary lines reaching into a total of 2,500 miles. This system of a man-owned, Government-guaranteed road has been maintained throughout. And the principle of making the road pay its fixed charges from the outset has been worked everywhere on the Canadian Northern. In the case of the main line from Port Arthur to Edmonton this has been possible because the builders were shrewd enough to make the road follow the country instead of trying to make the country follow the road. The 800 miles of wheat stations on the main line are the big reason why that road expects to be a payer from the start. The extension eastward in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces is but a part of a great transcontinental system. The building of the James Bay road, to begin haulage next year, is the north and south extension of the system. The multitudinous interests in mining properties, timber and lands of all sorts at various points along the road are but the basis for vast industrial centres designed to build up traffic and attract population along the line.

Canada is accustomed now to expecting big things from Mackenzie & Mann. They rank as the two most notable Canadians since Donald A. Smith, whose pioneer work in the Great West they have followed up with the genius of civilization. In ten years these men have sprung from the position of railroad contractors and builders to the altogether unique position of railway

owners with a great transcontinental line to exploit. In this they have made both history and geography. In this Donald Mann has verified his boyish love of those two subjects when a hulky young lad at the Aetion school. He has never regretted that he did not become a Presbyterian preacher. He has quite forgiven his old schoolmaster for predicting that he never would be any good. As for the old farm, he has no desire to go back to it.

One incident in his career must not be overlooked. Some time during his career in the northwest he drifted back to Aetion. His first trip was to the old homestead. Just as soon as he got the folks at home posted on his doings and the developments in the west, Mann took a trip out to Crewe's Corners. There he called his creditors together and paid every man of them a hundred cents on the dollar with interest in full up to date. The creditors showed their appreciation by giving Donald a banquet at the Dominion Hotel in Aetion. This banquet was one of the "won't-go-home-till-morning" kind, as might have been expected. To Donald Mann it was more than a jollification. It was his first opportunity of getting four-square with the world.

To meet D. D. Mann personally in his office on King street, Toronto, is to get a glimpse of a remarkable man. When the writer met him he had no desire to be interviewed, and didn't mind saying so. He was gruff enough for a Siberian, but good-humored enough to smile just to show that he was not inclined to use the broad-axe.

"Well, what do you want me to talk about?" he asked.

"The Canadian Northern, Mr. Mann, and the Northwest."

He talked in blunt monosyllables, hitting his cigar between phrases. He pointed on the map to the ramifications of the C.N.R. He spoke of the big wheat belt with its 800 miles of wheat stations. Laughingly, as he sat on the table, he reverted to his early experiences at Acton. He admitted that the rigid discipline of his Scotch home may have had a good deal to do with his subsequent success. Which may be true; but in looking at D. D. Mann, in talking to him in the off-hand way which comes perfectly natural to him, the stranger sees vastly more in the man's personality. You can't precisely say it's a case of sheer brain development, though there is a whole study in Mr. Mann's head. The size and the compactness of the man count for much; his blue eyes and his square jaw, but particularly his eye, for if there is one thing about D. D. Mann more conspicuous than his courage and his determination, it is his ability to see into a proposition and to size up a man almost at a glance. Mere education D. D. Mann never had. He has educated himself by observation and experience. He has seen the world. He has in a manner sized up the world—from an industrial standpoint. Self-taught, he has come up through the grades of the big school of experience. When he went huah-whacking in Michigan and Muskoka he was unconsciously learning the basis of building railroads. When he took his first contract on the C.P.R. he knew all the possibilities of timber, and was already used to handling men with ease. He was never a hully or a slave driver. But he had a hawk eye and a practical experience, and a

sort of practical intuition that enabled him to drive over a job of construction and, without asking a question, see what was being done, what undone, what wasted, and what saved. He had the knack of understanding men as well as knowing ties and steel rails, and the cost of moving a cubic yard of earth compared to the cost of the same quantity of rock. His gift of native humor helped him even where his natural courage might have failed. Mann early learned that success is not achieved by spasms. He never acts on impulse. He has the Scot's caution and the decision of the steel trap. In a time of war D. D. Mann would have been a General Grant. He has power to lead and to manage men, to select subordinates, to inspire fear as well as admiration. He knows how to organize a system. He is a master of transportation, which is one of the arts of war. Personal courage he has in a high degree. He believes in the gospel of hard work and of self-denial to gain an important end. He inspires love of work in other men. A sluggard or a kid-glove man has no place in Mann's system. Concentration of force is with him a science. And D. D. Mann always has his hand pretty close to the air brake. There was a big personal work for some Canadian to do after Strathcona left the northwest. D. D. Mann has taken his share of it. In his own way he is a nation builder.

"In building a railroad," he said to the writer, "the end must be seen from the beginning."

Then, after a pause, he added reflectively, "It seems to me when I think it all over that I have done next to nothing. The Canadian Northern seems to me merely a begin-

ning. The past ten years you say? Well, we have got in that time three thousand three hundred miles of railway. What of that? We must go on building. If the whole system were wiped out to-morrow—we must still go on building. It is a big fascination. I tell you, Mackenzie & Mann absolutely must go on building railroads."

Some day fresh chapters must be written about Mackenzie & Mann. Meanwhile, D. D. Mann has a place in his busy life to think once in a while about his old Acton home. Years ago he bought for his father the Collins farm at the corner of the

Grand Trunk yards. There, whenever he goes to see his father, he runs his private car in on a switch at the corner of the farm. During one of his visits to Acton Mr. Mann contributed to a fund organized by the Acton Free Press, to purchase a granite monument for the old schoolmaster, Robert Little, buried in the Fairview cemetery there. Every Christmas regularly Hugh Mann, now in his 89th year, spends a few days in the home of his now famous son on St. George street, Toronto. And the old man has no regrets now that Donald did not become a Presbyterian minister.

Sir Henry Pellatt

(CANADIAN MILITARY GAZETTE.)

THAT Lieut.-Col. Pellatt of the Queen's Own has been honored with knighthood will come as a surprise to few, and as a pleasure to many. Sir Henry Pellatt is a typical Canadian, and one who has been successful in many and different lines of enterprise. From the time as a young man he carried Canada's colors to New York City, winning the mile championship there in excellent time, until now, when he stands at the head of a fine regiment, and in the van of some of the highest of the country's financial enterprises, he has shown what steady perseverance can accomplish.

Few men at his time of life, for he is only forty-five, have achieved so much, and borne success so modestly.

In commerce his first large exploit was the reorganization of the Crow's Nest Coal Co. Taking this up at a time when it was poorly considered, he has made of it one of the highest enterprises of British Columbia.

His most recent commercial enterprise is one which will yet do untold good to the manufacturing industries of Ontario, for it is his initiative that he owes the organization of the Electrical Development Co., of Ontario, whose immense works at Niagara Falls, now nearing completion, will soon be in a position to supply one hundred and twenty-five thousand cheap horse-power to users in Toronto, the Niagara Peninsula and intermediate points.

Stover, the Resourceful.

BY LINCOLN M. STEARNS, IN BUSINESS MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Here is a genuine story of business life, the keen old manufacturer and bank president and the persistent salesman, one against the other till the old man gives in. It is a typical story of modern business methods, which will be read with interest right to the last word.

SIMEON ABBOTT, cabinet maker, when a young man, had come to Westopolis from New England. Big of frame, a hard worker, with considerable mechanical ingenuity, and a man of his word even in small things, he soon had a shop of his own in the growing city; and when in the west there arose a demand for better school appointments, he saw the opportunity and formed the Abbott School Desk Company. The company built good desks, employed resourceful salesmen, cheerfully allowed heavy expense accounts, charged ample prices, and as a result Mr. Abbott made a comfortable fortune, considering time and place. The active management of the company he then turned over to his sons, who had grown up in the business, and for some months Mr. Abbott lived at leisure. But 30 years of activity had unfitted him for idleness, and not wishing to resume the headship of the desk business, he sought other occupation. I do not know what turned his thought towards banking; perhaps it was the desk company's heavy interest payments in earlier days, when large bank accommodations were needed to enable it to take contracts payable in scrip. At any rate, the "Old Man," as he was familiarly called (though not to his face) bought enough State Bank stock to give him a seat in its directory and became such a factor in the bank's increasing success that in a few years he was chosen president of the institution.

For some time I had been a stenographer for the desk company and had written Mr. Abbott's personal letters. His dictations were crisp to brusqueness, of a piece with his straightforward dealing, and he would often say to me, "Now, you tone that down a little. You know how to put it so it won't sound too strong." I must have suited him, for when he became president of the State Bank he took me with him as his private secretary.

At that time the bank had outgrown its quarters and was erecting a new building. The fixtures were to include a burglar proof steel vault, on which several manufacturers were asked to submit estimates. The Climax Safe Company, however, was not invited to compete, although it had an agent in Westopolis. When this man learned that his company had been ignored, he came to see Mr. Abbott, but the Old Man gave him scant comfort. "We want a first-class job," said the Old Man, "and I understand that your people have not built any large work of this kind. We cannot afford to take any chances." The agent's attempts to argue or explain were useless. The Old Man only said: "You'll have to excuse me. I am very busy."

A few days later I was called from the private office to meet a stranger who introduced himself as John Stover, sales manager for the Climax Safe Co. In those days I was the Old Man's buffer, and it fell to me to separate the sheep from the goats, by suavely explaining to the latter

that Mr. Abbott was just then engaged on matters of urgency, and referring them to the cashier, or by some other equally politic evasion. But Stover was so pleasantly insistent that I saw time would be saved by yielding, and led him into the private office.

"Well, sir!" demanded the Old Man, when I had introduced Stover and mentioned the Climax Safe Co.

"I have called, Mr. Abbott," said Stover, "to see you in regard to your steel vault."

"I told your agent that we did not want a bid from your company," snapped the Old Man, and turned to his desk as if ending the interview.

But Stover held his ground. He took a deep breath, and the muscles at the base of his jaw showed lumpy. His black eyes opened a little wider, and he flushed a trifle. I looked for an explosion, for Stover seemed to be a man who would not submit to rough handling; but when he spoke his voice was smooth and even, not loud, but with a suppressed sonority that I have remarked in men speaking under excitement, but who were still self-controlled. The Old Man had to listen when he heard that tone.

Said Stover: "Mr. Abbott, I am here because our local man seems unable to secure consideration. I am sure there is some misunderstanding, and that you do not intend to discredit a reputable house. From what our agent tells me, I judge that you have been misinformed as to what we are able to do. It is true that we have not yet built any very large burglar vaults, but as a matter of fact we have made a closer study of burglar construction than anyone else in the business. We have moved slowly in this branch of the work, but we

are to-day prepared to execute the largest contracts, and I can demonstrate this if you will give me a hearing. You seem to be busy just now, and I shall be glad to call again at any time that you may name; but I think you will agree with me that it is no more than business courtesy that we should at least be heard. You have had men on the road, and if any of them had been refused even a chance to bid, on the ground that the Abbott Desk Co. was incompetent, I am sure the first train would have taken you to the spot, and that—you—would—have—secured—consideration."

During this rather long speech the Old Man's face was a study. Like all men of strong character, his temper was likewise, and it often needed an effort for him to check it in the face of decided opposition, though he was fair and just when given time to reflect. When Stover began the Old Man had wheeled to face him, and several times seemed about to interrupt. But Stover had kept on, measuring his words, but never halting, and with that something in his voice which intimated that he, too, was a man of temper; and by the time he had finished the Old Man was listening without impatience, and a grim half smile flickered over his face at the implied tribute of Stover's last words. Nevertheless, it was not the Old Man's way to instantly admit a mistake. I remember one clerk who got a nice raise in salary a few days after the Old Man had unjustly censured him, but it was not of record that Mr. Abbott made other acknowledgment of his error. So all that the Old Man said now, was "Well, come in to-morrow morning and we'll see."

When Stover came the next day Mr. Abbott was quite polite, but to me who knew him there was in his manner that which said: "It's my turn to-day." After a few words had been exchanged, he suddenly asked Stover, as if to take him unawares: "How thick should a steel vault be to be absolutely safe?" A simple question. Too simple. Stover had claimed that his company knew more about steel vault construction than its competitors, and his answer would probably settle the Old Man's opinion of that sweeping claim. I am sure Stover grasped this, but without any apparent hesitation he unconcernedly smiled back, "Two and a half inches."

"What?" jerked the Old Man, "two and a half inches?"

"Yes."

A second's silence, and then from the Old Man: "Isn't one inch and a half safe?"

"It is considered safe by some, but you asked me how thick it should be to be absolutely safe, and I say two and a half inches. Now we all know that an inch and a half has been the standard thickness, and if everyone in the vault business and every banker knows this, isn't it fair to assume that it is also known to the average cracksmen? He naturally prepares his tools and arranges his time to go through a wall one and a half inches thick. But if it is an inch thicker he finds himself at fault. He probably has not allowed enough time. He gets rattled and gives up. That is why I say that two and a half inches is absolutely safe."

The Old Man was much impressed. Stover had established himself, and at the same time had shaken Mr. Abbott's confidence in the other competi-

tors, for they all had recommended one and one-half inch walls, which Stover had shrewdly assumed. The talk that followed is not part of this tale. Suffice it to say that Mr. Abbott sent word to all bidders that he wanted proposals on two and one-half inch walls, and in racing parlance it was now "Stover against the field, with odds on Stover."

The bids were opened at a session of the directors. After listening for a half hour to the reading of technical explanations, they unanimously voted to let Mr. Abbott award the contract.

For several days the Old Man studied specifications, looked over drawings, examined samples, mastered the mechanism of locking apparatus, and listened while six bright salesmen in turn explained just why his proposal was the best. It was the hardest work the Old Man had done for a long time. Stover's turn came last of all, at his request. We went to the Palace Hotel to see his samples, but he did not weary the Old Man with shop talk. He said: "There are my samples. What you don't know about vault work by this time isn't worth knowing, and you can judge for yourself." And then for nearly two hours Stover told us good stories with a few words of business sandwiched in. It rested the Old Man, and confirmed his opinion that the Climax Company had the best goods.

Mr. Abbott, however, was slow in deciding. It was plain to see that he wanted to give Stover the order, but the Climax bid was the highest of all by quite a sum and the Old Man spent other people's money carefully. Finally he told all bidders that he would announce his decision the following Saturday.

On Friday something happened.

With no reason, except unreasoning fear and panic, if they can be called a reason, a "run" began on the State Bank. The institution was sound; its loans conservative. But all day Friday our paying teller shoved cash through the windows, while the line in the lobby grew steadily longer, and gradually changed to a pushing, jostling crowd, covering the sidewalk as well, and requiring several policemen to maintain order. We paid out large sums that day, but at closing time the throng was no smaller. In vain had the Old Man, our cashier, and several of the directors mingled with the crowd, buttonholing large depositors and giving personal assurance of the bank's strength. Nor did it avail that we hung in prominent places within and without the building placards stating unequivocally that the bank was able to pay dollar for dollar. Some of the heavier depositors frankly said that they believed the bank was sound, but that no bank could withstand such a run, and that they would withdraw while they could. In a measure they were right, for no bank can instantly pay all depositors. Banks live by their loans, and how many borrowers can pay on demand?

We wired our New York and Chicago correspondents to express us our balance in currency. The shipment from New York could not reach Westopolis until Sunday, but that from Chicago would come in time to fortify us for Saturday. The other Westopolis banks would have gladly advanced us some cash, but feared to weaken themselves at a time when they might need all their resources. Such was the friendship of some of our business men for the Old Man, however, that several of them who owed us money not yet due voluntar-

ily anticipated payment of all or part. "Things like this," said the Old Man "keep up my faith in human nature."

On Saturday the run continued, and by ten o'clock the outlook was desperate. We closed at twelve on Saturdays, and could last the day, but the end would come Monday unless the run abated.

The Old Man chewed an unlit cigar and peered the private office. While walking the floor he dictated to me a notice to be printed in the Westopolis Evening Post. The peril of the bank had caused us to forget that this was the day on which the vault contract was to be awarded, and none of the vault salesmen had come to remind us of it. But as I was typewriting the notice which the Old Man had just dictated, Stover entered. Mr. Abbott greeted him cordially, but said: "You see there is no use talking vaults to-day, Mr. Stover. It doesn't look as if we would ever need one. I guess the other vault men feel that way, for none of them have been near us since the run began, and I guess you are not hankering after the order yourself." Stover replied: "Will you give me the order?" The Old Man appeared surprised at this question, and also pleased, but shook his head. "I don't know that I could give you the order even if we buy. You are the highest bidder by nearly 10 per cent. But if you were the lowest bidder, it wouldn't make much difference. To show you how things stand I want Fred here to read you what I have just dictated." And I read:

"To the depositors of the State Bank. As a proof of my confidence in the absolute soundness of the State Bank, I hereby publicly pledge my personal fortune to each and every

depositor as a guaranty that every dollar owed by this bank will be paid in full."

(Signed) SIMEON ABBOTT.

"When I have to do this," continued the Old Man, "you can see that things are—well, uncertain. I hope we shall pull through. If people will calm down and get a little sense between now and Monday we shall be all right. But if not—" and the Old Man dropped into a chair and was silent.

Stover reflected a few seconds, drew a chair to the desk, seized a pad and wrote rapidly. When he had finished writing he said: "Do you ever play cards, Mr. Abbott?" and then went on without waiting for a reply from the astonished Deacon Abbott. "The best card in the deck, you know, is the joker. It beats any trump. Your card for the Post is certainly a trump, and it ought to win. But while you're doing it, why not play the joker? Suppose you also put

this in the Post, as a news item."

"We learn that the State Bank this morning ordered the steel burglar proof vault for its new building. It will be the largest and finest west of Chicago, and will be installed by the Climax Safe Co., of Toledo, Ohio, at a cost of over \$12,000. It is said that the Climax Co.'s price was the highest, but the bank intends to have the best equipment that can be bought."

The Old Man seized Stover's hand (for the Old Man was never accused of being slow of comprehension) and said: "I guess that is the joker." Then, turning to me, "Fred, you take this down to the Post with the other notice."

Six months later we held a reception on our first day in the new building, and Stover was there, by the Old Man's special request, to explain to visitors the wonders of the burglar-proof vault—"the best west of Chicago."

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Who has not heard of Madame Tussaud's wax-works? What visitor to London has not visited Madame Tussaud's exhibition and made himself thoroughly by talking to the wax policeman? The show has a worldwide fame and it has been open for many, many years. Let all who are interested read this very interesting sketch of the origin and development of the business.

It has been said of us that we are not an artistic people. However that may be, it is certainly true that of the many arts which have found a home in England there are few more admired and none less cultivated than the ceramicous art, which has its chief, if not only, temple in West London.

In the dark days of the French Revolution there resided in Paris a man named John Christopher Curtius. He was a physician, and had acquired a great reputation as an artist in wax by reason of his practice of demonstrating the results of his anatomical researches by highly finished ceroplastic models, a practice which be-

came highly popular among the elite of Parisian society. In his salon were to be found not only representatives of the French noblesse, but also some of the most celebrated painters, sculptors, and philosophers of his day; and among the habitués of his studio was a niece named Marie Grosholtz, who was a special favorite of the artist, and to whom he imparted the secrets of his art so completely that she soon became proficient in it and was invited as a guest to many of the great houses in Paris.

In course of time the mania for modelling in wax seized the Court, and the young niece of Curtius was "sent for" from Versailles to give lessons in the art to Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king.

Then came the Revolution, and Curtius, who had joined the popular party, took young Marie from the Court and directed her genius to the care of two exhibitions which he had himself started. One, in the Palais Royal, only contained the waxen effigies of illustrious persons in politics, science, and art; while the other, situated some distance away, was devoted to murderers and other notable criminals; and in this latter show we have the germ of that "Chamber of Horrors" which now forms such an important part of the exhibition in West London, and to which Marie gave such prominence in later times that without it this great national exhibition would be as the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

During the Reign of Terror Marie Grosholtz lived in Paris, and was often called upon to model the heads of those who had fallen to the fury of the revolutionists; and in this way Danton, Marat, and others, including the ill-fated Princess de Lamhalle,

came under her deft fingers. At last she herself was seized by the tyrants and thrown into prison, whence she only escaped through that general jail-delivery which followed on the fall of Robespierre.

In the meantime her uncle Curtius died and Marie became the wife of a prosperous wine-grower of Burgundy—M. Tussaud.

It has been said that Napoleon took kindly to "Madame," and would have done much for her; but, happily for us, she had a penchant for England, "which she ultimately made her domicile for nearly half a century."

On landing in London she decided to reproduce in this country her uncle Curtius' waxwork, or "Cabinet de Cire," and the enterprise succeeded beyond her own expectations. It became the fashion here at once; and of course she had a kind of monopoly, as her only rival was a Mrs. Salmon, who kept a waxwork show in Fleet Street. Of this show it is related that "an effigy of 'Mother Shipton' was placed at the entrance, and it was so constructed that it could kick any visitor who left the building!" But this show was broken up in 1812, since which time "Madame Tussaud's Exhibition," as it soon came to be called, has been without a rival or a competitor.

Beginning in a comparatively small way on the site of the now defunct Lyceum Theatre in the Strand, this accomplished modeller removed to Blackheath: and she subsequently travelled the country with her exhibition, finally settling down in London. She was then in her seventy-sixth year, but all her faculties were as bright and clear as ever.

On coming to Baker Street she evi-

dently came to stay; and we are told "she laid it down as a canon in the scheme of her enterprise that celebrities strictly up to date should be continuously added to every department of her exhibition." If the hour brought the man or woman, he or she was at once modelled, dressed, and allotted a place in her galleries.

Madame lived to the age of ninety, and was succeeded in the business by her sons, who took not only an active part in the management, but also in the artistic productions, many of which came from their own hands. Still, however, the old lady continued to take a lively interest in the museum of which she was the foundress, and in a conspicuous part of which her effigy, drawn from life, sits to-day, an object of wonder and admiration to all beholders. Before her demise she bequeathed to her offspring a heritage which they have unremittently striven to improve, until it now stands in that palatial red-brick building which has been properly described as "The Valhalla of Waxworks," unequalled in Europe.

This "Valhalla" is not a mere heterogeneous collection of "got-up" effigies huddled together without sequence or order. Far from it. We have here a systematically classified and methodically arranged system—if we may use the term. It contains to-day considerably over a thousand figures, and, in strict conformity with the cardinal tenet of its foundress, it is so up to date that no sooner does a distinguished character appear on the horizon of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America than he is pounced upon by the indefatigable "management" and represented (to the life, he it said) in this great national museum. In this connection it should be stated

that no commonplace subjects are to be found here. It is only those who have distinguished themselves in some way, for good or ill, that are accorded a niche in this temple of fame—or notoriety. Nature does not abhor a vacuum more than "Madame's" Exhibition abhors the commonplace or mean.

Including the "Hall of Tableaux" (containing the most excellent) and the "Chamber of Horrors" (containing some of the saddest representations in London), there are some fourteen rooms or compartments in this vast building, and each of them is set apart for a particular class of subjects. Thus we find the historical, political, literary, military, etc.; so that—although there is so much to be seen—no visitor need be confused by the multiplicity of images. Indeed, this embarrassment of riches is no embarrassment at all, and one leaves each salon with a distinct impression left on his mind. Let us consider a few of the details.

From William the Conqueror (1066-87) to Messrs. Torrey and Alexander (but lately in the hands of the modeller) there is a long stretch. But in Tussaud's Exhibition the interesting centuries are bridged over by some name or thing which seems to bind the whole together, and affords a kind of miniature history of the years lying between. We can walk, as it were, along the plank of time laid down here, and transport ourselves, as soon as we pass the turnstiles at the entrance, to the days of Matilda of Flanders and William Rufus!

Moving from right to left, we are confronted with group after group of crowned monarchs, mitred prelates, and renowned warriors, all gorgeously

attired and as nearly copies of the originals as the closest study of the records of their times has enabled the artist to fashion them; and we must remember that the hand of the artist who produced the famous representation of Milan, King of Servia, in 1873, has not lost its cunning.

Foremost in the first group stands Edward I., the celebrated "Longshanks" (1274-1307), who was the first king who quartered the arms of England and France, the first who stamped his coinage with the title of "Lord of Ireland," and who, having conquered it, added the Principality of Wales to England. As a work of art this effigy is perfect.

A step farther, and, sandwiched between Edward III. and Isabella of Valois, the reformer John Wycliffe and the "Father of English Poetry," Geoffrey Chaucer, seem to look out on us, as if amazed at the ever-flowing tide of modern sightseers, amongst whom they now and again find a silent worshipper or an ardent devotee—realistic pictures both.

Again, posing "obsequy by jowl," as the saying is, the two great irreconcilables Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell look for all the world as if they had just been resuscitated and had come back to renew the struggle of 1645. Both are superb representations, and punctuate the descriptions we used to glaze over in the pages of Clarendon and Macaulay.

Passing on, we come to the striking figure of Garibaldi, the "Cincinnatus of Modern Italy," a representation taken from life in 1861, after his victorious entry into Naples.

Then follows a long succession of political and literary worthies; amongst others, Washington, Thiers, Carnot, Emile Zola, and the great Sir

Walter Scott. The figures of George III., Napoleon, Josephine, Louis XVIII., Voltaire, and Robespierre are to be from life.

Truly, apart from the artistic features of this exhibition, there is no doubt that most of the figures and pictures in it have a distinct educational value. Many of them, too, tend to elevate the mind and switch it on, as it were, to a higher moral plane.

Even in the blood-curdling "Chamber of Horrors" the open mind sees sermons in wax; and if the histories of the persons represented do not always adorn the tale, they certainly point a moral. For instance, the head of Marie Antoinette, guillotined on the 16th October, 1793—which, by the way, was taken immediately after her execution (by order of the National Assembly) by Madame Tussaud herself—carries with it a lesson which none but the most obtuse can fail to read.

A bare enumeration of the effigies in this gruesome "chamber" would be meaningless and futile; they are very numerous, and, as specimens of the ceroplastic art, they may be called "models of perfection." Ranging, as the subjects do, from the days of the Bastille to the present time, it may be taken as granted that this department of the exhibition contains representations of the most brutal and degraded miscreants; but it also contains some of so different a character that it is not easy to understand why they have been placed in such disreputable company. Amongst others of this description the unfortunate Count De Lorge may be mentioned.

Madame Tussaud's nationality and the stirring times in which she lived account for the prevalence of the Gallic element in the show: and this

figure (the Count De Lorge) is only one of many which she herself fashioned, and which throws a flood of light upon her history. It has been questioned whether the Count was ever in the Bastille. But we have Madame's own statement that she saw him taken out of that fortress on the 14th of July, 1789.

This gifted lady, we are told, was then living in her uncle's house in the Boulevard du Temple, Paris, whither the Count was brought; but his chains had then been taken off. The poor man, who had been in prison for thirty years, did not appreciate his freedom; it had no pleasure for him, and, pining for the solitude in which he had been so long, he "hegged with tears to be restored to his dungeon." He lived only six weeks after his liberation, when this "model" was taken from life; and it is one of Madame's best.

There is a very effective object-lesson in the "Chamber of Horrors." It is an allegorical tableau representing the "Six Stages of Wrong," and depicts the downward career of a young man who, commencing by a simple game of cards, is brought to ruin, and, seeking to better his position by crime, is afterwards brought to justice and ends his days on the scaffold! The whole production does the greatest credit not only to the artist who executed the work, but to the moralist who designed the story.

While Madame Tussaud's Exhibition affords food for thought to the oldest and gravest, the juvenile tastes and requirements are also consulted and ministered to. In the very picturesque and impressive representations of the "Babe in the Wood," "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant-killer," and many others—all mar-

vellous works of art—the young generation may find more effective instruction and sensible pleasure than can be got out of any other entertainment in London.

As may be understood, the cost of producing and maintaining this extensive show has been very great; and, indeed, the value of the building and its unique contents as they stand to-day is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.

The staff of officials is a large one, and includes a small regiment of dressmakers, who are constantly employed in either making new garments or repairing old ones.

Among the visitors, for whom this exhibition has a powerful attraction, few leave it with more regret than some Eastern monarchs. Indeed, it has such a fascination for Oriental potentates (and they all visit it) that many of them have expressed a desire to buy some of the figures and take them home with them!

As remarked before, the taste for waxworks is universal, and one upon which we might moralise at considerable length. It is part and parcel of that taste for "dolls" which most girls manifest, and which clings to very many even when they have ceased to be children. Viewed in this light, Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is a huge, glorified dolls'-house with a strong human element attached. But it is more than this. It is a kind of national monument, and the name of its foundress is more familiar to and probably more thought about by thousands of English men and women than is the name of the genius who built St. Paul's Cathedral!

Marie Tussaud, although so much associated with Paris, was born at

Berne in 1760, and died at Baker Street in 1850. She retained her faculties to the last, and amongst the visitors who were entertained by her remembrance was the Duke of Wellington. The exhibition was removed from Baker Street to Marylebone Road in 1881. Amongst the more famous relics in the exhibition are the blood-stained shirt in which Henry

IV. was assassinated, purchased by Curries at the Mazarin sale; the knife and lancet of one of the early guillotines; and Napoleon's travelling carriage, built at Brussels for the Moscow campaign in 1812, and captured at Jemappes after the battle of Waterloo. George Augustus Sala wrote an introduction to the exhibition catalogue of 1897.

Originality, the Secret of Success.

BY SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, IN THE STANDARD.

Sir William Van Horne is freely of the opinion that the greatest progress has been made by men who have paid no attention to rules and axioms and who did not pay any consideration to precedent or tradition. To be successful, a man must be daring and independent. Sir William also puts in a plea for a more generous treatment of Rockefeller.

I AM not orthodox in many things, and the public do not like that which is unorthodox. But I will say this, that in regard to the equipment for life, in regard to the doing of notable things, the maxims of political economy, applied to business, are not worth much.

We know the rules and axioms, and many people have guided their lives by them, and many have been more or less successful, but the most successful men have paid little, if any, attention to them. The greatest successes have been made through exceptions to them—by finding ways to climb over these fences, or get through the holes in them, and make short cuts while the crowd follows the old dusty roads, struggling for the crusts and pins and buttons and cast-off shoes strewn along.

Only those who refuse to be bound by the ideas of others—those who think for themselves—discover the green pastures, the milk and honey

on either side. They don't respect the hedge of rules and maxims nor the wisdom of those who tell them not to look outside the ways of tradition. There is only one great danger—the Ditch of Dishonesty; but there is. I think, even more danger of falling in to that on the old roads than on the short-cuts. And here I may say that honesty is not a path to be followed, but the very foundation of all business; and I am glad to believe that most business men are honest, and that the men who exploit the short-cuts are above the average in this regard. They are too big to be dishonest.

Get away from rules and regulations. Be original. Escape all trammels of use and wont. Do not depend upon the heading in the copy book or the chapter in political economy. Do things daringly, independently. Those who have succeeded largely have been self-reliant. They have not asked for patterns, or models, to go

by. They have simply taken hold and done things. Such persons have succeeded with the aid, more or less, of accident."

The most notable things in the world have come through accident—largely accident. There has been opportunity, there has been observation, there has been alertness, there has been appreciation of the need of the moment—and there you have success.

What is the use of laying down hard and fast rules? No two persons are alike. One man will do a thing one way, and another will do it another way. Each man is an independent entity. What hush it is to write down formal rules for the copying by all creatures who are to be kept slaves to form or usage? The notable thing about most men who have come to anything is that they have done the thing in an original way.

I do not know Rockefeller personally, but he is a man who, by ability, by observation, by opportunity, and by a wonderful organizing faculty, has made a stupendous fortune. He made it in his own way. He was not dependent upon any rule for doing it. He saw a certain situation. He was a man of daring and resource. He made that situation serve him. There was a strong intellect. And that is the story.

The way this man has been hounded is simply atrocious. I have been brought into close contact with some of the nearest business associates of Mr. Rockefeller—clean and honorable men, all of them—and I find that every one of them respects Mr. Rockefeller. They respect him for his intellectual ability. They respect him for his methods. They respect him for his power of administration, and for sterling qualities, and the respect

of such men for another means something.

Now, these attacks upon Mr. Rockefeller are simply abominable, and it does not speak well for the good taste or the good sense of the public that several magazines and a good many newspapers find support and profit in publishing for weeks, years together, the most outrageous slanders that have ever appeared in print—going back to attack the father and the grandfather of the victim, and insinuating that the father was a horse-thief, and his grandfather something as bad. That such things are tolerated by a community pretending to culture and decency makes me sick. And look at the attitude of the public towards that individual of unmentionable character, if we may judge him by his own confessions, and whom I need not further particularize, who is filling the press of the country with frenzied articles on frenzied finance and whose utterances are taken as gospel by most people.

Now, why does the public swallow with such unquestioning avidity all these slanders concerning Mr. Rockefeller? It is not that he, as the wealthiest man in the world, is taken as the type of his class? It is anything more than envy when you get to the bottom of it? Would any one of his traducers object to having his wealth or even to get it in the same way that he did? I have never seen anything to indicate that Mr. Rockefeller has been dishonest in any of his transactions. I don't believe that he has. The squealing of his competitors does not convince me, for I have noticed that usually the biggest squeal comes loudest when he gets the worst of a transaction.

I am sorry to say that I have never had any interest in the Standard Oil

Company, but I know something of its methods, and I do not know of any one of these methods which is not practised by all the most reputable business men of every community to the extent of their ability.

Let me say this, a country in which the conditions do not admit of the accumulation of large fortunes by individuals is a very bad country for a poor man. A country which does not encourage the growth of wealth, which does not encourage unlimited individual effort and the accumulation of capital to do great things with, is, for a poor man to live in, not worth a curse. Compare Spain and Italy with England, Holland and the United States.

A country which gives unlimited encouragement to enterprise will be prosperous. There will be little poverty in it. There will be few bare-footed people in such a country. And is it not easy to see the reason? It is elementary. The wealthy men who have made large fortunes have made them not out of nothing, but by sitting with folded hands. They have made them by operating great industrial con-

cerns, by operating great manufacturing, by employing thousands of men to produce things which this country and other countries need. They have thus started into being scores of valuable activities, all of which have afforded employment on a large scale, all of which have spelled comfortable homes and good food and good clothes to thousands and millions.

The accumulation of vast wealth by a few individuals does not mean locking up vast amounts of money, but quite the contrary. The money of the wealthy is never hoarded. It is kept moving more than any other.

I repeat that there are no rules for success—no rules to fit everybody or a great variety of minds. But there is one thing absolutely necessary to success in anything but rotting, and you can spell that in capital letters—WORK; and if a man chooses to work when others do not, and he accumulates wealth thereby, I object to his being held guilty of a crime and punished by having his father pulled out of his grave and spat upon by the idiotic and the worthless.



The Managers of To-Morrow.

BY HERBERT J. HAPGOOD, IN SYSTEM.

The office boy is at last coming into his own. He will hereafter receive that attention which is his due, in view of the fact that he is to be the manager of to-morrow. The writer gives his readers some tips as to how to get hold of the best office boys and how to keep them.

THE office boy is the "general manager of to-morrow"—that was the remark of the general manager of one of the largest furniture manufacturing houses in the world, in whose office I was sitting one afternoon.

A small boy had come in, he had waited until the manager turned toward him.

"Mr. Atkins sent this to you, sir," he said, and laid a pamphlet down on the manager's desk—then stood waiting.

The manager took the paper, looked the boy over with one glance, and nodded.

"All right," he said.

The boy walked out.

"That's our newest office boy," he said to me when the door had closed. "In fact he has just been hired. Every new boy hired is sent in to me with this same package, the same remark, to undergo my momentary scrutiny. I want to see the boys we have to-day, for they are the general managers of to-morrow."

A little thing—yes, but this is the age of attention to the little things in business. Matters formerly deemed too trivial for attention or considered evils impossible to avoid are now the object of careful study with a view to turning them to profit or decreasing the loss they cause. So small do the mills of business grind that the refuse which once cost money to throw away now helps swell the dividends.

"Confound the little rascal!" That expressed the business world's opinion of the office boy a few years ago. He was looked upon as a necessary evil, important only for the material he furnished the funny papers, and on Saturday night his three or four dollars was grudgingly paid.

But now they realize that the office boy fills an important niche in the business world—even, as the general manager said, that he is a manager in embryo.

How to find the right sort of boy—that's the question. All American cities are long on boys who want work; but they are mighty short on the right kind—the bright, cleanly kind who are too honest to steal even a postage stamp.

Unless one enjoys the experience of hiring and breaking in a new boy every two or three months it's best not to take one on in June. In that month the employment market is flooded with the good sort of boys just out of school and the average employer is sorely tempted to hire one or two more than he needs to prepare for future emergencies.

But, beware! Ninety-nine per cent. of the youngsters who come to you in June saying they have left school for good will quit you on five minutes' notice when the school bell rings in September.

Advertising is the most troublesome method of getting a boy. Not that it fails to bring "Boys!" A two line ad. is any good want medium

will often block traffic in front of your office for half a day with a howling mob of applicants. But a majority of these you would not have in your place if they paid for the privilege, and it takes too much time to sift the meagre wheat from the abundant chaff.

Through schools and boys' institutions, through parents and friends, through ads in selected papers, reaching only the better classes—these are the best means of finding the boys you want and ought to have in your office.

A millionaire manufacturer who has built up a great industry in a small town and who has been for a score of years a Sunday school superintendent was once asked what direct results he ever received from his religious devotion.

"I get my office boys through my religion," he said, half joking, half serious: "I hire all my boys from the membership of my Sunday school—and that means most of my employees, for many of my clerks, bookkeepers and executives have come up from office boys."

The boy who makes good in business comes from the middle class families and lives in a home where he has been taught the importance of truth and obedience and where he will be given encouragement to succeed.

"Show me a boy's mother," an old English manufacturer used to say, "and I will tell you if I will have him in my employ."

The need of proper home influence is shown by the experience of a Chicago employer who was impressed with the quick wits and nervous energy of the city newshoys. He picked up a particularly promising lad who was selling papers near the

City Hall and installed him in his office.

"Newsie" lasted just two weeks. He was bright, honest and did his work well enough; but he could not shake off the habits of the streets. Winning the earnings of the other boys at craps, turning the electric fans into roulette wheels and making a hand book on the races for the clerks demoralized the whole office and sent him back to his extras.

Judging from the boys you see in many otherwise up-to-date offices, the manager believes a "boy's a boy," no matter how dirty and unkempt he is. The good effect produced by an expensive suite of finely furnished offices is often sadly marred by disreputable looking boys. The general appearance of your place of business—its personality—is a big factor in your success or failure. It gives an impression to your customer or client before he sees you, and by that impression you yourself will often be judged. Is it, then, not worth while to make clean hands, a clean face and all-round neatness the first requisites for a boy in your employ?

But the selection is by no means the whole thing; it is at best a big lottery, for no matter how carefully you look over the applicants it is only after a few weeks' trial that you can separate the prizes from the blanks.

And when you do get a boy who proves to be of the right stuff the degree of his value to you depends largely on your ability to develop him properly.

"How do we get such satisfactory boys?" says the head of the New York branch of one of the country's largest manufacturing companies. "Well, it's not so much a matter of selection as of training them properly

after we get them. Of course, I don't mean that we are not careful to pick out the best material. In this we are governed by certain fairly well fixed standards.

"We give preference to native Americans, although one of the best boys in our service to-day has been in America only two years. Other things being equal, we prefer boys who have worked little if any before. About 14 seems to be the best age. Boys older than that are likely to be above their work and want their salaries raised too soon. Those whose earnings go toward the family support are most satisfactory.

"We insist that they have a fair knowledge of reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. More important than the education they have already received is their ability and ambition for further development. We encourage attendance at night schools, and in this way some of our most valuable bookkeepers, stenographers and draftsmen fitted themselves for their present work.

"We hire only those who come with the idea of remaining permanently provided they make good. They are closely watched the first weeks; those who fail utterly and those who learn too slowly are promptly weeded out, for one incompetent can demoralize the entire force.

"Every boy who enters our employ is given to understand that we consider him of importance, that we want him to fit himself for something better and that he will be advanced as fast as he shows his ability. From the very start he is given encouragement and help.

"It is less difficult for us to impress boys with these facts because of our long established policy of pro-

moting from the ranks when we can find the right material there. We prefer to train up our own men, and many of the most important desks in this office are filled by men who began their careers here running errands. I'm one of them myself.

"The boy who just brought that card to my desk is studying stenography and is already pretty good at it. I discovered the fact by chance and to encourage him allowed him to take two or three of my letters. I was surprised and pleased to find he could take my dictation and transcribe his notes as well as many \$75-a-month men. He's due to go higher soon.

"Perhaps we may be giving too much attention to our boys, but I don't think so. The boys of to-day will have to run this business ten or fifteen years from now and we shall be repaid then for having taken them fresh from school and trained them into exactly the sort of employees we want."

The difficulty with the office boy problem in many cases not always with the boy; it is often due to failure to start him on the right track.

The new boy should be told carefully and clearly what is expected of him and what he has a right to expect from his employers. He is bound to make some mistakes at first, but if given a little time and attention he can be taught to avoid them in the future.

If part of the boy's work is to be meeting your clients or customers and taking their cards to the proper desks too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the importance of training him carefully. Some boys seem born for this work. They have a marvellous memory for faces; they can spot a

hook agent before he is hardly inside the door; they handle the nervous, irritable visitors with the greatest tact; they offer a man a seat as if waiting were a privilege; and they never allow anyone of importance to go away angry at the delay in getting attention.

Such boys are, of course, rare, but there are few who cannot be trained to do the work better than it is done in 99 out of 100 offices.

This work is so important that many employers think it can be handled better by girls. Girls have some advantages, it must be admitted. They don't chew tobacco or smoke cigarettes.

The right sort of young woman that does work of this kind is worth a good deal. I have in mind one who has charge of the waiting room of a large publishing company. Besides answering the telephone. She is a model and one in a thousand. She is of charming appearance, with a soft, pleasant voice, and when she tells you that Mr. Jones will see you in a minute she innocently gives the idea that Jones has been waiting all day for you to put in appearance and will be overwhelmed with joy to see you.

When the one minute has dragged into ten and you begin to get a trill under the collar, she brings you a magazine or a newspaper and offers it to you with such an air of solicitude for your welfare that you cannot help feeling good natured in spite of the delay. She has tact enough to be a

It is to be regretted that, as I said, she is only one in a thousand. In the same building another pretty girl has a similar job and she devotes most of her time to chewing gum and entertaining her young men friends

from the neighboring department store.

It is quite the thing nowadays to have this work of meeting callers done by some man who is past the Oeler age, but is still ambitious to be doing something. If you can find a man of this type who will not be above his work and who possibly has a little income of his own so that he can afford to take a small salary, he will prove a good investment.

It seems strange and sort of pitiful somehow to see a man 55 or 60 years old bringing the cards of your callers to your desk and taking your messages back to them, but it is being done satisfactorily in lots and lots of offices.

No healthy boy can make a success of anything unless he has his heart in it. The failures of many are due to the neglect of their employers to inspire them with the proper degree of interest.

Get acquainted with your boys; make them feel you are interested in them. It pays.

The manager of one of the largest and finest department stores in the country can call every one of the hundreds of employees by their first names. On his daily trips of inspection through the store every cash and huddle boy comes in for a kindly word. "Good morning, George!"

"How's that sick mother of yours, James?" or "They tell me you're doing good work, John; keep it up!"

This man believes the enthusiasm and loyalty even of his boys worthy the effort. The result is that the boys in his employ are his friends for life and would work their very heads off to please him.

When a boy enters your employ why not tell him a little something

about your business? It will enable him to serve your interests more intelligently.

Give him some of your advertising matter to look over and to take home to "show to the folks." Every boy has a pride and likes to tell his friends about his new job, and it is embarrassing for him not to know surely whether he is working for a distilling company or for the Anti-Saloon League.

A little encouragement from time to time will do him a world of good. It should not be so much as to make him swell-headed, but enough to show

him there is some inducement to do well. The minute his interest lags his value lessens.

Aside from its importance the office boy problem is intensely interesting to anyone who has any appreciation of the humors of life. While wrestling with its knotty features the employer at least gets an occasional chance to smile, and he may get some satisfaction from realizing that it is the only problem on earth which is in any way comparable with the one his wife faces in the servant girl. But it is not so difficult when you give it the attention it deserves.

The Man Who Always Tries.

By ERNEST NEAL LYON, in Success

Whatever your ambition, lad,
However high the prize,
Its mastery may yet be had
By him who always tries.

Does Fortune—with a roseal view,—
Foretoken fair emprise?
The dreamer's fancy may pursue,—
The plodder wins who tries.

Would you attain to Learning's lore,
And be esteemed wise?
By patient labor grows the store
Of him who always tries.

If Fancy strew the flowers of hope
In beauty 'neath your eyes,
The summit of her shining slope
Remains for him who tries

Though Truth appear in homely gray,
Her counsel ne'er despise,
She will be clad in light, one day,
To honor him who tries!

Work Done in Sleep.

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA, IN GRAND MAGAZINE

Extraordinary as it may seem, some great intellectual feats have been accomplished by people, when plunged in sleep. Workers in the realm of imagination, such as authors of fiction, poets and musicians, are particularly colored by, though cases are known where doctors, mathematicians and inventors have been wonderfully aided by dreams.

WHILE to the great mass of mankind "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" is the period of rest, in which the overwrought mind recuperates and recovers its vitality, it would really seem as if the minds of some exceptional people are then most awake, for in sleep they have accomplished things which completely baffled them during their waking hours.

How this happens has still to be satisfactorily explained. So far as the practical result goes there would seem to be good grounds for believing what a famous writer has said, that, when freed from restraint, as in sleep, the imagination is capable of doing more than when the body is awake. The body awake seems to act on the imagination like the brake on a railway train, and the theory expressed by Hippocrates and Plato, among others, to the effect that the body sleeps and the soul dreams, for while the former needs rest the latter does not, would be to a great extent correct. It is those who work in the realm of imagination who furnish the most striking examples of this extraordinary phenomenon, so happily described by Robert Louis Stevenson when he said with regard to himself, "The Brownies do half my work during sleep."

Sometimes people not only do their work in their sleep but actually write it down without being aware of the fact. Such a case is told by Abercrombie of a lawyer who was much

perplexed over a legal opinion he had to deliver. While still worrying about it he went to bed one night. In the small hours he awoke, went to the table, got writing materials and wrote steadily and uninterruptedly for three hours, after which he returned to bed. In the morning, when he awoke, he told his wife he had had a strange dream in which he had solved the problem of the case in the most satisfactory manner, but he could not remember a word of the solution.

"But you were up writing hard for three hours," said his wife.

The lawyer shook his head. "You have been dreaming, my love," he said.

It was now the wife's turn to be amazed. "No, it is you who are dreaming," she said. Going to the table she took up the papers and handed them to him. He looked at them in astonishment. There was the case written out with his opinion clearly specified!

A somewhat similar case was related by the Rev. J. de Licfde, who knew a clergyman, a student at the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, who frequented the mathematical lectures of Professor von Swinden, a famous teacher in the early part of the last century. The director of a bank in the city had asked the Professor to solve a difficult problem. He tried but did not succeed, and he gave it in turn to ten of his students to see what they could make of it. The clergyman, who was among the num-

ber, tried for three nights to find the answer but failed to do so. At last one night, utterly worn out with his endeavors, he went to bed and, as he believed, slept soundly. He woke late the next morning, very disappointed at his want of success, dressed himself, and was on the point of starting off to his Professor's lecture when on looking for his papers on the table he saw the whole problem solved without a single blunder. He had done all the work in his sleep, and had done it so successfully that, though, when he first tried to solve it, he had covered three slates with figures, he had now obtained the result in a single sheet of paper.

A similar instance is furnished by the case of the famous French mathematician and philosopher the Marquis de Condorcet, who distinguished himself when he was only twenty-two by publishing his work on the integral calculus. He went to bed one night greatly perturbed by a problem which, try as he might, he was unable to solve. After a while he fell asleep, and in his sleep he had no difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion on the matter and he was able to recall it when he awoke.

Probably the most remarkable instance of a man working in his sleep is that of Coleridge and "Kubla Khan." In 1797 the poet was ill, and had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton, on the Exmoor confines of Somersetshire and Devonshire. Opium had been prescribed for him, and, after taking it, he fell asleep in his chair. Just then he was reading the following sentence, or words to this effect, in Purchas's Pilgrimage: "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." Coleridge slept

profoundly for three hours, and during part of that time he dreamed more than two hundred lines of the poem. "The images," he said, "rose up before me as things with a parallel production of the corresponding expression, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." So soon as he awoke he began to write the words, which were still vivid in his memory. Unfortunately a visitor called, and Coleridge saw him. When, after an hour, he went back to his desk he found that what he thought he remembered he had completely forgotten, and though he always meant to finish the poem he never did so. To thus forget vivid dream impressions on awaking is not by any means singular, for I have myself often dreamed lines which seemed of surpassing beauty; but when, in a semi-waking state, I have attempted to write them down the result has been a jumble of unmeaning phrases, though at the time they were written they seemed to be an exact transcript of what appeared so beautiful.

One of the most extraordinary pieces of work ever done in sleep is recorded by Mr. Andrew Lang, in his famous book of dreams and ghosts, of Herr H. P. Hilprecht, the Professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania. The University had sent an expedition to Babylon to explore certain ruins, and sketches of the objects discovered had been sent back to America. Among them there were drawings of two small fragments of agate on which certain characters were inscribed. One Saturday, in the March of 1893, the Professor was studying these two fragments, which he thought were broken finger-rings, which he ascribed to a date varying between 1700 and 1140 B.C. The first characters on the third line of the inscription seemed to him to be

KU, and he guessed they might be the initial letters of Kurigalzu, a King of that name. At length he went to bed tired out, and, as he slept, a tall priest of the pre-Christian Nippur appeared to him, and took him into a room without windows. It contained a large wooden chest and on the floor there were scraps of agate and lapis-lazuli. The priest said: "The two fragments which you have published on pages 22 and 26 belong together. They are not finger-rings. King Kurigalzu, who lived about 1300 B.C., once sent to the Temple of Bel an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. The priests were suddenly commanded to make a pair of agate earrings for the statue of the god Nibih. No agate was to be found. They accordingly cut up the cylinder into three rings, each of which retained a portion of the inscription. The two rings you have were Nibih's earrings. The third you will never find. Join the two you have together and you will see—"

Professor Hilprecht awoke, jumped out of bed, and rushed off to his study. He got out the two drawings, put them together, found they joined, and in an ecstasy of delight shouted " 'Tis so, 'tis so!" Mrs. Hilprecht also got up, and went to the study to find what was the matter. He told her his dream, and showed her the drawings, the inscription of which, when the missing fragment was restored by analogy ran thus:

To the god Nibih, child
Of the god Bel,
His lord
Kurigalzu
Pontifex of the god Bel
Has presented it.

In the drawings the fragments were of different colors, so that no one

would ever guess they belonged to each other.

Later on Professor Hilprecht examined two fragments of agate at the Imperial Museum, Constantinople. They were not together, but in different cases, and when brought together and joined the two pieces fitted perfectly. When the cylinder had been cut in old Babylon, the white vein of the stone showed in one fragment and the grey surface on the other. Professor Romaine Newbold, who gave the particulars of the dream, explained that Professor Hilprecht had heard from Dr. Peters, a member of the expedition, that a room had been discovered which contained fragments of a wooden box and chips of agate and lapis-lazuli in accordance with the vision which he saw.

Mr. Howison, in his book of foreign scenes, describes a friend of his, a German student named Engel, who was at the University with him. In the same house as Engel a medical student, Meidenvold, lodged, who was in the habit of expressing himself in mystical language. He made a practice of retiring on a certain night every week to a building, the key of which he kept carefully, and would never allow anyone to cross the threshold. In that building he remained until the following day. It was noticed that whenever he came out he looked ghastly pale and was in a state of deep dejection and at once began to write before resuming his usual studies.

One night Engel determined to clear up the mystery. Climbing up to a window he looked in and saw his comrade by the light of a lamp lying on a board in a sloping position, as if dead. Believing Meidenvold to be playing a joke of some sort, Engel watched a second night, and even succeeded in getting into the room.

He found his friend there, the surface of his body cold to the touch and his heart scarcely beating. At the end of three hours Mendenvold sat up, opened his eyes, and looked round. He saw that he was not alone, and told Engel that he brought about his condition by the use of nightshade, hemlock, and other drugs, and that while in that state he partook of a superhuman existence of which, after a little interval, he retained a vivid recollection. He further said he had written down the ideas which had occurred to him in this abnormal sleep in a book which he promised to show to Engel. A little while after, however, he was found dead in his study, and though it was searched for everywhere the book could never be found.

One of the most prolific workers in sleep was undoubtedly the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who published a book called "Dreams and Dream Stories." In introducing them to the public she wrote: "The chronicles which I am about to present to the reader were not the result of any conscious effort of imagination. They are, as the title-page indicates, records of dreams occurring at intervals during the last few years." They were written down the moment she woke, just as they presented themselves to her. Her peculiar gift reminded her of the German student in Bulwer Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," whose faculty for dreaming was so great that for him the normal conditions of sleeping and waking became reversed.

These dreams were most vivid at a time when Dr. Kingsford was a student at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and she was occupied in preparing for examinations, visiting a hospital as a dresser, and attending lectures, while at the same time she

was busy with literary pursuits which required accurate judgment and complete self-possession. Enticing as it must have been to have taken something to stimulate her dreaming faculty, she never by any chance used drugs or narcotics. "The priceless insight and illuminations I have acquired by means of my dreams have gone far to elucidate for me many difficulties and enigmas of life and even of religion which might have otherwise remained dark to me," she wrote.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, at home, at her residence on the banks of the Severn, in a damp, low-lying country, she never dreamed, but as soon as she went to Paris or to Switzerland her faculty for dreaming was restored. These dreams generally came towards the dawn, and sometimes after sunrise, during a second sleep. Dry air, high altitudes, and a crisp, calm, and exhilarating atmosphere were most favorable to her dream faculty.

The making of shot is said to have resulted from an idea that came in sleep to a Bristol mechanic. The man was employed cutting up strips of lead to make shot of it. He had been drinking after his work, and, when he went to bed, dreamed that it was raining, and as he watched the rain it turned into lead and the earth was covered with shot. He awoke, went up to the tower of St. Mary Redefield, in the city, and making some molten lead, poured it down from the top of the tower. When he went to look for the lead he found it had taken the form of shot. He made £10,000 by the practical realization of his dream.

Dr. Franklin assured Cahanis, the eminent French physician, who became a Senator under the Government of Napoleon, that over and over again he had gone to bed puzzled by the

hearing of political events, but that they became quite clear to him in his sleep. Similarly, Emmanuel Maignan worked out the truth of many of his theories in his sleep. It was, indeed, no uncommon occurrence with him, for it is recorded that he was always so pleased when he had demonstrated a theory in a dream that it awoke him. Not less interesting is the other fact that it was his habit to pursue his studies in the circle of shadows, though whether this was to superinduce a sort of hypnotic condition it would be difficult to say.

One of the three great epics of the world, "The Divine Comedy" of Dante, which Cary, the translator, declares "has not only stood the test of ages, but given a tone and color to the poetry of modern Europe, and even animated the genius of Milton and Michael Angelo," is said to have been inspired by a dream while Dante slept. The intimate details of the poet's life have, however, been so little revealed to us that this statement may have been based on another which was referred to by Cary in the following words:

"Dante, it has been supposed, was more immediately influenced in his choice of a subject by the Vision of Alberico, written in barbarous Latin prose about the beginning of the twelfth century. . . . Alberico, the son of noble parents, born . . . in the year 1101 or soon after, when he had completed his ninth year, was seized with a violent fit of illness, which deprived him of his senses for the space of nine days. During the continuance of this trance he had a vision, in which he seemed to himself to be carried away by a dove, and conducted by St. Peter, in company with two angels, through Purgatory and Hell to survey the torments of sinners, the saint giving him infor-

mation as they proceeded respecting what he saw; after which they were transported together through the seven heavens and taken up into Paradise to behold the glory of the blessed. As the account he gave of his vision was strangely altered in the reports that went abroad of it, Giarado, the abbot, employed one of the monks to take down a relation of it dictated by the mouth of Alberico himself. Seniorello, who was chosen abbot in 1137, not contented with the narrative, although it seemed to have every chance of being authentic, ordered Alberico to revise and correct it, which he accordingly did. . . . His vision, with a preface by the first editor, Guido, and preceded by a letter from Alberico himself, is preserved . . . in the archives of the monastery."

In music, too, the same thing has happened, for Tartini's famous "Devil's Sonata" came to him while he slept. Indeed, it owes its very name to the circumstance. One night, without anything having happened to superinduce an unusual emotional condition in his mind, he went to bed and fell asleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he had made a compact with the Devil and bound himself to his service. A famous violinist himself—a profession he had taken up when he renounced the law and married without the consent of his parents—he gave his violin to his Satanic Majesty and asked him to play him a solo on it. The Devil took the instrument and played so wonderfully that Tartini lay entranced at the extraordinary beauty of the composition. When the music stopped, Tartini awoke in an ecstasy of delight, jumped out of bed and, seizing his violin, began to play the delicious sonata he had just heard. Try as he

would, however, he found it was impossible for him to reproduce the exact sequence of notes as he had heard them, but he managed to recover a sufficiently vivid impression of what he had heard to compose the sonata to which, on account of its original player, he gave the curious title which has always belonged to it.

In the drama the same thing has happened. Voltaire composed the first canto of the "Henriade" while he was asleep. "Ideas occurred to me," he says, "in spite of myself and in which I had no part whatever."

What schoolboy is there who does

not know the famous scene of Lockiel's Warning, by Thomas Campbell, and who is there who is unacquainted with the famous line, "Coming events cast their shadows before"? For eight or ten days Campbell, when working on the "Warning," had stuck after the line " 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore," and could find nothing to complete the couplet in a satisfactory manner. One night, still revolving the question, he went to bed, and in his sleep the line he wanted came to him. Simultaneously he awoke, and, jumping out of bed, wrote it down then and there!

We cannot best get at by expressing it in terms of some one man. To know whether the Panama Canal will be dug, we need not look over the ground, but we should hunt up Shasta. If he is a strong man, then the canal is an accomplished fact. If he is the right man for the work, then Roosevelt has added another force to those working for his own fame.

Around every great figure in history is grouped a company of the great. Napoleon found not only the crown of France lying in the dust, but swords for the men who helped him hold it against all Europe. He knew military genius wherever he saw it, and in its hands he placed the baton of a marshal. A strong man lets out his strength at usury when he joins strong men to his fortunes.

The tree of life still springs from the same parent stock as in the beginning. Unpruned and unrestrained it still bears the same bitter fruit. Like the wild apple by the roadside, it kills itself by the very exuberance of its growth. And the dominant strain in every boy tends down and back to the primal savage. So life must be a ceaseless pruning back of the bad and a careful grafting on of the good. Every man must be a Barbican, working patiently through repeated failures to fix the good and the true in himself.

The natural man is simply selfishness raised to the nth power. But that is the seedling stock which, properly grafted, brings forth the fruits of unselfishness in the end. It is from this natural man that we get our useful variations. It is in the acquired man that we see how any individual has fixed and developed them. And so it is that the acquired, not the natural, man is peculiarly significant.

We know as much about keeping the human body sound as about the care of trees; as much about training a boy as about developing fruits; as much about shaping the mind as about changing the colors of flowers. But we shall not use that knowledge to the full until we really believe that Nature plays no favorites; that she recognizes but one law—obedience. And Success is the science of obedience. It is only because we do not more fully apply our knowledge that we have the anomaly of the self-made man succeeding in almost any given thing out of all proportion to the number who start with the world to choose from for their equipment. For from the first the self-made man has had to obey in order to live.

The law of averages applies to men as well as to trees. There is just as much potential energy and ability cradled in Fifth Avenue as on the farms along the Wabash. But the news of what the old man's son has been doing appears oftener in the society columns, while the second generation from the Wabash figures in the big political story on the first page.

It is of no significance that Beveridge began life on a farm, became a logger, a book agent working his way through college, a plainman, a law clerk; but it is significant that by these steps he mounted to the Senate. It is significant that by this process, or its equivalent, so many men win the greatest prizes of life; so few, comparatively, by other and easier ways. The necessity for the old struggle as a means to bread may be removed, but not, apparently, as a means to development. Life is not yet a game for the gentleman amateur.

It must be that in this familiar American process there is something

Beveridge, a Study of the Self-made Man.

BY GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

The man who wrote the "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son" knows the self-made man and his characteristics thoroughly. Taking Senator Albert J. Beveridge as his text, he discloses in this article the phenomenon of the self-made man from all sides, showing the motive power that brings him from obscurity and carries him forward.

THE best judge did not die with Brutus, but the impartial friend has not yet been born. For one to tell a friend's faults would be ungenerous; to recount his virtues superfluous. As surely as a man's sin will find him out, a man's strength will be found out. If his light can be hidden under a bushel, we may be sure it is but a one candle power light. The divine fire is not lit by the hand of friendship, nor quenched by the breath of enmity. Every man must serve his own gods and guard his own altars.

We may write around the living, but our shrewdest analysis will fail to reach that inner man—that subconscious self, so subtle that we cannot understand its reasonings in our

friends, nor fathom its motives in our enemies; so elusive that we cannot follow its workings even in ourselves. It is only when the disembodied spirits some trooping back to people the pages of history that we begin to know men as they were and are.

This, then, is not to be an article on "The Real" Albert J. Beveridge—a chronicle of human weakness that lifts us to fellowship with a man in one anecdote; and of superhuman strength that exalts him far above us in the next. Rather it will be a little sermon on The Self-made Man, with Beveridge's name as a text to tie to, and only so much of him in it as I may need for my firstly, secondly, and lastly. For there is nothing that

that develops character, that vitalizes education. And if we can make that thing a part of the home and the college life of the boy who starts out with every material advantage, we shall take a step toward replacing natural with intelligent selection in the making of men.

That we are coming more and more to appreciate the importance of starting a boy right is shown in the steadily increasing drift toward country life. For a part of the year, at least, we take our children to the fields. But just when their city pallor has given way to country tan, we hurry them back to town, that they may develop their minds in its schools and their bodies in its streets. As yet we have only half-convictions and the half-courage that goes with them.

When our boys go to the country they play; when they return to the city they study and play; but the real country boys study, play, and work—not the stunting, stymieing work of the town, but the wholesome work of the fields. They are unconsciously, often unwillingly, obeying the simplest and most important of natural laws.

Beveridge and boys like him add pennies to the world's wealth from the day when they first drive home the cows; they are disciplined by duty from the hour when they first grasp the plow handles; they are grounded in health, summer and winter, through the years when one builds the body in which one lives and works through a lifetime; they are at school both in and out of doors, and the lessons of the fields more than equalize the difference between the little red schoolhouse and the big stone grammar school. For here in the country wealth is created: there in the city it is only marketed. The city is simply the business agent of

the country. These fields are the basis of every trade, of every business, of every profession. Their lessons we must learn. Of course the city has its lessons, too, but few that cannot better wait. No man can be a great constructive merchant, or an understanding writer, or a wise ruler, who does not know the basic facts of agriculture. And yet there is a curious sort of educated snob who takes a pitiful pride in not knowing these things, as if, in some way, this homely knowledge might jostle rudely against his well-bred culture. Verily, the pride of ignorance transcends the pride of learning.

When you take the son of the average, hard-working, plain-living, God-fearing American farmer, and to the average country boy's education in study, play, and work add a little more than the average country boy's brain, you have about the best stock for making a man that America has yet produced. If anything is holding that boy down, it has got to give. If he wants to go to college, he will go. And usually he does go under the best possible circumstances for his fullest development, because he has to pay his own way.

He goes too, as a general thing, to a small college, in a country town, where for four years he lives in an atmosphere of work, of sacrifice, of wholesome ambition, with play enough to lighten the whole. His president may not be so able a man as the head of a great university, but he knows his sheep, both white and black; his professors may not be so "cultured," but they teach small classes, and so they can concentrate and burn into the boy's brain what they have to give; the laboratory equipment may be poorer, but it is enough for the youngster who is willing to add to it the best that is in

him; campus, buildings, surroundings, all may be shabbier and meaner, but at least a spirit of friendliness and true democracy pervades them. Last and most important, the boy must work at other things than books. Given a college that is fighting for existence, and a student that is fighting for a chance, and you have a fine combination for producing militant alumni.

I may lay too much stress on the importance of a young man's working at some manual or mental money-making pursuit while he is at school, but it does seem rather foolish to graduate bachelors of arts into the primary grade of the working world. It should, for instance, be impossible for a university to turn out men unacquainted with the simple, fundamental things of business. But we meet them daily in the kindergarten departments of practical life, timid in trying, bungling in doing, all for the lack of a little of the lower education with which to quicken the higher. Yet, once for once of gray matter, these more favored fellows should beat out the self-made man, if we could utilize our knowledge of the secret, which is not a secret, of their strength.

Beveridge had to support himself straight through his college course. He did that and helped the old folks. Yet he found time to join the debating society, to take an active part in fraternity affairs, to exercise regularly, and to get his share of the college fun. To do all this he had to make things fit together tight. But in doing it, he mastered the greatest secret of efficiency—to waste no time. Most men of seventy have lived only thirty-five years. They have frittered away the other thirty-five.

The ability to economize time implies self-mastery, and that in turn

breeds self-reliance. These essentials are simply moral courage, trained and disciplined; and that must be the parent stock of any boy who is going to succeed in this world. There is a good deal to be said in favor of conditions that force a boy to fix in himself at twenty those qualities which so many more favored individuals do not acquire until they are thirty.

Beveridge had taken his course in elementary agriculture while he was going through the public schools; he was now to learn the principles of business along with his Latin and literature. He became a book agent and spotted the marble-topped tables of Iowa with a portly compendium on the pursuit of health, happiness, and liberty. He did not want to be a book agent, but it offered, and he was not letting money from home; he was sending it there. It was a living, and more—experience.

And experience, like matter, is never lost. To approach the guardian mastiff of the gate with the dog-guard and pass-word of a master; to make friends with the baby; to be properly solicitous about the grandmother's rheumatism; and gradually to beguile the wife from her preserving to an inspection of a volume containing 1,001 choice, new receipts—these things are trivialities, but they are the primer of politics. To sell books; to make out five-dollar contracts; and to collect the money from the husband—all that is petty, but it is the first lesson in business.

When a man does a thing well, it does well by him. During his first vacation Beveridge made so much money that, for the second, he was appointed a special agent by the book concern. So he drilled half the college in the mysteries of health, happiness, and liberty during the spring, and took this squad along with him

the next summer. Again he did so well that the publishers offered him a large salary to take a permanent position with them. But he would not accept, because he did not want to stay a book agent at any price. He had already heard his call, and it was to the bar.

The small colleges turn out few men that support themselves, either wholly or in part, who do not know just what they are driving at. A man who wants an education as bad as that knows what he wants it for. Necessity develops aptitudes quickly. A man learns early to know himself, and so to "find himself" and his life's work, where, under easier conditions, he might be hemming and hawing over it all through his college years. He does not take courses because they are snags, but because he needs them in his business. There is no "perhaps" in his lexicon, and "must" is on every page. And there is no alternative for must.

So we find Beveridge in college—determined to be a lawyer, and hoping to get into politics, studying elocution, reading the great orators, and trying his raw powers wherever he found a little assemblage that he could get the drop on. When covers were scarce and shy, he would go off and declaim to himself. Most doctors, when they are sure they are right, go ahead—on a dog; but Beveridge tried it on himself.

Amusing enough this in its way, but when we have had our laugh, it is worth while stopping to think it over. The school in which Beveridge was educated had taught him the three great lessons—self-support, self-mastery, and self-reliance. From these he was progressing naturally to the fourth—self-advancement. He knew that he was working under a master who had no favorites: that

no matter what exceptions there are to man's law, there is none to Nature's; he could win only if he were the fittest. There was no place for him on the team because his daddy had been on it; no class presidency because the old man was a leading citizen. When he went into the law he would get no clients because he belonged to the club, and had influential relatives; but only because he could win cases hands down. When he got into politics he would be heard only if he could compel attention. He must first conquer indifference and then fight enmity. For the halfway men, the don't-care men, and the what's-the-use men do not like the self-made man. They are discontented, with the discontent that does poor work and sinks; he is discontented, with the discontent that does good work and rises. He makes the judicious snub grieve and the lazy incompetent sneer. Then, too, the self-made man usually has what Sudermann calls "the joy of living," which is Nature's compensation for self-restraint; and then this there is nothing more irritating to the bored, who are paying Nature's penalty for self-indulgence.

We are often called on to express sympathy for these country boys who have to work about the farm. Myself, I am more inclined to pity the youngster whose education in pleasure begins when he leaves off pin-flores; for an easy youth means a jaded manhood and a hard old age.

The country boy is apt to start with health—in itself a pleasure and the basis of all happiness—and, if he is ambitious, to conserve it. Beveridge came to college from the farm and the logging camp as hard as nails: he kept his muscles taut by manual labor and his body sound by walking, Nature's system of exercise, that

cures all the ills advertised by the schools of physical culture. He had little time for college athletics. Few men that go to college for an education have. Football, baseball, and all the rest, as they are played in the great colleges to-day, are a profession in themselves. Under different conditions, they would have great play value, but when we begin to justify them, as so many enthusiasts do, purely on educational and utilitarian grounds, we must logically go a step farther and see if we cannot find something better to take their place.

Football, as it is played, is urged because it develops the manly qualities—courage, aggressiveness, self-reliance—in short, as some sort of a substitute for the primitive struggle—with the always implied and often outspoken idea that it fits a man to shoulder himself into a place in the world, grab what he wants from the weaker, and make the front rank in life as he would a touchdown. Yesterday, I talked with one of the old gods of football, a splendid fellow, who, by forgetting much that he should never have learned, and by learning much that should have been the commonplace of his boyhood, is rapidly achieving a position for himself. He spent a delicious senior year at college, with his picture in the paper every day, and columns about him on the sporting pages. In the early autumn, just before he began to hunt for a position, he received a six-hundred-dollar check for writing a signed column on the chances of the big teams in the coming games. He spent the next year doing a boy's work in an office, and he got a trifle over a hundred dollars for it.

Sometimes, we see and hear things that make us doubt the value of these too strenuous games as a preparation

for good health in the thirties and forties. Within the year I have met two captains of great elevens, one under, one over thirty, who walked out of college with the tread of gladiators. One is in the Texas Panhandle now, bunting for his lost health; the other is living on milk and broths, trying to forget his newly discovered stomach. He explained that when he left college and the training table he found it impossible, under the changed conditions, to keep both his health and his place. A turn in his father's fortunes had made it necessary for him to keep his place. Yet we must believe in football, as play—that is, football less the absurdly severe training, less the excessive amount of time wasted on it, less the maimings and homicides that seem to be inseparable from the game of to-day.

We forget that athletics is an artificial way of trying to comply with natural law; that athletics is simply a stimulant for the muscles. Like every other stimulant, it may be abused, and then it may not be discontinued without a violent reaction. At fifty the man whose body has been kept sound by a moderate amount of work and walking in the open air can usually throw his college chum who went in hard for athletics, if he has not already acted as pallbearer for him.

Beveridge, by natural and rational methods of exercise, has conserved the physical capital of his boyhood practically untouched, and reached forty-three with his muscles in shape for a twenty-mile tramp or a day's tree felling. The young man who hoards health has created a trust fund for his old age. Sickness and slowness breed about all the waste in the world.

Again, Beveridge had to follow the

natural method when he left college. He had to get his living and his law at the same time. But while he was missing much excellent theory which he might have learned from professors, he was getting much useful practice in the office where he had found a place. And in the end he had the theory, too. He was simply learning his profession as children learn to talk—speech and its practical uses first, grammar afterwards. I have often wondered why some one has not stood up to advocate teaching the babies to parse their words as fast as they learn them. Probably some one has.

It is, though, a pleasant sign of the times to note that there are vague stirrings toward a mingling of practical with academic training. That here and there schools of commerce are being added to colleges, even though they are as yet kept separate from the sacred departments that manufacture "cultured men." It is, too, a good sign to see the schools of agriculture springing up, even though few of them are as yet affiliated with the colleges and some course in them made compulsory on the student body. There would be more virtue, perhaps, in making the freshmen class spend a few hours of the week learning something about scientific agriculture than in giving up the same amount of time to graphic algebra; more health and usefulness in a daily hour of work in the fields than at club swinging in the gymnasium. A course in business for the country boys and a course in agriculture for the city boys might not come amiss in after-life.

Here we can leave Beveridge, as we should be able to leave any man who has obtained an education and learned a profession, to shift for himself. He is yet less a man of achieve-

ments than of possibilities, but he has acquired the habit of "making good."

The self-made man we have always had with us, and always will, until that day when our ingenuity shall have found a way of evading the last of Nature's laws, as it has of man's. We find him in the Old Testament and again in the New, in Rome, in Greece, in the Middle Ages, springing from the loins of the people, from slavery even, fighting up with bare fists through ignorance, prejudice, and oppression, grasping wealth and power and kingdoms by the sheer strength of his indomitable will and purpose. Sometimes he is a man of violence, sometimes a philosopher, a poet, or a priest; but always he it is who brings hope to man.

All this, if you like, is the doctrine of materialism; but materialism is the soil from which mankind has sprung, in which it grows and flowers into finer things. Man is not yet emancipated from Nature. He must still work under the lash. Much of the old bloodshed and brutality of the primal struggle has been stopped, not by suspending the operation of the law, but by obeying it more intelligently. We may, I venture to believe, develop stronger men when we recognize more clearly that work, as well as books, is a vital factor in the education of the sons of the well-to-do. There are no substitutes for the struggle, nothing "just as good" in developing strong men, self-reliant, "cultured" men, in the true and not smugish sense of the word. Culture for culture's sake, like art for art's sake, is a cry that covers a multitude of sins and much tommy-rot. The library life, the phlegm, dark-oak, stained-glass, and vellum-scented existence, in which nobody gets sweaty or excited, and everyone approves the

good, the beautiful, and the true, without doing anything to bring them home to men, is as useless as the society life. Like the latter, it produces nothing more than a sense of personal satisfaction and superiority. What the world needs is not the culture that patronizes—it has too much of that already—but the culture that understands, that sympathizes and helps. And you cannot get that, or any other right result, by disobeying natural law. The world is full of ready-made successes, second-hand statesmen, and marked-down reformers, but their clothes do not fit them. Fruit that falls into the lap is already half rotten. We cannot develop great merchants or poets or artists or doctors, unless, somewhere in the background, has been the shadow of the old bread fear, unless some devil of necessity has driven while the talent or aptitude was being developed and the habit of doing good work fixed. The greatest potential engineer, the greatest potential lawyer I have ever met were the sons of millionaires. They simply went to leave; then rotted where they stood. The soil in which they grew was too rich. Had they been the sons of Indiana farmers, they would have been forced to their best development. Gray's Elegy is good poetry, but poor philosophy, as the world goes to-day. You cannot find a "mute, inglorious Milton" on a farm in Indiana. They are all in the little colleges, learning to sear, and working after recitations to pay their board bills.

The individual is nothing to Nature; he must be everything to the man trainer. That is the vital point of difference between natural and intelligent selection.

The self-made man of the centuries is succeeding to-day in every walk of life out of any proper proportion to

the number of parent supported and education-thrown-in Americans who are equally successful in the same lines of activity. There must then be certain useful principles of training and education embodied in him which, if we can separate them from the waste and lost motion of purely natural processes, and apply them intelligently, as Barbank does his knowledge of natural laws to fruits and flowers, will make for a larger number of useful and efficient men among the sons of well-to-do Americans—in short, among the sons of self-made men. For it is a curious thing that the self-made man usually fails to read the lesson of his own life aright, and begins the training of his boy by ignoring every principle that contributed to his own success.

He seems utterly unable to draw the obvious inference from himself that right education for his boy does not begin in sending him to a fashionable school that he may make "desirable acquaintances;" that it is not furthered by entering him at this college "because all the other boys are going there," or to that university because all its graduates have "such a manner." It is so easy to turn out cads and bounders and snobs that it is hardly worth while to specialize a boy in those lines.

Then, too, the self-made man, more than any other, fails to understand that there is no virtue in a diploma and no sense at all in a college education for a boy who has not, at nineteen or twenty, proved his fitness to receive one, and some knowledge of what he is going to do with it when he gets one. Napoleon "found the crown of France lying in the dust and picked it up on the point of his sword." "Good for Napoleon," we say; "let us give the boy a sword." So we hand him a sword that trips

him up when he tries to step out. Yet he could do good work if we equipped him with the only weapon that he could handle—a pick.

That is what he would have been given had he been the son of a poor farmer. For under the operation of natural law the unfit have no chance to ride on the shoulders of the strong, and hamper human progress with their dead weight. They stay right in the place where God put them, and serve the world usefully, if humbly.

Much more important than the sort of college to which we send a young man is the sort of young man that we send to college. But though the self-made man usually believes that the sons of other men should not receive all through their formative years, without giving some return in effort and labor, he lets his own boy grow up hit or miss, without a stern necessity for hitting, and then throws him into the university with the assurance that four final years of hit or miss will in some way bring him around all right. That is why he so often misses—altogether, unless there is more latent strength beneath the rubbish than the father himself had; some enormously valuable years, in any event.

So long as the opportunities for men to work out their own salvation in this country continue and broaden, we shall be fulfilling its material mission. But until we can conserve more surely the good of the first generation in the second, and force it in turn to develop to the limit of its capacity, we shall not be realizing its higher ideals. To approach them we

need more self-made sons of self-made fathers, men who have fixed in themselves the strength, the resourcefulness, the courage of the first generation, and developed with these qualities a still higher ideal of life and duty.

Many people, I know, use the words self-made and money as synonyms, but the right kind of self-made man is only rich or poor as his lines in life are laid, as the world pays much or little for the work that he loves to do. In all our criticism of wealth we must not forget that a man may win riches and the right kind of success at the same time. Brains are usually well paid, even when they are used to make the world better; it is unfortunate that they are often paid still more when they are used to make it worse. But there is no implied merit in being poor.

We do not need more men who cannot make money, more who profess to despise money, or more who live on the interest of somebody else's money; but we do need more men who will not make or take money that is the fruit of blood and tears and dishonesty; who will not argue that precedent sanctions doubtful methods or that a good cause sanctifies bad money, but will hold fast to the law that all money made by dishonesty and oppression and brutality is a stench not only to God, but to man. The world can wait for justice tempered with mercy, if it can only get justice. And that will not come through kings and legislatures or judges, but only through breeding it in the blood and bone of new generations.

How Burbank Produces New Plants.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS, IN COSMOPOLITAN.

Like a wizard of old, Luther Burbank performs feats in the world of nature that seem to be almost magical. By crossing diverse plants he produces new plants and by selecting odd forms he develops their oddities until they become permanent and useful. This article tells of some of the wonderful things he has accomplished.

FIRST crossing, to secure variation and break up established habits; then selection, to isolate and develop the new forms in which the master's eye sees the indications of future usefulness, beauty and permanence—such is the formula for the transformation of the plant-world, whose beginnings have drawn all eyes upon Luther Burbank.

After all there is some verisimilitude in likening his operations to those of a wizard. The old magicians could not always foresee what spirits their necromancy would call forth—and no more can this modern conjurer of science. By crossing a raspberry with a blackberry he produced a valuable new species of fruit. But when he crossed the raspberry and the strawberry, a strange thing was summoned into existence—a plant without the thorns of the raspberry, but with the leaves and stolon of the strawberry, shooting up caues to the height of a man's shoulder, bursting into an astonishing bloom of flowers such as neither the strawberry nor the raspberry plant ever knows, and finally, after all this brilliant preparation, producing, instead of berries, insignificant unmaturing knobs!

Then he boldly crossed the blackberry with the apple. One can imagine what a successful combination of those species into an entirely new fruit might have meant. The result, however, was a plant, sprouting from blackberry seeds, that re-

sembled a little apple-tree in foliage and growth, having no thorns, and putting forth beautiful rose-colored flowers, but alas! no fruit.

Scores of similar crossings have been made, hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of plants have been produced, examined, judged—and out of all these multitudes a few individuals have been found worthy of preservation and cultivation, while the others have been brought into existence only to be destroyed again. Some of these rejected forms, springing from who knows what ancestral traits, have been put to death on sight, for they were vegetable monsters, which ought not to live! Yet side by side with strange and undesirable forms, come forth occasionally shapes of astonishing beauty, and plants endowed with matchless virility and fruitfulness. One of Mr. Burbank's hybrid chestnuts, selected from thousands of varying forms produced by the crossings, bears nuts almost two inches in diameter, when it is but eighteen months old! And excellent nuts they are, bowing with their weight the slender branches of miniature trees only three feet tall.

But, while the process of crossing is freely employed in order to obtain a great variety of new forms to work upon, and to obtain them quickly and rapidly, yet marvels are accomplished by simply following up the hints which nature gives in her spontaneous though evanescent variations. The suppressed, unfavored life-forces are

like a myriad of dim eager faces, hidden behind nature's draperies—starved, neglected children for whom there is no room and no hope, whose mother amid a multitude of pressing duties has no time, no thought and no place for them. Yet, occasionally, one peeps forth with momentary boldness only to be rudely thrust back from the unfriendly and impenetrable throng of extant existences. Such an incident forms one of the opportunities for which the experimenter watches, ready to extend a helping hand. The story of how Mr. Burbank developed his crimson poppy is an instance in point. The fields of California at certain seasons are splendid with the yellow flowers of a native poppy. The under side of the flower shows crimson streaks, but there is never any crimson on the upper, or inner, side. A few years ago Mr. Burbank found one of these flowers in which, as President David Starr Jordan describes it, "the outside crimson had struck through like a crimson thread which had been misplaced." That was all that was needed; the timid, peeping, new face had been recognized, a friendly eye had seen it, and the skill that could make room for it was at hand ready to be exerted. Mr. Burbank took the variant flower, which nature would quickly have suppressed, and planted its seeds, and from the resulting plant he chose those blossoms in which the most crimson showed, and planted their seeds, and so season after season he encouraged, protected and developed the strange flower, which blushed redder and redder with each succeeding generation, until within a few years he had produced a new variety of poppy, turned from yellow to crimson, and capable of perpetuating its kind. It was only last year that this process was completed.

I have told how the new kind of berry, the primus, was produced by crossing the raspberry and the blackberry. Mr. Burbank's latest production in the way of a new fruit, the "pomato," is an example of the method of selection without previous crossing, and so it falls into the same class with the crimson poppy. The pomato gets its name from the fact that it is a fruit resembling a tomato growing on a potato-plant. The plant from which it has been developed was originally a wild variety of potato, found in the Southwest, which showed a tendency to produce "balls" on the vines at the expense of the root-tubers. Mr. Burbank saw that these potato-balls, rudimentary examples of which are common on potato-plants, could be developed into a desirable fruit resembling the tomato. By the simple process of selection, as in the case of the crimson poppy, he succeeded, in the course of about five years, in training the plants to grow to several times the size of ordinary potato-plants, and to produce, instead of the original small, hard, bitter, green balls, a fine white fruit, from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half in diameter, with a tender skin like that of a tomato, although the fruit is more regular in shape than the tomato, and with a savory pulp having a high flavor and a pleasing fragrance. The pomato is delicious when eaten raw from the hand, and particularly fine as a preserve, or when cooked for the table. No doubt can be entertained that this new garden-fruit will be extensively introduced and cultivated.

One more example of the wonderful effects of selection when guided by the hand of genius, before we turn to consider the beautiful creations of Mr. Burbank in the realm of flowers.

The example I have in mind is the "Bartlett plum," surely one of the most astonishing fruits in existence. And a very striking instance of the force of education. It happened, years ago, that Mr. Burbank noticed in a plum taken from one of his trees a slight suggestion of the flavor of the well-known Bartlett pear. Mr. Burbank treasured the pit of that peculiar plum as if it had been a diamond, and, pursuing a method similar to that described in the case of the pomato, he gradually developed a new kind of plum, which has now attained a state of complete stability, a plum which, it is soherly avowed, has more distinctly the flavor of the Bartlett pear than the pear itself has! And what shall we say of the fact that the plum-tree which bears the "Bartlett plums" presents some of the characteristics of a Bartlett pear-tree, although nowhere in its known ancestry has it been crossed with a member of the pear tribe? What a glimpse this opens into the infinite complexity of the history of plants, and what a light it casts upon Mr. Burbank's dictum that "Heredity is the sum of all past environment!"

It may have occurred to the reader that there is something like wizardry in the rapidity with which Mr. Burbank brings his new kinds of plants to maturity, considering that the methods employed require the accumulated effects of successive generations. This is largely explained by the resort to grafting. Seedlings of a new variety of plant or tree are often grafted upon an old plant or tree, and thus are pushed ahead, and hurried onward, in the race of life. They get the benefit of the strength and virility of the older plant from whose fully developed circulation they draw their nourishment. Among the curious sights in Mr. Burbank's

grounds at Santa Rosa and at Sebastopol are trees hundreds of whose branches are "strangers to the blood" of the tree that bears them. One has no fewer than five hundred and twenty-six varieties of apples growing upon its grafted branches—red apples, green apples, yellow apples, round apples, bell-shaped apples, sweet apples, sour apples—and the seed of each of these can be separately experimented with.

But let us turn to the flowers.

The fame of the Sparta daisy has already gone round the world, and we need not dwell upon the story of the development of that magnificent emblem of a flower from the little despised daisy of the fields. Daisies are among Mr. Burbank's favorites, and he has not ceased to shape them, season after season, to the best of his fancy. To make daisies grow tall, graceful and aristocratic, and to inspire them with such pride of beauty that they expend their gold-centered blossoms to a diameter of six inches, was not enough. Every succeeding year he makes them more beautiful, with a more elegant carriage. During the present year he has developed a new variety of daisy which he thinks will surpass all known varieties in grace though not necessarily in size. The refinement of Mr. Burbank's methods when he is engaged with the development of the beauty of a new flower is surprising. No least feature is overlooked. The shapes of the petals, the bordering of the edges, the tone of the colors, the droop of the stems, the general carriage of the whole plant—these and a hundred other particulars are carefully noted, and when the work is completed you have Mr. Burbank's mind mirrored in a flower, quite as truly as the mind of an artist is expressed in a painting.

It is a touch characteristic of the man that when he is selecting a flower for color he is accustomed to submit it to the choice of a lady of fine and cultivated tastes.

I have already remarked upon his intellectual fearlessness. Standing with him among a multitude of new varieties of flowers one day, and noticing the tenderly affectionate and yet masterful way in which he handled them, selecting, approving, rejecting, at a glance or a touch, I could not but say to him:

"Mr. Burbank, these are all reflexes from you. Do you not sometimes feel almost as if you were exerting a psychic force upon these plants; that in some way, not yet expressible in scientific terms, they are following the suggestions of your imagination?"

But it was no new thought to him.

"Yes," he said; "why not?"

Another flower whose introduction dates from the present year is a splendid new poppy which will probably be known in scientific nomenclature as *Papaver Burbankii*. It is the result of crossing the common white peony poppy with the *Papaver pium*, the first-named being the mother plant, and the last the father. Our illustrations show the characteristic forms of the flowers and leaves of the parent plants and of their offspring. But in this case, at least, color plays an even more distinctive part in the transformation than does shape. The peony poppy is splendidly white, the *Papaver pium* possesses a deep cerise hue, while the new poppy is of a brilliant fire-red color with a reddish-purple four-winged center spot, encircling a greenish-white coronet-shaped seed-vessel. The whole aspect of the flower is extremely elegant and attractive.

One of our photographs shows Mr.

Burbank in the act of producing an artificial cross. In one hand he holds a flower of the *Papaver pium*, placed close to a peony poppy. With a camel's-hair brush he takes the pollen from the stamens, or anthers, of the first-named flower, which in this case plays the part of the male parent of the cross, or hybrid, that is to be produced, and places it upon the stigmas covering the pistil of the white poppy, which is to be the mother plant. This act is called "pollinating the flower." When the pollination, or fertilization, is completed, the flower that has been thus treated is carefully protected (say by covering it with a paper bag as it grows on its stem) from any further accidental contact with pollen carried by insects, or by the wind.

When the seeds of the artificially pollinated flower have ripened, they are sown, and the plants that spring up from them will contain a mingling of the hereditary characteristics of the two parents. A considerable variety of forms will be exhibited by the individual plants sprung from this seed, and if afterward a second crossing is effected, the number of variations produced will be greatly increased.

All sorts of latent traits now make their appearance. The hidden children burst forth in a wild crowd! But having made his selections, the experimenter allows all the other forms to disappear, and in a few generations (plant generations) the chosen ones become fixed new varieties or species. On the average, Mr. Burbank finds that about half a dozen generations are required for this purpose. The mutation theory of Professor De Vries cannot stand in the light of Mr. Burbank's experiments, because while that theory assumes that only at certain periods in the

life of plants do sudden mutations, producing new species, take place, the experiments demonstrate that man can produce mutations whenever he wills it, and that "mutation is not a period but a state." The so-called Mendelian laws are proved by these experiments to be inadequate, because they are found to apply only in a limited number of cases. Mr. Burbank's operations have been conducted on so gigantic a scale that, for breadth of view, he has the same advantage over other experimenters that one standing on the summit of a dominating mountain possesses over those who have climbed only to the top of a foothill. Finally, his experiments have proved the falsity of the doctrine that acquired characteristics are not transmitted.

We have been drawn a little aside from the description of the new flowers because it is essential, at every step, to keep prominently before the mind the meaning of what Mr. Burbank has done and is doing, and the effect of his achievements upon scientific views and theories.

Space remains to refer briefly to a few more of the beautiful things that may be seen in the gardens at Santa Rosa and the experimental grounds at Sebastopol. And yet no one can describe these flowers! Their immense number and variety are as astonishing as is their beauty of form and color. There are the hybrid calla-lilies, great splendid blossoms, a single specimen of which would confer distinction upon any garden; there are the huge amaryllises, new queens of flowers; there are the gladioli, taught new graces and trained to grow all round their stems; there are geraniums, of a size and splendor that no man ever saw before; there are verbenas that have borrowed a fragrance unknown to

their kindred and are now filling the air with the sweet scent of the trailing arbutus; there are new poppies, new and sweet-scented dahlias, new larkspurs, new tiger-lilies—but it is almost an endless story.

There was once a flower growing at Santa Rosa which, in view of its subsequent history, I would have given much to see—a hybrid mesembrianthemum, a plant without sufficient native distinction to have a popular name. But, led by some dim suggestion of hidden beauty which he alone could perceive, Mr. Burbank took this insignificant flower and, by crossing and selection, produced a bed of delicate little pink-white blossoms, which for four years were the admiration of all beholders. Then, suddenly, without discoverable cause, every one of these new plants died. It is said that they all perished in a night, as if the breath of a pestilence had blown upon them alone, leaving their stately companions in the garden of beauty untouched and unharmed. They had looked out upon the world and shamed it for a few brief seasons, but its touch was too rough, and they quickly shrunk into the habitation of forgotten forms. No human eye may ever see their like again, for years of experimentation had been required to bring them forth, and they left not a seed nor a living root!

But the field from which these things may be developed is limitless, and Mr. Burbank is only at the beginning of his work. With his hybrid thornless and spineless cactuses, bearing rich and nourishing fruit, and juicy stems, which may turn arid deserts into populated plains; with his fruit-trees taught to withstand the frost, and his grains educated to defy the drought; with his continually growing array of new plants, new

plums, new cherries, new apples, new berries, new fruits never before seen in orchard or garden, new flowers never before dreamed of by florists—with all these, still the greatest part

of his career, we may hope, is before him. And wider yet will be the effect of his example and the inspiration of his genius upon others who shall take up the work after him.

The Rise of Co-Operation in England.

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Co-operative selling has come to be a strong influence in British co-operation life. It has gained a tremendous hold among the working classes. In this article Mr. Russell tells how the idea originated among the flannel-weavers of Rochdale and was the one good result of its otherwise unsuccessful strike.

THE greatest idea in modern English life was evolved by a handful of starving men caught like rats in one of the forlornest spots on earth.

There was a strike in the flannel-mills of Rochdale. The English flannel-weaver was, and is, wretchedly underpaid; on what he earns in a week an average family might exist normally perhaps three days. Moreover, he lives under conditions the merest glance at which crushes the most resolute optimism. The long rows of dreary caves, the dirt and squalor, the gloom without and the damp within strike chill to one's very heart. Even now, after all that has been done for it, even when work is plentiful and the mills buzz, or even in summer when occasionally the sun comes pallidly through the everlasting mists, Rochdale is a red scar across the face of civilization. In 1843, when the great strike sent idle and despairing men drifting through the frightful streets, and darkened the gloom of the November days and the incessant rains, Rochdale must have been perdition. The inhabitants will tell you now that the place is one hundred times better than it was in 1843. Hearing this and seeing

what it is now, you will marvel much at the persistence of men that stayed to fight their fight in such appalling surroundings, instead of running away.

The strike was for an increase of wages. Flannel-mill owners were doing prodigiously well in 1843. A great boom was on in flannels; prices soared before the wind of a world-wide demand; the mill owners got rich in a year, sometimes in a month. The weavers, living on scraps, thought the owners ought to share a part of this golden harvest. The owners, not living on scraps, regarded the suggestion as highly unreasonable and calculated to upset the foundations of society and commerce. The weavers were therefore confronted with the universal problem, and in its hillest terms. The mill owners were plainly deriving a share disproportionately large of the returns of the enterprise; the weavers were getting a share disproportionately small. Some men were getting too much of the fruits of the earth and some men too little: the same old story. To equalize the allotment—that was, as it is, the question. As the weavers' experience included both ends of advocated remedy—

Force and Self-improvement—it may seem worth noting. Being, like the rest of us, blind, groping creatures late come from the jungle, their first impulse was toward Force. They said they would strike. At this one or two owners relented and said they would consent to a small wage increase if the other owners would do as much. I suppose the complaints must have continued to be acute and the distress severe and not pleasant to see. Anyway, nothing coming of their former overture, the same few owners again proposed that in their establishments a small advance should be made, on the condition that it should be followed in all the other mills in the district; otherwise it should be rescinded.

Something about this proposition struck the Lancashire intelligence as intolerable. It was like showing a bone to a starving dog and keeping it out of reach. Of course the wage advance was scorned in the mills where increased wages were regarded as attacks upon the social order, and at last the strike began.

These men had nothing but large families, empty larders, empty pockets, and the grim prospect of defeat. They had entered upon the movement for higher wages with a compact that those that had work should contribute each twopenny a week to a fund for those that should strike. But the slow, dogged resentment of the weavers had been aroused; the strikers were many, the workers were few, and the twopenny contributions netted but a paltry sum. Meanwhile empty stomachs and crying children in the cheerless hovels were the strong battalions on the employers' side; these rubbed their hands and knew they had but to wait.

Just before the end, a little knot

of the strikers came together one November afternoon, knowing very well that they were beaten, that the owners had triumphed, to talk over a hopeless situation. In this world every idea that amounts to anything has its roots in democracy. Almost every man at that meeting was a Chartist. Now Chartism was the first stirring in England of the democratic spirit. It was, in substance, a demand that the whole people should share in a government up to that time conducted solely by and for the landed classes and nobles. Vested interests had been properly shocked by Chartism and had put it down with becoming severity, partly by representing it as disorderly, anarchistic, revolutionary, vulgar, had form, un-English, and not countenanced by the better classes; and partly by instigating it to riot, when an efficient police force did the rest. But while Chartism as a movement failed to reform the Government, the spirit of Chartism survived among thousands of its followers, and of the ideas inspired one was some notion of regard for the common welfare, one was a definite conception of equality, and one was the advantages of work for the common good instead of work for selfish advantage. This meeting I am telling you about was soaked with Chartism.

The men sat down seriously to see what they could do. Force had failed, the employers had won, strikes helped nothing, solved nothing, gained nothing; so much was plain. They had struck because they were getting little, and now they were getting nothing; and meantime they had taken on a weary load of debt. The net result of their effort to better their condition was to make it infinitely worse. What then?

"There is no remedy for these

things," said the Chartists, "until you get a Constitution. What working men most do is to agitate for the Charter."

Some teetotallers were in the group, and they brought out their bobby, perennial and groomed for all seasons. What workmen needed was to sign the pledge and lay aside the part of their wages they had formerly expended in drink. Inasmuch as none of them was getting any wages, this did not promise much. The prevalent idea was that it seemed impossible for working men to increase their income; their only chance was to diminish their outgo, and as most of them, with their families, had long been accustomed to live on just enough to keep the breath in their bodies the prospect of their living on any less was not inspiring. And then someone began to complain about the grasping storekeepers. The storekeepers! That was something—the corner grocery and the mill owner seemed the weaver's upper and nether millstones; he was crushed between them. How if the weaver could get his supplies without paying the storekeeper's profit, eh? How if he combined with other weavers and got his supplies at the prices the storekeeper paid, eh?

Thus the Chartists were filled with their idea of the common good, the idea of democracy. The notion of penniless and debt-ridden strikers combining for anything that required capital would have appealed to a race with a sense of humor as merely comic. In the whole meeting that afternoon was not enough money to buy a pound of tea. But some advantages pertain to the temperament without humor. Their enterprise might seem of colossal difficulty; it did not strike the weavers as funny. Hence it was not removed at once

from the range of the possible. Besides, the Chartists, it seems, never laughed at anything, but merely roared day and night for a Constitution. The twopenny strike contribution occurred to some one as a feasible basis of funds. If men could give twopenny a week to help a strike, they could give twopenny a week to better their condition. Twopenny a week would amount to something—if you went on piling them up long enough. So twenty-eight weavers, most of them Chartists or Teetotallers, formed a body with the resounding title of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers, and undertook, in a groping way, to see what could be done with twopenny a week from each. A treasurer was appointed to collect and care for all this capital, and when enough had accumulated they were to see if they could not buy a little tea and salt fish and jam—on which national dainties they were nourished—at wholesale prices, and thus save money.

They went back to work, the twenty-eight with the rest of the beaten army of Forcs, and took the small wage and the hard defeat and turned in their twopenny a week and waited. In December, 1844, they found they were in possession of the magnificent sum of £28 (£140), and were embarrassed to know what to do with it. In a Rochdale street that bore the inauspicious name of Toad Lane they found what was described as the most dismal barracks in the dismal town, an ancient warehouse of ill-favored aspect. Therein they rented a ground floor room at the rate of \$50 a year, and when this had been fitted up with some rude shelves, e.g. they had £14 (\$70) left to buy stock.

A little flour, a little butter, some sugar and some oatmeal, that was all they had to do business with, the bog-

gars. A scornful tradesman in their own line subsequently announced, without much exaggeration, that he could go down there with a wheelbarrow and carry off their entire stock. They were to open the shop on the night of December 21st. When the time came they were afraid to take down the shutters. They looked over the poor little pile of things and the feeble lamp, and felt as women feel when they are about to faint. Their hearts failed them: it seemed so utterly lunatic to invite the public to come and inspect two sacks of flour and a handful of oatmeal. It is recorded that they stood about "huffin'," as Robert Burns hath it. Joseph Smith trying to get Samuel Ashworth to go out and take down the shutters, and Ashworth nominating William Cooper, or something like that. What added to the terrors of the situation, the street goblins (of whom Rochdale had, and has, no lack) were waiting on the outside for a chance to exhibit the acrid wit that, world around, is the symbol of their kind, and a crowd of unsympathetic neighbors stood on the curb ready to jeer. No one knew better than the Equitable Pioneers that there was occasion enough for jeering; but at last one of them dashed at it, head down, tore off the shutters, and the thing was done.

I suppose it was not so awful, after all, the phalanx of gamins and neighbors. Anyway, the stock was sold, more was bought and sold in its turn, and by slowest degrees it dawned upon Toad Lane and environs that the Equitable Pioneers had an idea. At first the business of the wretched little place was no more than enough to keep it open for a short time on two evenings of the week. Presently it must be kept open three nights, then four, and then five. As fast as the profits

accrued they were added to the microscopic capital, and the stock was enlarged. In the store the Equitable Pioneers worked for nothing; hence there was no clerk hire. They were fired with the zeal of propagandists; hence they were never weary in the cause. And, finally, they had something at stake besides profits; hence they were bent on bringing in all their neighbors to share the good thing.

Before they knew whether their \$70 worth of flour and oatmeal would not be closed out by the sheriff, they had adopted a code of most solemn rules of business. I told you in the beginning that a sense of humor would have been fatal to the enterprise. Among the ideals to which these business men without business bound themselves were to sell always for cash, not to run into debt, to buy pure goods of the best quality, to set their faces resolutely against adulteration or trickery, to sell at current market rates, and, above all, to oppose the competitive theory of business. They would not enter into competition with any one. They regarded competition as immoral and the great source of the world's evil, the baleful seed from which came great fortunes and great poverty. Strange, strange people, as you shall see. Finally, they determined to devote a certain percentage of all profits to education.

The attraction for buyers at the little Toad Lane store was not the cheapened first cost of the articles sold there, but something very different. Sales were made at current prices, but every purchaser received a metal tag representing the amount of the purchase, and the promise was held out that when the store was adequately equipped, these tags would be redeemed with a proportionate share in the profits. In other

words, the store was to be like other stores except that the profits were to go to the purchasers instead of to the storekeeper. The power of this idea was much more tremendous than you would guess. For the first time the patient slave housewives of Toad Lane laid hold of the concept of hope. Every time they bought a pound of flour at the place called in the humorous dialect of the region "The Owd Wearyuns' Shop," they laid by a brass tag that would some day be money. They had never before been able to save a cent; they whole weary struggle had been to make the scanty income spread wide enough to keep the family alive. They had never expected nor dreamed of anything else. And now without their volition, for the first time they had something to look forward to.

Only, to get the benefits of "The Owd Wearyuns' Shop" one must join the "Society of Equitable Pioneers" and sign the rules and take out some of the capital stock, to wit, not less than £1 thereof. But this, after paying the trifling initiation fee, could be paid for in Rochdale fashion, with twopence a week; and meantime all the advantages accrued. The Equitable ship slowly gathered headway. In March 1845, tea and tobacco were added to the stock. At the close of the year there were more than eighty members, the capital stock had grown to \$905, and the weekly receipts for goods averaged more than \$150. In a few more months the store was ordered to be kept open on Saturday afternoons as well as the five nights, and hater's meat was added to the things dealt in.

The boom in the flannel business came to an end, hard times fell upon the Rochdale district, the local savings bank failed with all its de-

posits, and the membership of the Pioneers rapidly increased, for by this time it appeared certain that they alone had hit upon the only plan that provided any security against adversity. The society took a lease of the whole barracks in Toad Lane, three floors and an attic, enlarged its trade, gradually absorbed in its lists the working population, hired clerks, began to deal in whatever its subscribers wished to buy, and spread the foundation of a great business. It had become an institution. In 1850 it had 600 members. In 1857 it had 1,850 and sold \$400,000 worth of goods. But by that time its success was acknowledged everywhere, in other towns the like societies were forming, and co-operation was successfully launched.

Not vested enough of trouble. The vested interests took alarm, and Parliament after Parliament was petitioned to stop the thing. The ponderous remarks of the grave statesmen of the day that plainly forewarn how co-operation meant national ruin ought to teach us all the true value of statesmanship. Furthermore, the hunt democracy of the thing alarmed many uneasy souls: it was a kind of Chartism. And incessantly the local shopkeepers fought the new idea. They fight it yet, by the way. Within six months the Government had defeated an attempt to wreck co-operation by steering it against the British income tax. But the commonest attack was by under-selling the co-operative stores. The managers of the stores invariably remained true to the principles announced by the "Equitable Pioneers" and adopted everywhere by their imitators. They were warring against the competitive idea; they would not be led into competition. They never reduced the price of any

article to meet any cut made by another dealer. They never resorted to any device to gain trade, and never attempted to secure a penny of illegitimate profit. Their first object was to improve the condition of their members, not to sell goods nor to pile up profits; and price-cutting by their rivals they looked upon with a bland and amiable indifference very beautiful to see. Co-operation, by the way, seems to be an amiable business. No one seems to get angry about it, nor flurried nor worried. I would not be too sanguine, but after knocking about a great many co-operative stores, wholesale and retail, I was obliged to admit that the people in them seem to find life comfortable and human. It seems rather foolish and somewhat Utopian, but other persons have noted the same thing; there must be something in it. Clerks in English co-operative stores are not surly nor indifferent nor cross nor tired. They have short

hours, they have a share in the profits, mostly they are members of the society, and have a childlike faith in co-operation as a kind of religion. Strange people, as I said before. There are among them astonishingly good talkers about co-operation and conditions. I know one of them that goes out almost every night and lectures on these subjects. For nothing, the foolish young person. He sells groceries in the daytime.

There are no strikes in co-operative stores and co-operative factories, no lockouts, no walking delegates, no disputes between labor and capital, no rows, no riots, no police, no militia, no appeals to the governor, no arbitration boards. Whatever a co-operative society is to do is determined by all its members in a meeting in which all have a vote and an equal right to be heard. There is no other business enterprise that has grown so rapidly and so peacefully.

The Story of the Franklin Syndicate.

BY ARTHUR TRAIN, IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

This is a graphic story of one of the greatest scandals of modern times. Colonel Ammon is a type of the cold-blooded, hairless rascal who betrays confidences and ruins his friends without compunction. How he himself, after swindling his client, met his just reward, is told in a dramatic manner.

WHEN Robert A. Ammon, a member of the New York bar, was convicted, after a long trial, on the 17th of June, 1903, of receiving stolen goods he had, in the parlance of his class, been "done" for a long time. The stolen property in question was the sum of thirty thousand five hundred dollars in greenbacks, part of the loot of the notorious "Franklin Syndicate," devised and engineered by William F.

Miller, who later became the cat-paw of his legal adviser, the subject of this history.

Ammon stood at the bar and listened complacently to his sentence of not less than four years at hard labor in Sing Sing. A sneer curved his lips as, after nodding curtly to his lawyer, he turned to be led away by the court attendant. The fortune snatched from his client had procured for him the most adroit of coun-

sel, the most exhaustive of trials. He knew that nothing had been left undone to enable him to evade the consequences of his crime, and he was cynically content.

For years "Boh" Ammon had been a familiar figure in the Wall Street district of New York. Although the legal adviser of swindlers and confidence men, he was a type of American whose energies, if turned in a less dubious direction, might well have brought him honorable distinction. Tall, strong as a bull, blind, good-natured, reckless and of iron nerve, he would have given good account of himself as an Indian fighter or frontiersman. His fine presence, his great vitality, his coarse humor, his confidence and bravado had won for him many friends of a certain kind and engendered a feeling among the public that somehow, although the associate and adviser of criminals, he was outside the law, to the circumventing of which his energies were directed. Unfortunately his experiences with the law had bred in him a contempt for it which ultimately caused his downfall.

"The reporters are bothering you, are they?" he had said to Miller in his office. "Hang them! Send them to me. I'll talk to them!"

And talk to them he did. He could talk a police inspector or a city magistrate into a state of vacuous credulity, and needless to say he was to his clients as a god knowing both good and evil, as well as how to eschew the one and avoid the other. Miller hated, loathed and feared him, yet freely entrusted his liberty, and all he had risked his liberty to gain, to this strange and powerful personality which held him enthralled by the mere exercise of a physical superiority.

The "Franklin Syndicate" had

collapsed amid the astonished outcries of its thousands of victims, on November 24, 1899, when, under the advice and with the assistance of Ammon, its organizer, "520 per cent. Miller," had fled to Canada. It was nearly four years later, in June, 1903, that Ammon, arraigned at the bar of justice as a criminal, heard Assistant District Attorney Nott call William F. Miller, convict, to the stand to testify against him. A curious contrast they presented as they faced one another: the emaciated youth of twenty-five, the hand of Death already tightly fastened upon his meager frame, coughing, hollow-cheeked, insignificant, flat-nosed, almost repulsive, who dragged himself to the witness chair, and the swaggering athlete who glared at him from the bar surrounded by his cordon of able counsel. As Ammon fixed his penetrating gaze upon his former client, Miller turned pale and dropped his eyes. Then the prosecutor, realizing the danger of letting the old hypnotic power return even for an instant, quickly stepped between them. Miller raised his eyes and smiled, and those who heard knew that this miserable creature had been through the fire and came forth to speak true things.

The trial of Ammon involved practically the repaving of the case against Miller, for which the latter had been convicted and sentenced to ten years in State prison, whence he now issued like one from the tomb to point the skeleton, incriminating finger at his betrayer. But the case began by the convict-witness testifying that the whole business was a miserable fraud from start to finish, carried on and guided by the advice of the defendant. He told how he, a mere boy of twenty-one, burdened with a sick wife and baby, unfitted

by training or ability for any sort of lucrative employment, a hanger-on of bucket shops and, in his palmyest days, a speculator in tiny lots of feebly margined stocks, finding himself without means of support, conceived the alluring idea of soliciting funds for investment, promising enormous interest, and paying this interest out of the principal entrusted to him. For a time he preyed only upon his friends, claiming "inside information" of large "deals" and paying ten per cent. per week on the money received out of his latest deposits. Surely the history of civilization is a history of credulity. Miller prospered. His earlier friend-customers who had hesitatingly taken his receipt for ten dollars, and thereafter had received one dollar every Monday morning, repeated the operation and returned in ever increasing numbers. From having his office "in his hat," he took an upper room in a small two-story house at 144 Floyd Street, Brooklyn—a humble tenement, destined to be the scene of one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of man's capidity and foolishness in modern times. At first he had tramped round, like a pedler, delivering the dividends himself and soliciting more, but soon he hired a boy. This was in February, 1899. Business increased. The golden flood began to appear in an attenuated but constant rivulet. He hired four more employees and the whole top floor of the house. The golden rivulet became a steady stream. From a "pan-handler" he rolled in ready thousands. The future opened into magnificent aridiferous distances. He began to call himself "The Franklin Syndicate," and to advertise that "the way to wealth is as plain as the road to the market." He copied the real brokers and scat-

tered circulars and "weekly letters" over the country, exciting the rural mind in distant Manitoba and Louisiana. There was an instantaneous response. His mail required the exclusive attention of several clerks. The stream of gold became a rushing torrent. Every Monday morning the Floyd Street house was crowded with depositors who drew their interest, added to it, deposited it again, and went upon their way rejoicing. No body was going to have to work any more. The out-of-town customers received checks for their interest drawn upon "The Franklin Syndicate," together with printed receipts for their deposits, all signed "William F. Miller," by means of a rubber stamp. No human hand could have signed them all without writer's cramp. The rubber stamp was Miller's official signature. Then with a mighty roar the torrent burst into a deluge. The Floyd Street quarters were besieged by a clamorous multitude fighting to see which of them could give up his money first, and there had to be a special delivery for Miller's mail. He rented the whole house and hired fifty clerks. You could deposit your money almost anywhere, from the parlor to the pantry, the clothes closet or the bath-room. Fridays the public stormed the house en masse, since the money must be deposited on that day to draw interest for the following week. The crush was so enormous that the stoop broke down. Imagine it! In quiet Brooklyn! People struggling to get up the steps to cram their money into Miller's pockets! There he sat, behind a desk, at the top of the stoop, solemnly taking the money thrown down before him and handing out little pink and green stamped receipts in exchange. There was no place to put the money, so it was shoved on to the floor be-

bind him. Friday afternoons Miller and his clerks waded through it, knee high. There was no pretense of bookkeeping. Simply in self-defense Miller issued in October a pronouncement that he could not in justice to his business, consent to receive less than fifty dollars at one time. Theoretically, there was no reason why the thing should not have gone on practically forever, Miller and everybody else becoming richer and richer, until there was no longer any money in the world left to be deposited. So long as the golden stream swelled five times each year everybody would be happy. How could anybody fail to be happy who saw so much money lying around loose everywhere?

But the business had increased to such an extent that Miller began to distrust his own capacity to handle it. He therefore secured a partner in the person of one Edward Schlesinger, and with him went to Charlestown, Mass., for the purpose of opening another office, in charge of which they placed a man named Louis Powers. History repeated itself. Powers shipped the deposits to Miller every day or two by express. Was there ever such a plethora of easy money?

But Schlesinger was no Miller. He decided that he must have a third of the profits (Heaven knows how they computed them) and have them, moreover, each day in cash. Hence there was a daily accounting, part of the receipts being laid aside to pay off interest checks and interest, and the balance divided. Schlesinger carried his off in a bag; Miller took the rest, cash, money orders and checks, and deposited it in a real bank. How the money poured in may be realized from the fact that the excess of receipts over disbursements for the month ending Novem-

ber 16 was four hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Hitherto Miller had been the central figure. Col. Robert A. Ammon now became the *deus ex machina*. Miller's advertising had become so extensive that he had been forced to retain a professional agent, one Rudolf Guenther, to supervise it, and when the newspapers began to make unpleasant comments, Guenther took Miller to Ammon's office in the Beunett Building in Nassau Street. Ammon accepted a hundred dollars from Miller, listened to his account of the business and examined copies of the circulars. When he was handed one of the printed receipts he said they were "interminating." Miller must try to get them back. He advised (as many another learned counsellor has done) incorporating the business, since then the stock could be sold and exchanged for the interminating receipts. He explained the mistakes of the "Dean crowd," but showed how he had been able to safeguard them in spite of the fact that they had foolishly insisted on holding the stock in their company themselves instead of making their customers the stockholders. Nevertheless, "you do not see any of the Dean people in jail," boasted Ammon. From now on Miller and he were in frequent consultation, and Ammon took steps to incorporate, procuring for that purpose from Wells, Fargo & Co. a certificate of deposit for one hundred thousand dollars. Occasionally he would visit Floyd Street to see how things were going. Miller became a mere puppet; Ammon twitched the wire.

It was now well on in November, and the press of both Boston and New York was filled with scathing attacks upon the Syndicate. The reporters became so inquisitive as to

be annoying to the peaceful Miller. "Send the reporters over to me!" directed Ammon.

The Post (of Boston) said the whole thing was a miserable swindle. Ammon, accompanied by Miller carrying a satchel which contained fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks, went to Boston, visited the offices of the Post, and pitched into the editor.

"The business is all right; you must give us a fair deal!"

The pair also visited Watts, the chief of police.

"You keep your mouth shut," said Ammon to Miller. "I'll do all the talking." He showed Watts the bag of money, and demanded what he had meant by calling the enterprise a "green goods business." If the thing wasn't all right, did Watts suppose that he, Col. Robert A. Ammon, would be connected with it? The chief backed down, and explained that he had jokingly referred to the color of one of the receipts—which happened to be green.

In spite of Ammon's confidence, however, there was an uneasy feeling in the air, and it was decided to put an advertisement in the Post offering to allow any customer who so desired to withdraw his deposit, without notice, upon the following Saturday. This announcement did not have precisely the anticipated effect, and Saturday saw a large crowd of victims eager to withdraw their money at the Boston office of the Brooklyn Branch of the Franklin Syndicate. Powers paid the Pauls, of Boston, out of the bag brought on by Miller containing the deposits of the Peters, of Brooklyn. Meantime, Ammon addressed the throng, incidentally blackguarding a Post reporter before the crowd, telling them that his paper was a "yellow paper, and never amounted to anything, and never

would." Some timid souls took courage and re-deposited their money. The run continued one day and cost Ammon and Miller about twenty-eight thousand dollars. Ammon took five thousand dollars cash as a fee out of the bag, and the pair returned to New York. But confidence had been temporarily restored.

The beginning of the end, however, was now in sight—at least for the keen vision of Bob Ammon. He advised stimulating deposits and laying hands on all the money possible before the crash came. Accordingly Miller sent a telegram (collect) to all depositors:

"We have inside information of a big transaction, to begin Saturday or Monday morning. Big profits. Remit at once so as to receive the profits.

"WILLIAM F. MILLER,
"Franklin Syndicate."

A thousand or so were returned, the depositors having refused to pay the charges. The rest of the customers in large measure responded. But the game was nearly up. There were scare-heads in the papers. Miller saw detectives on every corner, and, like a rat leaving a sinking ship, Schlesinger scuttled away for the last time with a bag of money on the evening of Tuesday, November 21, 1899. The rest of the deposits were crammed into Miller's desk and left there overnight.

The next morning Miller returned to Floyd Street and spent that day in the usual routine, and also on Thursday remained until about twelve o'clock noon, when he placed thirty thousand five hundred dollars in bills in a satchel and started for Ammon's office, where he found Schlesinger—likewise with a satchel.

"The jig's up," announced Schlesinger.

"Billy, I think you'll have to make a run for it," said Ammon. "The best thing for you is to go to Canada."

It still remained to secure the money which Miller had deposited in the banks, in such a way that the customers could not get hold of it. Ammon explained how that could easily be done. The money should be all turned over to him, and none of the creditors would ever see it again. He did not deem it necessary to suggest that neither would Miller. Accordingly the two, the lawyer and the client, went to the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., Ammon obligingly carrying the satchel containing the thirty thousand five hundred dollars. Here Ammon deposited the contents to his own account, as well as the certificate of deposit for one hundred thousand dollars previously mentioned, and a check for ten thousand dollars, representing the balance of Miller's loot. In addition to this he received an order for forty thousand dollars United States Government bonds, which were on deposit with Wells, Fargo & Co., and later, through Miller's father, sixty-five thousand dollars in bonds of the New York Central Railroad and the United States Government. Thus Ammon secured from his dupe the sum of two hundred and forty-five thousand five hundred dollars, the enhanced market value of the securities bringing the amount up to two hundred and fifty thousand five hundred dollars, besides whatever sums he had been paid by Miller for legal services, which could not have been less than ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The character of the gentleman is well illustrated by the fact that when paying Mrs. Miller her miserable pittance of five dollars per week, he explained to her that "he was giving

her that out of his own money, and that her husband owed him."

There still remained, however, the chance of getting a few dollars more and Ammon advised Miller "to try to get Friday's receipts, which were the heaviest day's business." Acting on this suggestion, Miller returned the next morning to Floyd Street at about half past nine, finding a great crowd of people waiting outside. About one o'clock he started to go home, but discovering that he was being followed by a man whom he took to be a detective, he boarded a street car, dodged through a drug store and a Chinese laundry, finally made the elevated railroad, with his pursuer close at his heels, and eventually reached the lawyer's office about two o'clock in the afternoon. Word was received almost immediately over the telephone that Miller had been indicted in Kings County for conspiracy to defraud, and Ammon stated that the one thing for Miller to do was to go away. Miller replied that he did not want to go unless he could take his wife and baby with him, but Ammon assured him that he would send them to Canada later in charge of his own wife. Under this promise Miller agreed to go, and Ammon procured a man named Enright to take Miller to Canada, saying that "he was an ex-detective and could get him out of the way." Ammon further promised to forward to Miller whatever money he might need to retain lawyers for him in Montreal. Thereupon Miller exchanged hats with some one in Ammon's office and started for Canada in the custody of the lawyer's representative.

How the wily colonel must have chafed as poor Miller trotted down the stairs like a sheep leaving his fleece behind him. A golden fleece indeed! Did ever a lawyer have such

a piece of luck? Here was a little fellow who had invented a brilliant scheme to get away with other people's money and had carried it through successfully—more than successfully, beyond the dreams of even the most avaricious criminal, and then, richer than Midas, had handed over the whole jolly fortune to another for the other's asking without even a scrap of paper to show for it. More than that, he had then voluntarily extinguished himself. Had Ammon not chuckled he would not have been Bob Ammon. The money was stolen, to be sure, but Ammon's skirts were clear. There was nothing to show that the two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars he had received was stolen money. There was only one man—a discredited felon, who could hint that the money was even "tainted," and he was safely over the border, in a foreign jurisdiction, not in the custody of the police, but of Ammon himself, to be kept there (as Mr. Robert C. Taylor so aptly phrased it in arguing Ammon's case on appeal) "on waiting orders. Ammon had Miller on a string, and as soon as Ammon (for his own sake) was compelled either to produce Miller or to run the risk of indictment, he pulled the string and brought Miller back into the jurisdiction."

Needless to say great was the ado made over the disappearance of the promoter of the Franklin Syndicate, and the authorities of King's County speedily let it become known that justice required that some one should be punished for the colossal fraud which had been perpetrated. The grand jury of the county started a general investigation. Public indignation was stirred to the point of ebullition. In the midst of the rumour, there came a knock on the office

door of the Hon. John F. Clark, District Attorney of King's County, and Col. Robert A. Ammon announced himself. The two men were entire strangers to each other, but this did not prevent Ammon, with his inimitable assurance, from addressing the District Attorney by his first name.

"How are you, John?" he inquired cheerfully, "what can I do for you?"

Mr. Clark repressed his natural inclination to kick the insolent fellow forcibly out of his office, invited him to be seated and rang for a stenographer. Ammon asserted his anxiety to assist the district attorney by every means in his power, but denied knowing the whereabouts of Miller, alleging that he was simply acting as his counsel. Mr. Clark replied that in Miller's absence the grand jury might take the view that Ammon himself was the principal. At this Ammon calmly assured his host that as far as he was concerned he was ready to go before the grand jury at any time.

"That is just what I want," returned Mr. Clark, "the grand jury is in session. You come over."

Ammon arose with a smile and accompanied the district attorney towards the door of the grand jury room. Just outside he suddenly placed his hand to his head as if recollecting something.

"One moment," he exclaimed, "I forgot that I have an engagement. I will come over to-morrow."

"Ah!" retorted Mr. Clark, "I do not think you will be here to-morrow."

Two weeks later Miller was safely ensconced without bail in Raymond Street jail.

Schlessinger, who got away with one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in cash, fled to Europe,

where he lived high, frequenting the race tracks and gaming tables until he was called to his Final Account last year. The money which he took has never been traced. Miller was tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court then reversed his conviction, but later on appeal to the Court of Appeals it was sustained.

Of the enormous sums turned over to Ammon he received nothing save the money necessary for his support in Montreal, for the lawyers who defended him, and five dollars per week for his wife and child up to the time he turned State's evidence. It is interesting to note that among the counsel representing Miller upon his trial was Ammon himself. Miller's wife and child were not sent to Montreal by Ammon, nor did the latter secure bail for his client at any time during his different periods of incarceration. The colonel knew very well that it was a choice between himself and Miller and took no steps which might necessitate the election falling upon himself.

The conviction of Miller, with his sentence to ten years in State's prison did not, however, prevent the indictment of Ammon for receiving stolen money in New York County, although the chance that he would ever have to suffer for his crime seemed small indeed. The reader must bear in mind that up to the time of Ammon's trial Miller had never admitted his guilt; that he was still absolutely, and apparently irrevocably, under Ammon's sinister influence, keeping in constant communication with him and implicitly obeying his instructions while in prison; and that Miller's wife and child were dependent upon Ammon for their daily bread. No wonder Ammon strode the streets confident that his

creature would never betray his own betrayer.

"Now, Billy, you don't want to be shooting off your mouth up here," was his parting injunction to his dupe on his final visit to Sing Sing before he became a guest there himself at the expense of the people.

Miller followed his orders to the letter, and the stipend was increased to the munificent sum of forty dollars per month.

Meantime the case against Ammon languished and the district attorney of New York County was at his wit's end to devise a means to procure the evidence to convict him. To do this it would be necessary to establish affirmatively that the thirty thousand five hundred dollars received by Ammon from Miller and deposited with Wells, Fargo & Co. was the identical money stolen by Miller from the victims of the Franklin Syndicate.

It was easy enough to prove that Miller stole hundreds of thousands of dollars, that Ammon received hundreds of thousands, but you had to prove that the same money stolen by Miller passed to the hands of Ammon. Only one man in the world, as Ammon had foreseen, could supply this last necessary link in the chain of evidence and he was a convict—and mute.

It now became the task of the district attorney to induce Miller to confess the truth and take the stand against Ammon. He had been in prison a considerable time and his health was such as to necessitate his being transferred to the hospital ward. Several of the district attorney's assistants visited him at various times at Sing Sing in the hope of being able to persuade him to turn State's evidence, but all their efforts were in vain. Miller refused abso-

lutely to say anything that would tend to implicate Ammon.

At last the district attorney himself, accompanied by Mr. Nott, who later presented Ammon, made a special trip to Sing Sing to see what could be done. They found Miller lying upon his prison pallet, his harsh cough and blazing eyes speaking only too patently of his condition. At first Mr. Nott tried to engage him in conversation while the district attorney occupied himself with other business in another part of the ward, but it was easily apparent that Miller would say nothing. The district attorney then approached the bed where Miller was lying and inquired if it were true that he declined to say anything which might tend to incriminate Ammon. After some hesitation Miller replied that, even if he should testify against his old accomplice, there was nothing to show that he would be pardoned, and that he would not talk unless he had actually in his hands some paper or writing which would guarantee that if he did so he would be set free.

The spectacle of a convicted felon haggling with an officer of the law over the terms upon which he would consent to avail himself of an opportunity to make the only reparation still possible angered the district attorney and, turning fiercely upon the prisoner, he arraigned him in scathing terms stating that he was a miserable swindler and thief, who had robbed thousands of poor people of all the money they had in the world, that he showed himself devoid of every spark of decency or repentance by refusing to assist the State in punishing his confederate and assisting his victims in getting back what was left of the money, and that he, the district attorney, felt himself humiliated in having consented to

come there to visit and talk with such a heartless and depraved specimen of humanity. The district attorney then turned his back upon Miller, whose eyes filled with tears, but who made no response.

A few moments later the convict asked permission to speak to the district attorney alone. With some reluctance the latter granted the request and the others drew away.

"Mr. District Attorney," said the wretched man in a trembling voice, with the tears still suffusing his eyes, "I am a thief; I did rob all those poor people, and I am heartily sorry for it. I would gladly die, if by doing so I could pay them back. But I haven't a single cent of all the money that I stole, and the only thing that stands between my wife and baby and starvation is my keeping silence. If I did what you ask, the only money they have to live on would be stopped. I can't see them starve, glad as I would be to do what I can now to make up for the wrong I have done."

The district attorney's own eyes were not entirely dry as he held out his hand to Miller.

"Miller," he replied, "I have done you a great injustice. I honor you for the position you have taken. Were I in your place I should probably act exactly as you are doing. I cannot promise you a pardon if you testify against Ammon. I cannot even promise that your wife will receive forty dollars a month, for the money in my charge cannot be used for such a purpose; all I can assure you of is that, should you decide to help me, a full and fair statement of all you may have done will be sent to the governor with a request that he act favorably upon any application for a pardon which you may make. The choice must be your own. What-

ever you decide to do, you have my respect and sympathy. Think well over the matter. Do not decide at once; wait for a day or two, and I will return to New York and you can send me word."

They shook hands, the prosecutor and the convict, and the best of each shone in their eyes as they said goodbye. The next day Miller sent word that he had determined to tell the truth and take the stand, whatever the consequences to himself and his family might be. He was immediately transferred to the Tombs Prison in New York city, where he made a complete and full confession, not only assisting in every way in securing evidence for the prosecution of Ammon, but aiding his trustee in bankruptcy to locate some sixty thousand dollars of the stolen money, which but for him would never have been recovered. At the same time Ammon was re-arrested upon a bench warrant, and his bail sufficiently increased to render his appearance for trial probable. As Miller had foreseen, the monthly payment to his wife instantly stopped.

The usual effect produced upon a jury by the testimony of a convict accomplice is one of distrust or open incredulity. Every word of Miller's story, however, carried with it the impression of absolute truth. As he proceeded, in spite of the sneers of the defense, an extraordinary wave of sympathy for the man swept over the court-room, and the jury listened with close attention to his graphic account of the rise and fall of the outrageous conspiracy which had attempted to shield its alluring offer of instant wealth behind the name of America's most practical philosopher, whose only receipt for the same had been frugality and industry. Supported as Miller was by the cor-

roborative testimony of other witnesses and by the certificates of deposit which Ammon had, with his customary bravado, made out in his own handwriting, no room was left for even the slightest doubt, not only that the money had been stolen but that Ammon had received it. Indeed so plain was the proposition that the defense never for an instant contemplated the possibility of putting Ammon upon the stand in his own behalf. It was in truth an extraordinary case, for the principal element in the proof was made out by the evidence of the thief himself that he was a thief. Miller had been tried and convicted of the very larceny to which he now testified, and, although in the eyes of the law no principle of res adjudicata could apply to the detriment of Ammon, it was a logical conclusion that if the evidence upon the first trial were repeated, the necessary element of larceny must be effectually established. Hence, in point of fact, Miller's testimony on the question of whether the money had been stolen was entirely unnecessary, and was merely a side question of proving that Ammon had received it. Hence the efforts of the defense were directed entirely to making out Miller such a miscreant upon his own testimony that perforce the jury could not accept his evidence when it reached the point of implicating Ammon. All their attempts in this direction, however, only aroused increased sympathy for the witness and hostility towards their own client, and made the jury the more ready to believe that Ammon had been the only one in the end to profit by the transaction.

Briefly, the two points urged by the defense were:

- (1) That Ammon was acting only

as Miller's counsel, and hence was immune, and

(2) That there was no adequate legal evidence that the thirty thousand five hundred dollars which Ammon had deposited, as shown by the deposit slip, was the identical money stolen from the victims of the Franklin Syndicate. As bearing upon this, they urged that the stolen money had in fact been deposited by Miller himself, and so had lost the character of stolen money before it was turned over to the defendant, and that Miller's story being that of an accomplice required absolute corroboration in every detail.

The point that Ammon was acting only as a lawyer was quickly disposed of by Judge Newburger, who pressed so ably throughout the trial.

"Something has been said by counsel," he remarked in his charge to the jury, "to the effect that the defendant, as a lawyer, had a perfect right to advise Miller, but I know of no rule or law that will permit counsel to advise how a crime can be committed."

As to the identity of the money, the court charged that it made no difference which person performed the physical act of placing the cash in the hands of the receiving teller of the bank, so long as it was deposited to Ammon's credit.

On the question of what corroboration was necessary on the theory that Miller was an accomplice, Judge Ingraham, in the Appellate Division, expressed great doubt whether in the eyes of the law Miller, the thief, could be regarded as an accomplice of Ammon in receiving the stolen money at all, and stated that even if he could so be regarded, there was more than abundant corroboration of his testimony.

Ammon's conviction was affirmed

throughout the courts, including the Court of Appeals, and the defendant himself is now engaged in serving out his necessarily inadequate sentence—necessarily inadequate, since under the laws of the State of New York, the receiver of stolen goods, however great his moral obliquity may be, and however great the amount stolen, can only receive half the punishment which may be meted out to the thief himself, "receiving" being punishable by only five years or less in State's prison, while grand larceny is punishable by ten years.

Who was the greater criminal—the weak, ignorant, poverty-stricken clerk, or the shrewd, experienced lawyer who preyed upon his client and through him upon the community at large?

The confession of Miller, in the face of what the consequences of his course might mean to his wife and child, was an act of moral courage. The price he had to pay is known to himself alone. But the horrors of life in prison for the "squealer" were thoroughly familiar to him when he elected to do what he could to atone for his crime. In fact Ammon had not neglected to picture them vividly to him and to stigmatize an erstwhile client of his.

"Everything looks good," he wrote to Miller in Sing Sing, in reporting the affirmation of Goslin's conviction, "especially since the squealer is getting his just deserts."

With no certain knowledge of a future pardon Miller went back to prison cheerfully to face all the nameless tortures inflicted upon those who help the State—the absolute black silence of convict excommunication, the blows and kicks inflicted without opportunity for retaliation or complaint, the hostility of guards and keepers, the suffering of abject

poverty, keener in a prison house than on any other foot of earth.

It is interesting to observe that Miller's original purpose had been to secure money to speculate with—for he had been bitten deep by the tarantula of the market, and his early experiences had led him to believe that he could beat the market if only he had sufficient margin. This margin he set out to secure. Then when he saw how easy it was to get money for the asking, he dropped the idea of speculation and simply became a banker. He did make one bona-fide attempt, but the stock went down, he sold out and netted a small loss. Had Miller actually continued to speculate it is doubtful whether he could have been convicted for any crime, since it was for that purpose that the money was entrusted to him. He might have lost it all in the street and gone scot free. As it was, in failing to gamble with it, he became guilty of embezzlement.

Ammon arrived in Sing Sing with a degree of elat. He found numerous old friends and aliens among the inmates. He brought a social position which has its value. Money, too, is no less desirable there than elsewhere, and Ammon has plenty of it.

In due course, but not until he had served more than half his sentence (less commutation), Miller, a broken man, received his pardon, and went back to his wife and child. When Governor Higgins performed this act of executive clemency, many honest folk in Brooklyn and elsewhere loudly expressed their indignation. District Attorney Jerome did not escape it. Was this contemptible thief, this meanest of all mean swindlers, who had stolen hundreds of thousands to be turned loose on the community before he had served half his sentence? It was an outrage! A disgrace to civilization. Reader, how say you?

The Waste of London.

BY JOHN E. DOYLE, IN ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Perfectly astounding is the computation of the loss in the city of London alone, occasioned by the throwing away of foodstuffs, trifles. Cigar stumps, cigarette ends, pins, pencils and other items to the number of many millions are cast carelessly away. These if preserved would be worth several good-sized fortunes.

THE six-and-a-half millions of people who populate this huge London of ours are mostly poor. Yet they manage to waste unconsidered trifles enough to represent in £ s. d. a big fortune or two. Every man, woman, and child do their share in the great, unplanned scheme of loss.

On the authority of Sir William Ramsay, Sheffield throws into its sewers five tons of the best steel

every day that trade is carried on there. Thus, in one short year, some 2,000 tons of valuable metal is lost. Converted into cool cash, this means that a rather tidy fortune is swept away. Unfortunately, up to the present no one has succeeded in introducing any method of gathering together the particles which fly away from the many grindstones of the cutlery capital.

In London, during the past decade

or two, some efforts have been made to avoid, in a little part at least, the enormous waste that the scavenging of a big city is apt to bring about. For instance, although bitter experience has so frequently shattered the delightful superstition of rural minds that the streets of London are paved with gold, it is not so much of a fairy tale to say that a good deal of the precious yellow metal may be found in the dustbins which in the early morning decorate its pavements.

Many persons gain a living by rooting amongst the rubbish in the dustbins of picture-frame makers, photographers, manufacturing jewelers, gilders, gold-beaters, bookbinders and other tradesmen whose business involves the use of gold in any form. This rubbish, transferred to the furnaces of the refiner, produces tiny grains of the precious metal in sufficient quantity to repay the efforts of the collector.

Then, again, the great wharves, where the contractors' carts shoot their loads of rubbish, now give employment to numbers of poor people whose duty it is to examine every pound of the stuff, sorting out anything likely to prove of value, from old preserved meat tins to corals and buttons. Men and women may be seen literally up to their armpits in the sweepings of London, rescuing all manner of seemingly useless articles from the flaming maw of the destructor. And the process is said to pay the contractors very well indeed.

Apart from this, however, London's waste in trifles may be regarded as positively astounding.

A well-known authority who has given his views on the subject, has dealt with many items in which the Londoner may be regarded as a perfectly prodigal.

Take cigars, for instance. The first

thing a man does when he takes one out of his case to indulge in a smoke is to nip the end which goes between his lips. The thing has been so carefully worked out that we are given details which are really surprising. Cigar-smoking, among a certain class, is a large and increasing habit. The twopenny article is just in as much demand as the finest-flavored Havana. Nowadays almost every man smokes cigars, good, bad, and indifferent; and in each case the cigar is nipped. The nippings represent a certain quantity of tobacco wasted.

And that is not all.

Nobody smokes a cigar right out. There is always a stump left. Waste, pure waste; for in most cases the stump finds its way into the gutter. And what does the expert say as to the quantity wasted in such circumstances? He declares that the material wasted by nipping the ends and throwing away the stumps during one week is sufficient to make a monster cigar 25 feet long and thick in proportion! One's imagination almost fails to grasp the dimensions of the cigar that could be constructed out of a year's similar waste.

Small boys, grown men, and even some of the fairer sex, find solace to a more or less considerable degree in the soothing cigarette; many millions are consumed weekly in London alone. Therefore, it is hardly necessary to point out that an enormous waste of tobacco is inevitable owing to the fact that no cigarette is consumed in its entirety.

It is computed that out of every ounce of cigarettes purchased by the public one-eighth is wasted in fag-ends. A month's loss in this way is stupendous, being even more imposing than that of cigars. Carefully calculated, it is found that the material wasted by unconsumed ends

may be represented by an immense cigarette 45 feet long, sufficient to make an impression if placed upright by the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square.

Whilst making investigations with regard to the subject of this article, the writer got to know of a rather quaint form of business connected with the throwing away of bag-ends of cigars and cigarettes. In the East-end of London it appears there are several dealers who make a good living through transactions with persons who are in a position to secure such perquisites in large quantities.

Thus waiters in hotels and smoke-rooms, cloak-room attendants, and others are the collectors who supply the dealers with material. Thousands of cigar and cigarette ends are disposed of daily to these dealers, who, by the way, are not above purchasing such "dainties" from the shabby-looking individuals who haunt race-courses and other popular resorts, with no other object in view than picking up derelict tobacco.

When the dealer has acquired sufficient stock, the bag-ends are carefully broken up, the materials sorted and placed in trays labelled, for instance, "Prime West End Mixture," or "Goodwood Handcut." On Sunday mornings these delectable collections are exhibited for sale at certain centres where the lower classes are wont to do their belated marketing.

There, gentlemen who are not too particular as to their brand of tobacco may purchase, according to their choice, a week's supply at from one penny to three-halfpence an ounce, thereby saving the difference in price between it and the strongest-smelling "shag." It will therefore be seen that at least some cigar stumps and bag-ends of cigarettes are not ruthlessly wasted.

The enormous consumption of cigarettes by London's multitudes leads to another form of waste—the waste of the gaudily-colored packets in which most of them are sold all over the country. No attempt has apparently ever been made to utilize the material of which the cardboard boxes are made. Hundreds of thousands are thrown away into the gutter to be trampled on and reduced to pulp, afterwards to be swept away into the sewers and the limbo of things that once were.

There is an exception, perhaps, in the case of a few which are rescued by those amiable lunatics who make a hobby of collecting empty cigarette packets of all sorts and sizes, to exhibit to uninterested victims who may chance to visit the home of the collector.

Beyond this, the cardboard, having once served its purpose, is absolutely wasted, although there are surely many ways of utilizing the material for further commercial purposes. At present, according to expert knowledge, the number of cigarette packets wasted weekly in London alone would form a sheet of cardboard sufficiently large to provide material for an immense packet 18 1-2 feet long, 13 feet broad, and 5 1-2 feet high!

One of the most valuable articles ever invented is the common pin of everyday and universal use. What would life be worth without a supply? One shudders at the bare suggestion of a pinless world! The responsibility that a pin is capable of bearing is often awe-inspiring. In spite of this, perhaps there is no accessory to human comfort more carelessly regarded. Millions of pins are being manufactured every day in the year. They are always in demand, and they are always getting lost. Otherwise

they would accumulate in a most awkward manner.

As fast as pins are manufactured they drop, as it were, out of existence. The ordinary person who stoops to pick up a pin "for luck" loses a dozen for every one he or she finds. That is why machines are endlessly employed turning those articles out by the million. Few people give a thought to the enormous quantity of valuable metal wasted almost every minute of the day, and all in lost pins.

London alone, not to mention the rest of England, absolutely eats up pins. Would it surprise the readers of the Royal to learn that the inhabitants of the biggest city in the world, where money is so difficult to obtain, carelessly drop from their clothing, in one short day, pins enough to supply a town as large as Portsmouth with a week's requirements of these indispensable articles? Yet this is so. The metal, if remedied, might be drawn out into a huge "pin" 11 feet long and 6 inches in diameter, and weighing enough to provide a heavy load for a strong horse to pull!

A perfect rain of hairpins falls upon the pavements of the London streets every day. It begins with the early morn, and goes on far beyond the dewy eve; in fact, just as long as the female portion of the population, as well as visitors of the same sex, are out and about. Whilst those ladies who remain indoors are shedding hairpins, from boudoir to drawing-room, from kitchen to garret, at an alarming rate.

Then, too, we know how even mere man makes use of his wife's or sister's stock for various purposes, as, for instance, cleaning out his pipe, a substitute for cycling trouser-clips, a neat hook for carrying a parcel, buttoning his boots and gloves, and

many other little duties for which the article was never intended. Is it a wonder that hairpins get lost?

A man once made a bet with another that he would pick up a hundred hairpins in as many yards whilst taking an early morning stroll in Regent Street. And he won. Anybody who doubts this may prove it to be possible by following the same plan in the same place early in the morning before the pavements have been swept.

It may be regarded as an exaggeration when the statement is read that more than five millions of hairpins are lost, and therefore wasted, within the confines of Greater London every day—thirty-five millions per week. This quantity would be sufficient, when hanked, to construct one gigantic hairpin 23 feet in length, and wide enough at the base to allow a cyclist to ride through.

Nobody ever uses a pencil more than within an inch or two of the end—a "stump" is always left. What becomes of this "stump"—of millions of them? They are thrown away, or left to lie in desks and drawers. All these are wasted material, which, were all the "stumps" collected together and formed into a whole, would in a month's time, represent a big pencil 9 feet long and having a proportionate diameter.

We live in a generation of hygiene. If there is any truth in the old proverb, the Briton should be nearer a state of heavenly perfection than most of his neighbors. We are almost always scrubbing something, from early morn till dewy eve.

The modern bathroom does not, as a rule, provide accommodation for more than one person and a piece of soap, but one feels all right so long as the latter is there. An Englishman never grudges the use of that toilet

requisite. The more he uses, the cleaner he imagines himself to be. Of course, the waste-pipe and the sewer claim a great deal more than the man, but that doesn't matter to him.

In a city where nearly all the male inhabitants smoke, the consumption of matches must be enormous. Then there are the various other calls for "a light" in household, store, and street. Thousands of boxes of "wax" vestas are consumed daily. In spite of their cheapness, too, it is surprising how the value of the wasted material mounts up as box after box is emptied.

The weight of the "wax" vestas in a penny box is about an ounce and a half. As a rule, only one-third of the match is consumed when used for its purpose; the remainder is thrown away into the gutter or elsewhere. This means an enormous waste of material—at least one ounce of "wax" and cotton is totally wasted in the case of every box of vestas emptied.

Considering that millions of matches are lighted every twenty-four hours in London, it will hardly come as a surprise to readers to be informed that in a month the wastage of "wax" and cotton would suffice to build up a huge composition candle 17 feet long and almost 15 inches in diameter.

The wastage of material in the case of the consumption of wooden matches is perhaps not so striking; still, it is by no means insignificant. The long wooden matches, beloved of housekeepers owing to their cheapness, and hailing from Sweden and Belgium, are scarcely ever burnt more than a quarter of an inch from the top. The ingenious mathematician has calculated that, under the circumstances, a week's wastage of

match timber is represented by a couple of pine haulks 8 feet long.

When Sydney Smith was informed that an acquaintance of his was dead, he exhibited no signs of sorrow. On the contrary, he exclaimed: "Serve the fellow right; he always ate mustard with his mutton!" This act was a serious breach of etiquette.

The superstition is, of course, floated by the mustard manufacturers. It runs away with a lot of profit. Was it not the founder of the celebrated Colman firm who declared that it was not the quantity of mustard that people ate, but what they wasted, that helped to make his fortune. Why shouldn't people eat mustard with mutton just as often as they use that condiment with any other kind of meat, if they like it?

But everybody eats mustard with beef. It is customary for the beef-eater to dash a great hlob of the stuff on the side of his plate. He uses, perhaps, only a morsel of it in the course of his meal; the plate goes to the scullery and the mustard goes down the sink.

A very serious waste goes on hour by hour all over the world. This is the gradual wearing away of gold and silver coins owing to friction. A similar process is also taking place in ornaments of precious metals. Bracelets, brooches, rings, etc., are liable to slow but sure waste in this way. The loss to the Mint from worn coin last year amounted to nearly £3,000.

It has been worked out by the clever mathematician who has all the necessary figures at his finger-ends that in London alone the amount of this yearly waste under ordinary conditions—making allowance for the professional coin-sweaters' ill-gotten gains—may be represented by a "sovereign" 5 feet 9 inches in diameter.

The Automobile's Service to France.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY, IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Not only are huge sums expended in France for the making and maintenance of automobiles, but indirectly an almost incalculable amount is spent on account of the automobile. France is today the paradise of the automobilist. He goes to that country in shoals and he spends his money in French inns and shops lavishly. To the French nation, the automobile has been a blessing.

It is a pretty well-known fact that the automobile had its beginning, and in the first few years its chief development, in France, but just what the automobile means to France is little appreciated. It is known that every year a good many machines are manufactured and sold there, and at prices that must aggregate a good deal of money.

This, I should say, is about the casual way of thinking of the matter, if indeed people think of it at all. But the manufacture of automobiles and the proceeds of their sale are insignificant as compared with the vast amount of money that in a thousand other ways is put into circulation in the French Republic by means of the automobile.

The output of automobiles in France has grown in eight years. 1896 to 1905, inclusive, from just under two thousand to over twenty thousand cars. And the best obtainable figures show that these machines brought about two millions of dollars in the former year and say fifty millions in the latter.

It is estimated that there are today employed in France, in one way or another, in the automobile industry and all that pertains thereto, including the care and repair of cars, more than two hundred thousand people. This number would include not only all those working on the construction of new cars, but those employed on the basic materials that enter into their construction such

as steel and brass and aluminum and copper and wood and leather, as well as those engaged in fashioning these products into the various parts for the automobile. Of chauffeurs alone a vast army finds steady work in France, for in a country where wages are much lower than in American almost every one who owns a car keeps a mechanic. In every garage, too, many men are employed in the cleaning and care and repair of machines. The repairing of machines is in itself a vast industry, calling for as much if not more, labor than is given to the original construction of the automobile.

The motor car, though light in construction, is put to a far greater test than the railway locomotive with its ponderous strength. The latter runs on a smooth, level track free from abrupt turns and corners. Moreover, it runs on schedule time, and except in case of accident is not forced to the sudden stops that in the very nature of the case rack and strain machinery. The automobile, on the other hand, has all kinds and conditions of roads, varying from the perfect macadam to the impossible and disagreeable. The starting and stopping, jolting and jerking, turning and twisting, running over obstructions and through sand and mud and water—all this necessarily puts the automobile to the severest mechanical test. Under such conditions, and allowing for the tremendous speed of the machine, express train speed in

fact, the wear and tear and breakage in the usage of the automobile is and must be very great, and this strain is not alone on the machinery of the motor-car, but on the carosserie as well.

It follows naturally, then, that it must require a great army of workmen to keep these cars in repair. They not only have to keep in condition the new cars that come out every season, but the great accumulation of cars covering many seasons; and the older the car, the more wear and tear it has had, and the more severe its usage the more work there is for machinists and carriage builders. To clinch this statement, lest it seem absurd that approximately as many men should be employed in the repairing of cars as in the manufacture of them, one must take into consideration the great excess of cars in use over the annual production of new cars.

It has been impossible to get anything like accurate statistics on this repair feature of the automobile business, but from a pretty intimate knowledge of the general conditions I think I am not far wrong in concluding that the refashioning and reconstruction of old machines, and the repairing of all machines, must furnish employment to as much labor and call for as much material, as the original construction, and possibly a good deal more. And of course in the matter of tires and inner tubes, which at best have short life, the yearly consumption would be fully twenty times greater on the machines in use than is needed to equip the new machines. Chains, too, come in for rapid wear, and on cars in constant use must be changed frequently. Such supplies as gasoline, oils, grease, carbides, and other materials that disappear with the using, and

that run up to an enormous sum of money in a year, play no part in the new motor-car. They, like the chauffeur's salary, figure only in the running expenses.

Starting with a basis of fifty million dollars, or thereabouts, as the selling value of new cars for the present year, it is a fairly reasonable estimate that the total direct income to France from the automobile and from automobiling, including all wages and the value of all materials, would reach up to well nigh two hundred million dollars.

But this great total is merely the direct income of the industry plus the cost of running the machines. It includes not one penny of the vast sum now pouring into France every year, which is superinduced by the automobile, but which is not directly dependent upon the machine itself or its maintenance.

Accurate figures as to this subsidiary amount—money that would never find its way into France were it not for the automobile—are beyond the grasp of the statistician. Even a fairly suggestive estimate would be hopelessly difficult to obtain. If one were to seek the exact truth, he would first have to learn who among the enormous number of people visiting France are there solely because of the automobile, either on their own initiative or that of their family or friends. Next he would have to go to the custom house and ascertain the revenue from the datable articles brought in by this automobile contingent, and also the sums received on imported automobiles in use and to be used by these same people. From the custom house he would have to go to the steamship lines and railways and learn from them the moneys collected for transportation, baggage, and all other ex-

penses from this pleasure-beast army. A yet more important source of information would be the hotels. Here precise statistics from the many hostleries of Paris, great and small, and from the hotels and inns scattered throughout all France, dotting thoroughfares and by-ways, mountains and seashore, would aggregate an astoundingly large sum. Taxes on automobiles and the license fees for running them would also be a considerable amount.

Theatres, restaurants, cafes, shops and farms; the establishments of wine merchants, florists, jewelers, milliners, dressmakers, tailors, trunk-makers, artists, bric-a-brac and furniture dealers—all these, and every other phase of industry, are benefitted and enriched by this tremendous accession of tourists.

Travel through France, and everywhere the renovation and refurbishing and refurnishing and general bringing up to date of antiquated and impossible old hotels, speaks eloquently for the automobile and what it has done for the country. In every little village and town provision is now made for the automobilist, not only in supplies such as gasoline, oils, and tires, but by shopkeepers, hotels, and restaurants. The automobile has brought new life and new atmosphere into these dead old places with their grass-grown streets.

The influx of tourists into France has become so great that the hotel capacity of Paris is overtaxed and strained to the point of breaking. This year the city has been so crowded that only a small percentage of visitors could be properly and satisfactorily housed. This is particularly true of the American who seeks and is willing to pay for such luxuries as our best modern hotels furnish at home. Within the last half dozen

years great improvements have been made in the old hotels in the way of putting in baths and polishing and painting and modernizing in so far as possible. These changes, however, it is safe to say, would not have gone on to any considerable extent, but for the automobile. There would have been no urgent necessity for them.

Formerly the average American man wasn't especially keen about Paris. The life there, after once seeing it as a matter of curiosity, did not appeal to our temperament. The language and customs were foreign to us. True, a few artists and some others liked the place, but they were in a hopeless minority. It was England, with its similar language and similar people, and with a history in which we are so deeply rooted—it was England that attracted the American man. Switzerland, Germany, and other countries were interesting and attractive places for recreation and as a refuge from our hot summers and hard work.

The English lines, which prior to a few years ago almost wholly controlled the better grade of passenger traffic between New York and Europe, did not touch at French ports, and do not to-day, as to that matter. With the present trend of travel, it is a question if they will not soon be forced to do so as a matter of self-preservation, when so many people now prefer going direct to the continent, cutting out thereby the much dreaded Channel trip from London to Paris. The American line, which up to a few years ago landed all its passengers at Southampton, now, like the German lines, touches at Cherbourg.

Without knowing the actual statistics, but relying upon observation and a fairly good knowledge of the

people who go abroad and where they spend their time, it is safe to say that a great majority of them now land on the continent instead of on English shores, and of this number who land on the continent a very large percentage disembark at French ports. Moreover, most of the wealthy or well-to-do people who land elsewhere sooner or later find their way to Paris. This is equally true of those who go direct to England. Whatever country one misses, the one country he does not miss to-day, if he can help it, is France. This is a very marked change from what was the case a few years ago. An American no longer feels himself a stranger or among strange people in Paris. In Summer, when most of our people are there, he meets so many Americans and English on every turn that he feels very much at home and as if he were among an English-speaking race. And the presence of so many Americans and English in Paris has stimulated the French to familiarize themselves with our language.

That the automobile has been a chief factor in bringing about this result, which is so benefitting and enriching the French nation, cannot be denied. The men who formerly, with suppressed protests, went to Paris with their wives and daughters, to whom the shops were an irresistible attraction now go there for their own pleasure.

Everybody, not only from America, but from all the countries of the earth, once in Paris, suddenly finds the automobile spirit getting into his blood. If he has the price he makes the plunge and finds out what automobiling from the inside of the machine is like. And once trying it on French roads, he becomes a sudden and enthusiastic and well sustained

convert. The automobile has not only changed the viewpoint of the regular tourists who go abroad—that is to say, those who have been in the habit of going, and who would go if the motor-car had not been invented—it has not only made them devotees of France, but has led a very large army of others to cross over and spend their holidays and leisure months, whether Winter or Summer, in France—people, I mean, solely induced to do this by the automobile.

And the money this latter contingent take with them is for the most part, or wholly, spent in France. What is true of the American is equally true of Englishmen, who now swarm over to France for an automobile run and for a jolly holiday. The Italian, the Russian, the German, the Austrian, and many from the other countries of Europe do likewise. France has become the great Summer playground of the world; and not only is it the Summer playground, but southern France is the finest Winter playground in Europe. This was of course the fact before the advent of the automobile, but the latter has tremendously increased the popularity of the French Riviera, furnishing as it does such an unrivaled means of pleasure.

England and Switzerland were pretty thoroughly traversed prior to the automobile, but France, the country outside of Paris, except for a few watering places and a few conspicuously well known places, was little understood and little known, by the American traveler in particular. The automobile gives one real geography—an intimate knowledge of the topography and character and atmosphere of a country which is concrete and everlasting.

I know what all this means, having traversed in its broad lanes the whole

country in all sections. A lifetime spent in France railroading from point to point and driving behind horses would not and could not have given me so good an idea of the real France as I now have. City life, yes—but the great stretches of fertile fields, and the valleys and mountains and seashores, the little villages and country homes and country folk, the great waving fields of grain, the fruit orchards, vineyards, and flower gardens—this is the true France, not the boulevards and the boulevardiers of Paris.

The money flowing into France from other sources than their own people, and which is the direct outgrowth of the automobile, goes into such an infinite diversity of interests and fields of human endeavor that a classification or tabulation of them is impossible. One man might accidentally or otherwise guess more closely than another. I have no idea of the tremendous aggregate, but that it is sufficiently large to make up a total from direct and indirect sources—and in this is included what I have termed the subsidiary income—a grand total of four hundred million dollars annually, I am prepared to believe. At all events, the automobile in half a dozen years has brought the French people an outlet for its labor, its basic and finished materials, its art and the art evocations of the Rue de la Paix, that a hundred years would perhaps not have realized to them except for this invention.

And the reason of all this, next to the automobile itself, is the roads of France, the finest roads the world has ever known. The French Government and the French people, realizing what the automobile would certainly mean to them, have had the cleverness and foresight to encourage its

use by liberal laws and extreme courtesy—a courtesy on the part of the peasants and people in all stations of life that is at once a surprise and a delight to the tourist.

But the value of the automobile as an industry, and in its influence on the trend of travel to France, is in its infancy. Next year more tourists will be in France than any previous season, and in succeeding seasons the tide of travel will for a considerable time continue to rise. No country in recent years has been so well advertised, and it has the merits and the comforts, and yields the pleasures, to hold the people when once they get there and know it as they only can with the aid of the automobile.

As an initiatory advertisement "The Lightning Conductor," which nearly every one seems to have read, was worth to France a million dollars, perhaps ten times as much. Since that book was issued every one I have ever met abroad has either taken the trip through Touraine and other parts of France, or has lamented his inability to do so. To turn the tide of travel to any one section of the world is something that cannot be done by deliberate purpose and undertaking. It must come about from deeper and more fundamental causes than the schemes of statesmanship or organization. But once flowing into a country, it is apt to remain until other great underlying causes or developments turn it back and aside. France will therefore continue to reap in larger and larger and still larger measure these benefits in the development of which the automobile has been so wonderful a factor, a fundamental factor.

There is a lesson for us here in America to be drawn from the ex-

perience of France. To be sure, the conditions are widely different. France had her good roads long prior to the automobile. Their great pioneer builder was Napoleon, and no man ever built such roads as he. He set the example which has since been followed with the highest skill and efficiency by the great governmental department, the Ponts et Chaussées, which cares for the highways of France.

France is not divided up into forty-five or fifty independent empires, as is this country. There is a unity of organization there that simplifies things and saves endless controversy and friction. Here there are no two States that have the same automobile laws. If one were to travel in a motor-car throughout our whole Union, he would have to plaster every available inch of space on his car with numbers, and would have to equip himself in the outset with licenses from all these States and Territories, and familiarize himself with the various laws therein. But this is the surface of things. Fundamentally our trouble is in our roads, miserable, inexcusable roads for the most part, for such a great, strong, rich nation as ours. Next to the roads as a difficulty with which the American automobilist must contend is the popular prejudice that he has to encounter—a prejudice, I must say, more or less well founded. But there is a special cause for this prejudice that does not exist in France, and that gets right back to our narrow, dangerous roads.

Give us the great, broad, fine roads of Napoleon, and the keenness of American prejudice against the automobile will largely disappear. This prejudice rests on common sense, and there is no more common sense people in the world than Americans.

On a wide road, if a horse is frightened, the chances of serious accident are so minimized that little alarm would naturally be felt, whereas on a narrow crowding road, with ditches on either side, as is so frequently the case, there is no place of escape for the frightened horse. The accidents from these frights, the nuisance of dust from our dirt roads, and the general fear of the automobile, have created and engendered the American prejudice. The feeling has been accentuated by the reckless handling of cars by drivers to whom the automobile is still a new toy.

That the motor-car has come to stay there can be no doubt. Give us the broad, fine roads of France, give us uniform laws throughout the whole country, interstate laws, and let them be such as will stand for the best interests of the people, yet at the same time be rational and fair to the automobilist—give us these, and America, I am certain, will become the greatest automobile country of the world, and the greatest summer playground of the world.

We have here a hundred, perhaps five hundred people to one of any other country who can afford to go in for automobilism. We have the money, the temperament, and the country, and though we were a few years behind France in starting, we now have men at the head of the automobile industry who, backed with unlimited capital and the genius for the task in hand, are certain to work out the highest development of the automobile, the top notch of perfection. Give us these good roads, I repeat, accompanied by wise laws, and a hundred million dollars of American money that now goes annually to enrich Europe will remain at home to build bigger and stronger our own great country.

The Making of the Modern Newspaper.

BY SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, IN WORLD TO-DAY.

The distinguished London publisher is fond of the opinion that the newspaper of to-day is a higher type in every way than the newspaper of yesterday. He points out the superiority of the modern product and proceeds to express his opinions on the subject of what a newspaper should be.

I T would be unkind to cast reflections upon the good work accomplished by newspaper pioneers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It would also be invidious to compare the rare individual examples of enterprise in those days with the almost universal enterprise of to-day. At the same time any person who chooses to spend an afternoon, as I did lately, in the Newspaper Room at the British Museum, can but agree with me that the great journals of the past bear very little comparison, in point of merit, with the sheets of to-day. I do not hesitate to declare, and I am prepared to prove by extract if required, that the great, dignified journals of the past exist only in the imagination of those who tell and write about them. Distance in this matter lends great enchantment.

The general contents of the daily press years ago would greatly surprise the present-day reader of newspapers. Only thirty years ago many newspapers were accustomed to print topics now unmentionable, and less than fifty years ago a leading journal engaged in a fierce altercation as to its daily sale with equally trenchant publications long since deceased. Some still existing morning contemporaries which I will not name, though possessing the services of one or two brilliant writers, were, at the period to which I am referring, for the most part ill composed, badly printed and very personal.

These, be it remembered, are not

matters of surmise. One might question whether Jenny Lind sang as well as Madame Melba, or whether Mr. Pitt spoke as well as Mr. Chamberlain. There were no gramophones or verbatim reporters in those days to place on record the voices of the singers or the utterances of the speakers, but the files of the newspapers remain as indelible proofs, and very astounding reading they are for the journalistic student.

How many years is it since a leading morning newspaper reported a prize fight, round by round, to the extent of a page? Fifty? Twenty? Less than ten years. The modern newspaper has many faults, but it is at least decent, and it does not give the rest of the world the impression that English life largely centers round the divorce court and the prize ring.

As one engaged in the making of several morning journals, I do not hesitate to state that, save for the lack of the occasional brilliancy of a Russell, a Lawrence Oliphant, or a Sala, newspapers have improved almost beyond any other adjunct of civilization. Newspapers will never be perfect, but they are not now personal, or scurrilous, or, as a rule, indecent. Their contents are arranged by educated men and not by the master printer. The rapidity of their production and distribution has increased beyond comparison, and the amount of capital expended upon them has increased tenfold.

The self-glorification indulged in by a newspaper in the sixties on the dispatch of a correspondent for what is nowadays a Cook's tour of the cheaper kind would, to-day, excite not admiration but laughter. The constant bragging about comparatively small circulations by all of them—the Times leading the way—is a thing long out of date, and contemptible.

I do not know whether Thackeray's description of the starting of the "machinery Pall Mall Gazette by the drunken Captain Shandon is typical of the journalism of that period. I can quite believe it after a prolonged study of old newspapers from which I had expected to learn a great deal. The fact is that the best journalistic writing of this period went into the Reviews and not into the newspapers. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the former glories even of the Reviews, and many of the articles they contained, if printed to-day, would land the writers in the law courts within a very short space of their publication.

The daily newspaper to-day appears to me to be less a personal organ than a news-gathering machine. Foreign news in the old journals was limited in volume and very slow in transmission. Long after the telegraph was invented, the bulk of the news still came by post and only occasionally a message by wire, while the home news was obtained not apparently by a special staff of reporters as is the case now, but by a class of writer now disappearing, known as the "penny-a-lineer." The "devouring element" of these free and easy gentlemen is no mere joke. It can be found in quite recent files of leading newspapers.

As one of the younger men engaged in the making of newspapers, I am

very willing that our present-day wares should be compared with those that went before. I came into the business at the end of the Boerian era. To-day, alcoholism is as rare in Fleet Street as it is in any other professional quarter. No person who spends his leisure in a pothouse could maintain his place amidst the strain and stress of the production of a daily newspaper.

The journalist of to-day is as often as not a journalist tout court. He is not an unsuccessful harrier, and he has not adopted journalism as a means to some other occupation. The prizes may not be as great as they are in one or two instances at the bar, but they are infinitely more numerous. The social position is as good as that of any other working profession. The brain equipment must needs be as complete.

And here it is by no means out of place to hear testimony to the efficiency and loyalty of the colleagues with whom I have been associated in the conduct of daily journals. The modern editor is, I believe, on terms far more cordial and sympathetic with the members of his staff than was formerly the case. I have been associated almost daily for years with comrades of varied and brilliant qualities, and their devotion, ungrudgingly bestowed, has never failed me. The true journalist is as proud of the newspaper for which he works as the officer is of his regiment.

Each person has his own ideal of the perfect newspaper, and none has yet attained it. Mine is the quick, accurate presentation of the world's news in the form of a careful digest. I regard the newspaper primarily as a news-recording machine. When I open a newspaper I like to see that trained minds have carefully arranged the news in order that I may

be saved time in the perusal of it. Formerly the news was arranged by the master printer to suit the exigencies of his mechanical needs. I like to feel that when I have paid my small contribution toward the great co-operative fund that goes to produce the newspaper each day, I have at my call the services of careful inquirers in all parts of the world who ascertain for me that which is requisite I should know in order that I may be able to form a judgment on the ways of the world. All that is provided, more or less inadequately I admit, by the modern news-gathering machine. To editorial opinions I do not personally attach much importance, unless they are the work of experts. In the modern newspaper, fortunately, they very often are authoritative in the highest sense.

The newspaper man is not, perhaps, the best judge of a newspaper. He has been so often behind the scenes that he sees the whole thing, as it were, from the wings every day. In the leading article he can detect the halloo d'essai of the great man's secretary, or the wire-pulling of an embassy, or the personal proclivities of a proprietor with a hoe in his bonnet. He knows quite well that the halloo d'essai is as likely as not to be followed by a mendacious official denial in the course of a day or two, if the scheme outlined does not meet with the approval of King Demos. That is the reason, perhaps, why he rejoices that the leading article is becoming a less and less important factor in the modern daily newspaper.

And possibly we shall live to rejoice at the disappearance of the London Letter of the provincial newspaper with its mysterious references to the clubs and to the intense excitement agitating them at every

political juncture. Personally, I have never known members of clubs in their collective capacity to agitate themselves about anything, and the sensational information to which I refer emanates, as I am given to understand, almost exclusively from one particular political club, the journalistic members of which exist by following the practice of taking in one another's journalistic washing.

After all, it would be unfair to gibe at the ancient provincial morning newspaper, and I should be the last to do so, for I am indirectly connected with one. But, as a matter of fact, the modern provincial journal of real importance is the evening newspaper. In the last twenty years the morning newspaper in the provinces has more often than not looked for its profit to a cheaper production issued each evening from the same office.

That is but one of many other subtle changes now taking place in the press of this country. A slight development is the multiple journal: the newspaper produced in more than one place at once. That, however, though not in every way an admirable scheme, is a necessary result of the increased cost of production. At the same time it should never be forgotten that it costs exactly as much for the news for one copy of a paper as for a million, and that in order to overcome the difficulties of time and space, it is essential, if the million copies are to reach their readers, that some more rapid method of transmission than a steam engine should be employed. The multiple system is not one that will largely increase, I think, and thus there need be no fear that local opinion, a very valuable asset in the making up of the national mind, will be oppressed by those giant newspaper trusts so much

talked about by the weaklings of the press, and by others whose incapacity has caused them to be hurt by the newcomers. The multiple system has this very important advantage: that the local reader is placed in possession of the whole of the world's news every morning, together with such local news as is of real interest.

Coming to another important aspect of this question, it may be stated, I think, that healthy competition has done as much as anything else to improve the modern newspaper. With so many claimants upon the public attention it is evident that only the best can permanently succeed. The journal which is a day late in its news, and is from time to time caught tripping, will soon go to the wall; and the editor who fails to keep his finger upon the public pulse will have to face an inevitable decrease in circulation and influence. We have not to go back many years to find leading newspapers living upon past prestige, and relying upon a reputation which they had ceased to deserve. This, however, is now largely a thing of the past. Even the Times, perhaps the most conservative of all journals, has seen the wisdom of bringing itself into line with modern enterprise, and of adopting up-to-date methods which ten years ago would not have been deemed worthy of a moment's consideration.

The very general opinion that a large balance at the bank is the main factor in journalistic success is, I am convinced, a wholly mistaken one. It is true that an enormous amount of capital must be sunk in the establishment of any daily newspaper which is intended to survive its birth longer than a few months; and the maintenance of a thoroughly efficient news service demands constant and

liberal expenditure. But it is expenditure of brains rather than of money that is called for on the part of the modern newspaper proprietor.

The man who spends a fortune in securing news that the public do not want, or in the payment of writers to whom they will not listen, is merely throwing his money away. I know of numerous cases where the most lavish expenditure has thus been incurred to no purpose whatever, while on the other hand, many of the most successful achievements have been accomplished at very small cost. Shrewd forethought, and the possession of that indefinable quality which is called "the journalistic instinct," will do more for the success of a newspaper than any amount of capital judiciously expended.

The brain which directs a daily newspaper must be communal and co-operative rather than individual and personal. Certainly there must be one mind directing its general policy, and one capable individual whose ideas dominate the whole; but in the conduct of a newspaper there is scope for every type of brain. For the man of judgment and imagination there are control and initiative; for the man of detail there is sub-editing; for the well-read man there is writing; and for the man of business there is management. So thoroughly is this recognized in France and the United States that not infrequently the editorial office has been the stepping stone to the bureau of the Minister of State. Even in England this is true, though the conservatism which permeates the British character tends to make progress in this direction somewhat slower. Lord Milner served his apprenticeship on the Pall Mall Gazette, and the late Lord Salisbury was in his younger days a hard-working journalist. I

could mention quite a score of statesmen who owe their success to the training which they received in newspaper offices.

A great historian has taught us that public opinion is the dominant force at work in the world to-day. The influence of capital and the intellectual acumen of distinguished individuals are as nothing compared with the general trend of public opinion. It is not the exceptional man but the average man who sways the scepter now. Since the daily newspaper is admitted to be the chief instrument in the formation of public opinion, it is clear that the responsibility of the newspaper owner and of his staff is almost unlimited.

I hold most strongly that the man who has views which he wishes to see carried into effect, or is ambitious to better the lot of the people, or to reform the public service, can find no better road to the accomplishment of his purpose than to connect himself in some way or other with the modern newspaper world. He will occupy a pulpit which has a nation for its congregation, and he will receive a training which will at the same time develop his powers and check any tendency to extravagance.

As I look at the newspaper press of the entire world, and I think I may say that there is no journal of any

importance with which I am not acquainted in some measure, I am profoundly convinced that it is no mere optimism to state that the future of the daily newspaper grows brighter every year. As a record of the world's history it is well on the road toward perfection; while its educative influence is greater to-day than it has ever been in the past. Old abuses are being swept away; loftier ideals have presented themselves to both proprietors and journalists, and the power of the press is being increasingly exerted in the interests of justice, of humanity and of religion. The more important journals are no longer conducted merely for profit. Proprietors and editors realize both their opportunities and their responsibilities as leaders and teachers of the people; while discriminating readers are learning to appraise the news of each day as material for careful study and for the formation of sound opinions. Independence and disinterestedness on the part of the press have taken the place of servility to political parties, and of subservience to fleeting phases of popular opinion.

In view of all that I see around me, I am proud to have my little opportunity of sharing in the great work of the development and improvement of the daily newspaper.



Christmas in the Post-Office.

PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

During the week ending Boxing Day fifty million letters will be handled in the London postal area alone. Six thousand extra men will be required to assist the regular staff of twenty-five thousand men. These two statements give some idea of the tremendous extra strain on the English post-office authorities during the days before Christmas. A graphic picture is given of the manner of handling the Christmas mail.

"CHARLES DICKENS made Christmas," said a veteran at St. Martin's le Grand whose memory harked back to the early seventies and to the time when the festival had no perceptible influence upon the daily tale of letters passing through the post.

Thirty years ago the only event of note to disturb the even tenor of the year was St. Valentine's Eve; but with the growth of the spirit of Christmas, the valentine has slowly dwindled in public estimation. Then the outward and visible signs of hymeneal sentiment, pouring into the posting boxes, called for much exertion on the part of the post office servants, but now the once eventful day passes unnoticed, and so far as the G.P.O. is concerned its passing is unregretted. In the year 1877, for instance, the quantities of mail handled on February 14th and December 25th were about equal; but St. Valentine has been going out ever since, and Santa Claus has been coming more and more into favor. The absorption of St. Valentine was completed in 1889, when a young man applied at a provincial post office for a marriage license, stating with a tremor in his voice that he wished to get married "without any one knowing it." Great has been the part played by the post office in uniting sundered hearts, but here it failed.

The Christmas increase twenty years ago was estimated at 100 per cent. Since then it has rapidly risen, so

that Christmas 1905 will show a rise of between 400 and 500 per cent. A great deal of this is due to the relaxation of the book-post rules on June 1st, 1892, by which a card in an unsealed envelope was allowed to pass with only a halfpenny stamp. Of late years, too, the picture post-card has added largely to the postman's burden. During the week ending on Boxing Day the number of letters to be handled in the London postal area alone will reach the enormous total of fifty millions, and it will be necessary for the authorities to enlist the services of six thousand men for four or five weeks to supplement the regular staff of twenty-four thousand.

The arrangements for one Christmas come close on the farewell of its predecessor. By the fall of autumn every responsible official throughout the land knows the essential details of the machinery with which his office or depot is to be provided. The co-operation of the railway companies also has to be secured, and a reprint of the special train arrangements resembles an abridged "Bradshaw." Mail-cart services are duplicated, and transport of all descriptions, from motor-waggons to wheelbarrows, is chartered in readiness for the great campaign—the Season's Compliments versus the G.P.O. Nothing is left to chance. Everything is planned with a nicety of detail that would charm a clockmaker, even to provision for failure of scheduled arrangements,

say through stress of weather. Much admiration has been expressed for the wonderful foresight of the Japanese, but if only the public could get a bird's-eye view of the post office arrangements for this present festive season they would be convinced that in one branch at least the British Administration supplies a parallel.

Let us take a peep behind the scenes in some busy provincial post office, any evening in Christmas week. As the season draws near, everybody, down to the last recruited telegraph boy, catches the fever of the enthusiasm, and as the tide of correspondence steadily rises, so also does the zeal and energy of the staff. It is a cardinal principle of the department that the public shall receive their letters as early as possible and post them as late as possible, therefore the great bulk of the work must be done during the small hours of the morning. The nerve strain is most acute at night, because then time is limited and outward mails must be on the station punctually. First comes the deluge thrust in by the public at the head office, and in turn this is overwhelmed by the collections from the branches and the pillar boxes. Nimble hands straighten up the letters and feed the obliterating machines, and boys run to and fro like powder monkeys, plying with armloads of letters the sorters at the tables. The wax pot bubbles over the gas flame, filling the hall with a penetrating odor that preaches activity to the drowsers by the great open doors. Bag after bag, splashed with the molten sealing-wax and sealed against intrusion, is flung on the mail van; and still the pace increases. The superintendent, apprehensive of a breakdown, moves nervously among the rows of workers at the fast-lightening tables, giving here

a word of encouragement and there a rebuke, often giving a helping hand to a perspiring mail porter fruitlessly struggling to get a plethoric bag into a limp-mouthed sack. The hour strikes, swiftly the remaining bags are flung to the porters, and as the last consignment rolls off to the railway station the fagged officials turn their attention to the piles of "local" matter that have had to be set aside for the time being, and prepare for the postmen.

Scenes like this are common at every depot, large and small, during Christmas week. Day by day the traffic grows, until with the 25th comes the arduous finale, and the last grand trial of endurance. Wearily the tired sorters view the apparently endless flow of letters, until here and there nature rebels, and a man falls forward among his letters overcome with sleep. Where arrangements permit, however, a short respite of two or three or four hours is granted, for flagging energies must be recruited before the great morning mail arrives. The stroke of 4 a.m. finds all hands ready, and then like an avalanche the ice-cold mail comes roaring down upon them. The men fall to their task in earnest, sorting the contents for the different postmen, the latter in turn arranging them for their heavy "rounds." Hour after hour passes, until at last the cry goes up, "All through," and completely worn out, the bulk of the indoor staff disperses to spend Christmas Day in bed. As for the postman, properly so called, his hardest task has yet to come.

The Travelling Post Office, it is no exaggeration to say, performs the smartest work in the whole organization. The officers of the "T.P.O." as it is termed, are selected for ability and alertness, and both qualities are

put to the test at Christmas time in a vigorous fashion. The carriages with their rows of shelves, pigeon-holes, and racks of hanging bags, are familiar objects at all our great railway stations, and their very limited accommodation is always the subject of remark. This want of space intensifies the stress of work at the busy season; and a speed of sixty miles an hour, with an icy blast sweeping down the coach, while it may prove an incentive to activity, does not improve the railway sorter's lot.

The T.P.O. is an expedient which was originated by Mr. Pearson Hill, the son of the famous Sir Rowland. It performs the double function of receiving and despatching mails with the train at full tilt—an operation not unattended with risk.

Imagine Q—, a small township in North Yorkshire, on Christmas eve. A tired and sleepy postman plods wearily through the small station to the post office hut by the railroad. The mail train is nearly due, so he looks to the buffalo-hide net set to catch the plethora mail-bag which will be suspended from the flying train. Then he hoists to its hook an equally heavy bag for the north to be taken up, and tramps up and down to keep warm while awaiting events.

Aboard the rushing express the stalwart official in charge of the apparatus looks out, but in the inky darkness nothing can be discerned. Though he cannot see, he can hear, and the "song of the road" tells him to within a furlong where the train is. At the acute moment he swings back the hatch in the side of the coach, smartly hitching the outward bag to the steel arm, swinging it out, and setting the receiving net at a rigid right-angle to snatch away the postman's waiting bag. The heavy

train thunders on through Q—, and whipl thud! the exchange is effected. The man of nerve picks up the mail-bag which has just been hurled into the carriage like a stone from a catapult, and prepares for the next har in the railroad music that warns him to engage in another such adventure. The tired postman left far behind at the little station takes his quarry from the net, and the sleeping burghesses of Q— are sure of their greetings on Christmas morning. Sometimes, of course, mishaps occur. The surcharged mail may be too much for the capacity of the net. Rebounding against the wheels of the rushing train, the hide cover is burst, and sealed is the fate of many a pretty card.

But parcels and parcel baskets cannot be transferred by apparatus, and much ingenuity and resourcefulness are required to cope with this work. The overcharged parcel coach may reach its journey's end with an undigested accumulation to be vomited upon the unlucky staff at the platform sorting office for disposal, and the sudden congestion which then ensues affords an opportunity for the superintendent to display qualities that even an army transport officer could scarce forbear to praise.

The parcels post is increasing in favor as a carrying agency, and with it also the habit of giving presents. On the 23rd of December parcels posted in the metropolis alone will amount to nearly a quarter of a million, and thousands of baskets must be stored in convenient centres to keep them on the move. A stroll any evening past the parcel depot at Mount Pleasant in North London during the week preceding Christmas will convey, better than any pen, a true impression of the turmoil into which this throbbing centre is

plunged. Mail carts, motor vans, trucks, baskets, parcels and men are commingled to bewilderment beneath an extravagant array of electric lamps; yet every unit in this turbulent whole is proceeding on orderly lines, each to a definite objective.

In this great whirl, many tokens of goodwill from various causes may fail to reach their destinations and find refuge in the limbo of the lost. The contents of some derelicts are striking. In a tin mould was discovered in a sound condition a plum pudding which had been sent to Australia and had found its way back owing to the impossibility of tracing the lad to whom it was addressed. The contents of another parcel comprised two petticoats, a pair of stays, a leg of mutton, and a parcel of tobacco. This motley collection was, however, eclipsed by a third, with the following contents—a large grey rabbit (dead, of course), containing in its inside two tobacco pipes, tobacco, a doll, and a piece of bacon, the whole being wrapped up in a lady's jacket! High sausages from Germany and malodorous cheeses from Italy have perforce to be removed to places of safety; and if Irishmen would devise some better covering than diaphanous muslin for greasy trussed geese and fresh butter, the coverings of the gentler consignments they encounter would greatly benefit.

The needs of remote country districts are administered by the vermillion mail-cart and its handy driver. Nothing is more monotonous than these long drives in the dark, and in our gloriously uncertain climate, fog, snowstorm, and frozen road combine to defeat a zeal that is often heroic. Instances are not wanting where the driver has fallen asleep on his box, and the horse has brought the Christ-

mas mail through, unaided. The vicissitudes that attended the primitive coach of pre-railroad days still dog the tracks of our post office mail-carts, and it now and again happens that a cart is snowed up, or skids off the frozen road into the ditch, to be rescued by an impromptu breakdown gang from the nearest village. Christmas morning may find the mail at the door, and the son of Nimshi so numbed with cold and driving sleet as to be incapable of dismounting. A drink of hot coffee, strained through the icicles on his whiskers, serves to put him right, and, throwing off the fetters of the frost, he soon gives his faithful companion a rub down and an extra feed as a mark of appreciation.

The foreign branch at the G.P.O. feels the onrush of the Christmas card at the beginning of November, and people have but little idea of the magnitude of the colonial mails, especially since Christmas Day, 1898, when the Postmaster-General announced a uniform rate of penny-post to most of the colonies and dependencies. The Indian mail furnishes an example of the part the post office serves in the cause of Imperial cordiality. As a rule this mail, which leaves London on Friday evenings, comprises some eighteen hundred bags, but the Christmas consignment will be half as many again, and constitute a huge load, filling a dozen railway vans. Travelling via Calais and then overland to Brindisi, the mail is transferred to a P. & O. mail-boat en route for the East. At Aden the swarthy sorters of the Indian post office will hoard her, and by dint of continuous labor for four days in the rolling post office down below, will sort out the letters for rapid disposal on arrival at Bombay. Then north, south, and east the Indian rail-

ways will distribute the welcome missives to all parts of the great dependency.

The exchange of mails with the continent still grows apace, though in the matter of the observance of the season our country is easily first. The entente will probably excite an unusual flow of messages of good-will from across the Channel; but those despatched to Paris will be conveyed with much greater ease than were the greetings of the memorable Christmas of 1870. The mail to Paris during the siege by the Prussians was only rendered possible by the now famous pigeon post. Letters intended for this novel mode of transmission were limited to twenty words, at a charge of fivepence a word. They were sent to the headquarters of the French post office at Tours, where they were all copied in consecutive order, and by a process of photography transferred to a diminutive piece of paper such as a pigeon could carry.

The outward and visible sign of post office energy is that idol of the populace, the postman; and it must be conceded that Christmas means a giant week for him, though a benevolent department provides him with a casual hand as assistant. Happily his exertions are not overlooked by a generous public, and in many towns an aggregate of £15 and more is not

an unusual haul for a smart and obliging man. In some centres the men pool their harvest—an equitable arrangement which benefits those whose distributing labors fall among the humbler classes.

As a body postmen are singularly loyal to their salt, and there are not wanting instances where men have laid down their lives at the call of duty. It was on a Christmas eve that a rural postman at Bannow, in Ireland, while returning from his rounds, tripped upon a root of furze, and falling into a deep ditch was drowned. In another sad case a postman at Loch Carron, in Scotland, being unable to take his usual route over a hill two thousand feet high, on account of a heavy fall of snow, endeavored to finish his journey by water, but the effort failed, and postman and boatman both perished. On the whole the Christmas excess, therefore, is not an unmixed hardship. It is good for the revenue, and it imposes a test of endurance which weeds out the unfit and throws into relief the qualities of the loyal and efficient. It has much to do, therefore, with the healthy condition of the State department most closely associated with the daily life of the people, and it will be a national loss in more ways than one if the Christmas-card is allowed to go the way of the valentine.

Influence.

BY RICHARD KIRK, IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

One splendid rose makes fragrant all the room;
The sun's small disc how many worlds doth light!
So may a word through centuries of gloom
Be as a torch by night.

Money-Making at Home.

BY ANNA S. RICHARDSON, IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

"How can I make a little money to help things along?" is the frequent cry of the woman of girl living at home. After reading this helpful article, the task does not seem nearly so hard nor the way so difficult. Several easy schemes are supplied here and the reader has only to try them to reap success.

THE woman who must earn money, yet can not leave her roof-tree!

She lives by the buzzed in large cities, by the score in towns, and by the dozen in hamlets. She is not working for pin-money, but to meet the monthly demands of butcher, baker, and landlord.

Sometimes there is a bright son or daughter to be sent to college. Sometimes a willing husband and father is staggering under a load of doctor's bills. Sometimes, alas, she must meet the hardest debt of all to pay—the last sad offices performed for some loved one.

If she is a good household manager, these spare moments may run into hours whose energies, properly directed, can not fail to bring forth pecuniary results. Further, nearly every woman possesses some latent talent, which, if unearched and rubbed diligently, will shine like Aladdin's lamp, and in time grant her wish to aid the family fortunes. On the other hand, the wife and mother who must divide her energies between household duties and baking for the Women's Exchange, or the daughter who must alternate the duties of a trained nurse to an invalid mother with painting blotters and plate cards for a fashionable satirist, can not expect to compete in the amount of her earnings with the woman who works down-town in shop or office. In time she may feel justified in placing a competent maid in her kitchen or in employing a trained nurse to take her place; but she must

work up to that point and not assume too much expense at the beginning of her career as a home money-maker.

The first lesson for the home money maker to learn is the value of small beginnings. A dollar earned the first week means two the second, provided her work has given satisfaction to her first patron. In a day when every one is anxious to make money hard and fast, incompetency is so common that news of a competent worker travels rapidly. The second lesson is to keep up-to-date and offer either wares or services that are marketable. She must bear in mind that she will not earn money merely because her friends are sorry for her and know she needs the help, but also because she has something to offer which they want. She is just as much a business woman as her sister-worker who sells goods across a counter or acts as cashier at a restaurant. Therefore she must appeal to one of two classes of patrons, the busy, practical person, or the rich, luxury-loving woman.

Oddly enough, there is one line of home work which appeals to both classes of patrons, and that is the gentle art of beautifying members of her own sex. Some very able writers have declared that the American woman has gone beauty-mad, that she has her face and her hair treated until she loses her individuality and all women look alike, thanks to the indefatigable beauty doctor who irons out all facial expression along with the wrinkles. Be that as it may, the fact remains that women were never

so well-groomed, so careful about the little niceties of the person as they are to-day, and this opens a profitable field for the home-worker. Here are two instances of women who are working quietly along these lines:—

A Detroit girl had hands which were the envy of her young women friends, and which she always explained were the result of her own careful manicuring. Her friends, sometimes in jest, sometimes in earnest, suggested her opening a little manicure shop for their accommodation, but it was her first season "out" and she was occupied with a round of gaieties. But there came a day when financial storms swept over their home, and the girl faced stern realities with a few hundred dollars and an invalid mother on her hands. Summer was approaching. To keep the mother in town during the hot weather was impossible, so she could not consider a position in office or store. Then suddenly she remembered the compliments her manicuring had received. She made a flying trip to a fashionable summer resort, and conferred with the proprietor of a hotel around which were clustered a number of small cottages or annexes. When the season opened, she and the invalid mother were located in the tiniest of the cottages, with a sign tacked to the porch and a manicuring table set forth in a shady corner. She advertised in the village paper and had her cards distributed at all the other hotels. Her venture more than paid their summer expenses. When she returned to the city, she realized that the gentle mother was failing and could not endure the strain of turning their tiny drawing-room into a manicuring parlor, so the girl solicited house-to-house patronage. Her well-to-do patrons do not desire her services be-

fore 10 a.m., so she makes the little mother comfortable before leaving home and is always with her evenings. Friends have urged her to open a shop, but she says, "Wait. Five years from now I may have a fashionable shop, but I know that then I can not have my mother."

One evening a hard-worked stenographer who commands a good salary was dining with an equally busy married friend, the mother of three little people. Said the stenographer as she leaned back in an easy chair after the babies had been tucked into bed: "I really ought to go right home and wash my hair, but it is such a tiresome task when I do it myself, and I hate to go to a hairdresser after night. They rush you through as if they were tired, too."

"Let me do it for you," suggested her hostess, "I have learned to do it for the babies, you know."

Her gentle manipulation of shampoo, towels, and brushes, was a revelation to the tired stenographer who wound up luxuriously before the open fire, with a new magazine to read during the final drying process. A few days later, she came back to see her friend with the proposition that she take a few evening customers among the stenographer's office companions. The little mother hesitated. She really needed the money. Rent and butcher's bills had both been advanced, but her husband's salary had not. Finally she compromised. She would do the work, but only on those evenings when her husband, who was a retail clerk, was obliged to work at the store. Such was the beginning. To-day she has a larger house with double parlors. The rear room she uses for shampooing and hairdressing, and the front room she rents to a manicurist.

"But," cries the woman in a small

town, "these women lived in large cities. What can I do in a town of five or six thousand inhabitants?"

Suppose you try. Women are very much the same, in small towns and in large, and in the smaller place there is less competition. For instance, away out in Colorado is a rough town, nestled among rich mines. The better class of women living there are the wives of mine superintendents, experts, engineers, and assayers—as a rule women who have been raised in gentle surroundings. The wife of a superintendent had just returned from a visit with New York friends, and she remarked that she missed very sadly the offices of the manicurist who had taken charge of her hands while she was in the East. The remark was dropped in the presence of a house-to-house cleaner, a general worker, mind you, whose husband had been injured in a mine accident, and who thought she could do better things than scrub floors and polish windows. She said to her patron:—"If I go to Denver and learn manicuring, do you think I could secure enough work here to keep me busy?"

Her patron was not sure.

"Well," persisted the little woman, "will you promise me your trade if I come back with a real knowledge of the work?"

The superintendent's wife said she certainly would. The miner's wife took part of the money her husband had received for damages, went to Denver, studied manicuring, came back, and started her work in her own little cottage, where people knew her. She makes home pleasant for her husband who, though crippled for life, is now employed as a watchman, and she has a good trade among the women for whom she formerly did the roughest of house-work for a mere pittance.

To study manicuring, go to the best parlor in your own city, and pay so much per lesson. In first-class shops, two dollars a lesson is charged and the learner must furnish her own subjects. That is, she is not permitted to practice on the hands of regular customers, but must bring with her some relative or friend who does not object to serving as a subject. One lesson of this sort a week, with constant practice each day, and six lessons in all, should be sufficient for the ordinarily bright and deft-fingered woman. This method is much better than taking a three or four months' course in a school, where you give your services all day as part payment for your training and pick up a smattering of all lines, shampooing, hairdressing, chirophy, in addition to the manicuring, yet learn nothing thoroughly. Patient practice at home is the surest road to proficiency, and there are father's hands, the neglected fingers of the half-grown brother, and perhaps the ugly little hands of a younger sister, with nails bitten to the quick, all excellent fields for the beginner to work in. In the meantime, let your friends know what you are doing. Never hide your light under a bushel, through false shame. Be proud that you are trying to help out the family finances. Be sure to tell your family physician of your ambitions, and your acquaintances in dressmaking and millinery shops. You never know when the opportunity will come for them to send you a customer. Keep your own hands in the pink of condition and your general appearance should be immaculate. That is the best advertisement for your work. For five dollars you can secure a complete manicuring outfit, including buffers, scissors, files, polishers, orange-sticks, creams, towels, bowls, and the inevit-

able pillow. In fitting up your manicuring corner in your home, bear in mind that the woman customer who is particular about her appearance likes to be served in dainty and sanitary surroundings. Have your table of white enameled wood or of plain pine covered with snowy oilcloth. Over this lay a plain white towel.

For the pillow on which your customer's hand will rest, have plenty of white cambric or lawn covers which you can wash. You will need at least a dozen soft linen towels a foot square. The bowl for softening the finger tips in tepid water is prettiest and cleanest looking in plain, thin glass.

What is Advertising?

BY NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., IN AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Advertising, as Mr. Fowler points out, is one of the five parts of trade. It is consequently deserving of as much attention as any one of the other four parts. Unfortunately many business men do not give it even a fraction of this attention and yet wonder why it is that results do not follow.

THERE are five parts of trade:— First, there must be something to sell. Without something to sell, business is impossible. Second, there must be a place to sell it in. Without selling opportunity, there can be no business. Third, there must be somebody to sell it. Without the salesman there can be no trade. Fourth, there must be capital and management. Without these, business cannot be done continuously. Fifth, there must be something to tell somebody that there is something for sale and where it can be found. Without this something, which connects the buyer and the seller, business cannot be done.

This fifth part or condition—the something which brings the buyer and the seller together—is what is known broadly as advertising.

I will not discuss the relative importance of these five parts or conditions, because a trade cannot be consummated without the application of all five.

No one ever did business without advertising, although many success-

ful business doers have claimed that they did not advertise.

Everything which assists in bringing the buyer to the seller, whether it be the reputation, the store sign, the show window, the inside and outside appearance of the store, the letter-head, the circular, the handbill, the poster, the newspaper or magazine advertisement, is advertising; and some, or all, of these methods are employed by every working-for-himself-man, whether he be a blacksmith, a cobbler, the proprietor of a great department store, or an extensive manufacturer.

The business man need not consider whether or not he will advertise, because he will advertise whether he wants to or not. It is for him to consider what methods he will employ and how he will handle them.

This second condition—how he will handle them—is of vital consequence. Ninety per cent. of so-called advertising failures, or failures in advertising, have been due, not to the advertising medium or method, but to the handling of the advertising.

Fifty per cent. of our advertisers, whether they confine their advertisement to the trade papers, to the catalogue, or to the circular, or whether they are users of national or international publicity, receive less than one-half of what advertising is anxious to do for them, because they treat advertising as a side issue and not as an important part of their business.

Unless advertising is attended to with the same care that is given to the running of the factory and to the handling of the selling department, it will refuse to render unto the advertiser its full value.

I cannot understand the business philosophy and economy which employ the highest grade of executive talent for the management of the factory and the selling, and engage the feeblest help for the management of the advertising department and for the preparation of the advertising matter.

Thousands of American manufacturers pay from several to many thousands of dollars a year to superintendents of their factories and to the heads of their departments, and yet expect a fifteen hundred or two thousand dollar man to properly present to the public the goods which are manufactured with the utmost care and sold under the most improved methods.

Comparatively little advertising shows more than indifferent attention. Many a manufacturer will spend months in his private office, with his partners or fellow officers, and hold consultation after consultation, before he attempts to manufacture a certain article or commodity; and yet when all this work is done, and the factory part is ready, he expects a low-salaried man or woman to pro-

perly present his goods to the great reading public.

I cannot understand why ninety per cent. of advertisers willingly pay from several hundred to several thousands of dollars a page for an advertisement, and yet refuse to give more than five or ten dollars for the writing of it, and are unwilling to expend more than a few dollars more for its proper mechanical execution.

No properly balanced business man would attempt to make good goods in a poor factory, nor would he allow cheap workmen to handle an expensive product; yet this self-same man, with a modern factory and a splendidly organized selling department, will expect the cheapest kind of help to produce effective advertising.

I am not adventuring the employment of the so-called advertising expert or doctor. The majority of these self-styled men and women know little about business, and, perhaps, less about advertising. They are frequently incompetent, either to advertise themselves or anybody else.

I know from experience that the successful advertiser is the one who considers his advertising as a legitimate and important part of his business, as one of the five pulling links in the chain of accomplishment. This man does not slight his advertising. It represents the quality and policy of his business. It is as good as any other part of his business. This man does not employ a cheap advertisement writer, nor does his advertising reflect his eccentricities or personal hobbies.

Many an advertiser has failed to make advertising pay, because the advertising represented the personal eccentricity of the advertiser or was the product of some relation or friend. Perhaps the advertiser is a patron of art, and his advertising

represents, not his business, but the ideals of an artist friend. Perhaps the advertiser has a precocious child who thinks he or she can write poetry, and the father pays thousands of dollars a year for the distribution of profitless rhyme. Perhaps the advertiser refuses to judge the buyer other than by himself, and his advertising is directed to himself and not to the public.

I have never known an advertising plan to fail where the business conditions were right and where advertising was considered a part of business.

Substantially all advertising failures that I know about occurred because the advertising did not represent the business and was not considered a part of the business.

Many an advertiser does not properly discriminate between advertising mediums. To him advertising space is advertising space of an equal value, whether it be the street car card, the sign on the rock, the poster, the calendar, the newspaper column, or the magazine page. He places his advertising either in ignorance or by prejudice. He does not realize that one publication of a large

and solid circulation may be worth more than ten other publications. He may refuse to pay a first-class advertising medium a dollar a line; and, instead, pay ten cents a line to twenty very poor mediums. In other words, he would pay two dollars for less than he can buy for one dollar.

He does not run his factory that way, nor does he run any other department of his business with the same untenable policy methods. When he buys his coal, he buys it by weight, and considers the quality of it; but when he buys his advertising, he buys it by superficial inches—by area, not by depth.

The best advice that I can give any advertiser, or would-be advertiser, is: Do your advertising as you do your business. Buy your advertising space as you buy your coal, machinery, or raw material. Apply the methods of business, which you have successfully used in the maintenance of your business, to your advertising. In this way, and in this way only, will advertising become a working part of your business, and unless it is an active part of your business, it has no business to be connected with your business.

On Living.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

Bringing Ships Into Port.

BY WILLIAM S. BIRGE, IN BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Many are the safeguards provided by the Government to protect the incoming ocean liners and direct their course into port. Lighthouses, buoys, lightships, bells, fog-horns, whistles and beacons are some of the agencies utilized. The writer tells the manner of bringing ships into New York and Boston harbors.

THOSE who live near rivers or harbors or along the coast see, perhaps, daily the buoys dotting the surface of the water, the lighthouses and lightships along the shores, and the little pilot boats which seem to sail aimlessly about, with big numbers on their sails; and while everyone knows, in a vague way, that all these things are to guide ships into port, yet very few know just how they all help the navigator.

A vessel is steered across the ocean by the compass, and by the altitude of the sun, moon and stars. By means of the heavenly bodies the navigator is enabled to ascertain the ship's position on the ocean within three miles at any time; but in entering rivers and harbors he must know her position within as many yards, sometimes, to avoid running her aground. A harbor may appear to be ever so broad, and its waters perfectly placid, and yet there he places where it is but a few feet deep. The deep water is usually found to be a narrow channel running through the shoal part, like a river under water. Sometimes there may be several such channels in one harbor.

These unseen channels must be marked out on the surface of the water in some way, so that a ship may be kept in them; and this is done by buoys, anchored along their course, and painted a particular color for each side. A large buoy, too, is anchored in the middle of a channel where it joins the ocean, and a buoy surmounted by a "perch"

said "day mark," where there is a sudden turn in the channel. Then, again, if there is an obstruction of any kind—such as a wreck or rock or shoal spot—it, too, must be marked by a buoy or beacon, and these must be painted to show what they mean.

With all these safeguards, a ship's captain coming from a foreign land, will usually anchor at the entrance to a harbor, and take on board a pilot. He will not trust to his own judgment, for a buoy may have been forced out of place by ice, or a colliding vessel, or some other cause too recent for him to know, while a pilot knows its condition intimately from constant travel through it.

A steamer approaching the United States from Europe comes upon a little schooner, cruising about, perhaps two or three hundred miles out at sea. If it is daylight a big black number may be seen upon her mainsail. That number marks her as a pilot boat; and if it is dark another sign tells her character—a bright, white light flares up at her masthead at frequent intervals, and then pales down to a steady glow. These pilot boats leave harbor with ten or a dozen pilots on board, and cruise outward along the track of vessels, placing a pilot on each incoming ship they meet, until none are left on board, when they return for more. Each pilot placed on board ship takes her safely into port, and then goes out again on board the first pilot boat he can catch. These pilot

boats are staunch little vessels, and often have to lie in wait through gales of wind and send their pilots aboard large steamers through perilous seas. When pilot boats belonging to different ports cruise together in the same grounds, they fly signals showing to what port they belong, and also have the name of the port painted on their sails.

When a big liner sights a pilot boat she steams up close to the little schooner and stops, while a rowboat comes alongside and a pilot climbs aboard. He brings some of the daily papers a few days old, and probably tells some of the late news, if there be any worth telling, and makes himself at ease the same as any passenger might do, for his duties do not commence until near the entrance of the harbor where his ship is bound.

When a ship approaches the land bound from a foreign port, the captain's chief aim is to make a "land-fall." That is to say, that he wishes to sight some well-known object on the shore which, being marked down on his chart, will show him just where he is and how he must steer to find the entrance to the harbor.

A special lighthouse is usually the object sought, and in approaching New York Harbor it is customary for steamers from Europe to first sight Fire Island Lighthouse, or if bound for Boston, the Highland, or Old Cape light. Besides the lighthouse, in either location, there is a signal and telegraph station. When, therefore, the liner steams in sight she hoists two signals, one of which tells her name and the other the welfare of those on board. The operator then telegraphs the Board of Trade, and also the ship's agents that she has been sighted, and that all on board are well or otherwise. The ship's course is then laid to reach

the most prominent object at the harbor entrance, if bound for New York, Sandy Hook Lightship. She is easily recognized; a big, cradle-shaped hull painted red, with two stumpy masts having black, ball-shaped cages on top of them. If it were night she would be found by a light at her masthead flashing brightly white for twelve seconds and invisible for three.

The course from this lightship to the harbor entrance is laid down on the chart "west northwest, one-quarter west," and steering this course, a group of three buoys is reached. One is a large "nun," or cone-shaped, buoy, painted black and white in vertical stripes; another has a triangular framework built on it, and in the top of this framework is a bell which tolls mournfully as the buoy is rocked by the waves; while the third is surmounted by a big whistle, similar to those on steamboats, which puffs out a hoarse blast each time the buoy sinks into a heavy swell. These mark the point where ocean ends and harbor begins, and can be found in fair weather or in fog by their color and shape and noise. These are the mid-channel buoys at the entrance to Godney Channel, the deep-water entrance to New York Harbor. Here it may be noted that mid-channel buoys in all harbors in the United States are painted black and white in vertical stripes, and being in mid-channel, should be passed close to by all deep-draught vessels. At this point the pilot takes charge of the ship, her captain becoming only an interested spectator so far as her navigation is concerned.

The water now seems to be dotted with buoys and beacons in the most indiscriminate manner, and on the shores around the harbor there seem

to be a dozen or more lighthouses. If you watch the buoys as the pilot steers the ship between them, you will see that those passed on the right hand side are red, and all on the left are black. The same arrangement will be found in all harbors in this country, all buoys on the right hand side of the channel are red, and those on the opposite side are black. Where there is more than one channel running through the same harbor, the different channels are marked by buoys of different shapes. Principal channels are marked by "nun" buoys, secondary channels by "can" buoys, and minor channels by "spar" buoys.

In Godney Channel the buoys are lighted at night, the red ones with red lights, and the black ones with white lights, while off to the left is a little lighthouse known as Sandy Hook Beacon, which has in its lamp a red sector which throws a red beam just covering Godney Channel. Thus this channel can be passed through in safety by night as well as by day. The pilot next sights two fixed white lights on the New Jersey shore, known as Point Comfort Beacon and Waseknack Beacon, and he knows that by keeping these two lights in range, and steering toward them, he is in the main ship channel.

Only a short distance is now traversed when the ship comes to a point where two unseen channels meet. This is indicated by a buoy having a tall spindle, or "perch," surmounted by a latticed square. From here, if she keeps on her course, she will remain in the main ship channel, which, although deeper, is a more circuitous route into port; so, if she does not draw too much water, she is turned somewhat to the

right, and leaving the buoy with the perch and square on her right, because it is red, she is steered between the buoys which mark Swash Channel.

If it were night this channel would be shown by two range lights on the Staten Island shore, known as Elm Tree Beacon and New Dorp Beacon, both being steady-burning, white lights; but if we enter by daylight, when half through Swash Channel we notice a buoy painted red and black in horizontal stripes. To this is given a wide berth by the pilot. It is an "obstruction" buoy marking a shoal spot or a wreck. Its colors are to indicate this, and also that it may be passed on either side. All such buoys are warnings to navigators to keep away from the spot which they mark.

All these guides to navigation of the harbors and inland waters of the United States are in charge of the Lighthouse Board, a branch of the Treasury Department. The whole country is divided into districts, and to each is attached a small steamer, called lighthouse tenders, whose duty it is to go out and pick up buoys for repairs, put down new ones, and to take oil and supplies to the light-houses and lightships. A lighthouse tender is recognized by a small, white triangular flag at her masthead, bordered with red and having a light-house printed in the white field.

The channel buoys are all numbered in their order from the seaward end of each channel, the black buoys having odd numbers, and the red buoys even numbers. If there are several channels into the same harbor, the initial letter of each channel's name is painted on the buoys.

All buoys except small spar buoys are made of plates of boiler iron,

bent into shape and riveted together, painted inside and out, and made water tight. They are also divided into water tight compartments, so that if punctured by a colliding vessel they will not sink. Sometimes these buoys get adrift and are found far out at sea, but are chased by a tender as soon as their absence is discovered, and are brought back or new ones put in their places.

A number of years ago a buoy went adrift and was picked up, six weeks later, off the coast of Ireland. It was anchored there in commemoration of its long voyage and a new one put in its place.

All changes in the position of buoys and lightships are published promptly in pamphlets called "Notices to Mariners," which are distributed thoroughly by well-organized means. A few years ago one of our

new cruisers was approaching New York Harbor from the West Indies in a thick fog. Sandy Hook Lightship had been found, the usual course laid, and the ship was steaming onward at full speed, her captain, having formerly been an inspector for that very district, feeling that he knew his way into port as well as any pilot. Presently, however, he was startled by the cry of breakers ahead! A large hotel soon loomed up, and the ship was backed at full speed astern. They had barely escaped running high and dry on Rockaway Beach. When they got into the port they learned that Sandy Hook Lightship had been moved from its former position, and that the notice to mariners had been mailed to the captain of the cruiser, but failed to reach him before he sailed from the West Indies.

The Future Office Building.

BY M. G. REEVES, IN INSURANCE ENGINEERING.

Fireproof in every aspect will be the office building of the future. Not only will the building itself be fireproof but all the furniture and fittings, desks, tables and chairs will be constructed of incombustible material. Offices, "ready-made," will be the order of the day and moving will be an extremely easy matter.

WHAT a pleasing prospect for the office man of the future!

He sits in his office surrounded by fireproof walls, floors, roof, window frames, doors, sashings, desks, tables, cabinets, furniture, and, possibly, clothed in fireproof wearables. How frightful the retrospect when he recalls the days of 1906 and the combustible surroundings which every minute threatened to destroy him.

Is this a dream? No, dreams are transitory, while this condition now is becoming an actual fact.

In the city of Pittsburgh there are

two large office buildings in which the tenants are furnished either a fireproof vault or steel cabinet for the protection of their private documents, thus, in a sense, rendering the so-called fireproof buildings doubly fireproof.

"Ready-made offices" are not a dream. The owners of these buildings can realize from 5 to 10 per cent, additional rental with an innovation of this character, and at the same time can be happy over the prospective reduction in insurance which must result.

It is the first cost that is troubling

some of our office building projectors. A second and larger cost, however, is experienced when the building burns and the time of rebuilding comes.

How many professional men are to be found who are not willing to pay additional rental for an office or suite of offices containing full and complete equipment, such as steel cabinets and cases, desks and tables, or practically everything that can be built of steel, needful in such an office?

The professional man simply walks into his new office, carrying under his arm documents, records, etc., and fills the cases awaiting them. No dragging along of dried and inflammable desks, and chairs and dangerous cardboard cases for filing purposes, which, through the medium of a mouse and a match, would be destroyed and endanger the entire building. No mouse or other vermin will tolerate steel fixtures.

Did you ever hear the story of the village trustees who employed a carpenter to build a "calaboose"? Well, they wanted it finished as cheaply as possible, but did not instruct him as to the kind of lath to use, so the man put a wooden one on the door. Naturally, the white prisoner made his escape by whittling away the lath, and then the trustees condemned the carpenter for his negligences.

The carpenter was not so much to blame as were the trustees. Precaution should have been taken at an earlier moment to make everything secure.

An incident in the writer's experience occurred not more than a year ago in a very large New York banking house. Several porters entered the file room with what turned out to be an explosive cleaning fluid, to

clean up after banking hours. Three of the men were hauled to the hospital, suffering from severe injuries. A few days later the banking company ordered an entire steel equipment for this file room, as well as for several other rooms which required protection. A large loss from the destruction of valuable papers resulted from the explosion and the fire which followed. The national government has taken cognizance of the general utility and preventive, as well as protective, measure of steel equipment and devices, and nearly all the new equipment now being placed, where valuable records are to be kept, is being formed of steel.

Several State legislatures have passed laws to the effect that nothing but steel should be used in the equipment of offices and vaults where valuable documents and records are filed, one State actually requiring that all present wood contraptions be sent to the junk pile or furnace for kindling. They are taking precautions and thus will avoid "double cost."

Our banks, insurance companies and large corporations are realizing the importance of such a step. If our national government and State officials realize the necessity for such equipment, why are the same precautionary measures not a good thing for office building owners?

We are told again, it's the first cost. How long will it take the owner of such a building which is thoroughly and completely equipped with steel furniture to recover the slightly increased expense in outfitting, when he is receiving increased rentals and his insurance rates are correspondingly decreased?

The deduction is simple and the problem an interesting one. Let us

recall some of the more recent conflagrations in large cities where large office buildings were destroyed. How many dollars were lost through not taking preventive measures? How many offices, equipped with steel devices, saved their owners thousands of dollars through incombustibility of the equipment and, consequently, the preserving of valuable papers and records?

The experimental stage has passed and we are furnished with impressive facts. I believe that the steps taken by the Pittsburg owners are the seed through which larger and more complete protection will be given to interior furnishings in the near future.

A structure built according to such specifications and furnished throughout with steel would lead our fire underwriters to acknowledge the justice of a reasonable and greatly re-

duced insurance rate, making the fire hazard practically inconsequential.

Gradually, architects and engineers are arriving at a conclusion where facts are ever present, showing that no matter how fireproof a building may be, and although it has such trim as steel casings, doors, etc., if it is not supplied with full steel equipment, it may prove a "far-nace" when the fire does come.

The future realization of a thoroughly fireproof building is not only to equip it with steel vaults and cabinets, but have every movable piece of furniture constructed of steel.

The steel millennium will come some day. It remains, however, for some enterprising and far seeing promoter or builder to take up this all important question and lead the van in erecting and equipping office buildings which will not alone be protective, but preventive of fire.

The Revision of the German Tariff.

BY N. L. STONE, IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Thoroughness has been the characteristic note of the recent German tariff revision. The time spent in the work covered many years. A tariff commission was appointed long before existing treaties should expire, and this commission went to work and made the most minute investigations. The process of fixing the new tariff went through many stages before the task was completed.

IN connection with the pending tariff negotiations with the German Empire, a good deal has been said about the new and the old rates of duty in the German tariff, but comparatively little is known of the way the Germans "went at it." Yet the history of the tariff revision in Germany is so characteristic of the individual and natural traits of the people of that country, and at the same time so instructive when compared with our own legislative

methods, that a brief account of it may prove both entertaining to the layman who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs and interesting to our public men.

The Germans have a way of moving "slowly but surely." The last time they had revised their tariff was in 1879, when Prince Bismarck became a convert to protection. Even at that time, however, the arrangement and the wording of the tariff schedules were left substantially the

same as adopted in the early part of the nineteenth century, and only the rates were considerably increased.

Since 1879 no tariff revision had taken place, but in 1891 the government inaugurated a new policy of concluding commercial reciprocity treaties, by which several of the rates were reduced in favor of the countries with which such treaties were concluded.

These treaties were all to expire in December, 1903, and in anticipation of that event the government set about preparing for a new series of treaties. As the old tariff in its method of classification and technical construction of its schedules had remained practically unchanged since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and as the agricultural interests were clamoring for increased protection, it was thought best to elaborate an entirely new scheme of schedules and system of classification, which would be more in accord with the specialized products of modern industry. The German Government began preparations for the drawing up of a new tariff scheme in the early part of 1898—almost six years before the old commercial treaties were to expire.

The work of preparing the new tariff was carried out largely by two departments, the treasury and the interior.

While the treasury officials were assigned to the technical work of drawing up the schedules, the minister of the interior proceeded to enroll the co-operation of the business world for his part of the work. One of the first steps was to create a "Special Commission for the Elaboration of Measures for Furthering Commerce" (*Wirtschaftlicher Ausschuss zur Vorberetung Handels-Politischer Massnahmen*). The com-

mission consisted of thirty members, one-half of whom were appointed by the chancellor of the empire on the recommendation of the German Agricultural Association, the German Association of Chambers of Commerce, and the Central Association of German Manufacturers, each of the organizations being represented by five members; the other fifteen members were appointed directly by the chancellor in the following manner: six representatives of the agrarian interests, five from manufacturers, and four representatives of wholesale trade.

As the five members recommended by the German Association of Chambers of Commerce included three manufacturers and only two representatives of the export trade, the composition of the entire commission was as follows: Eleven agrarians, thirteen manufacturers, and six representatives of commerce. Of these, twenty-one were avowed protectionists, while the views of the remaining nine were uncertain. Considerable criticism was made later in the debates in the Reichstag, as well as in the press, regarding the make-up of the commission, charging the government with deliberately "packing" the commission with protectionists. The chancellor was blamed for ignoring the precedent established by Bismarck at the time of the tariff revision of 1879, when representatives of labor and of the middle classes, including artisans, tradesmen as well as consumers, and professional men were invited.

The government defended its action on the ground that the commission was engaged on purely technical work, and therefore had to be made up of men whose practical experience qualified them for the work laid out for them. As to the representation

of various other interests and parties, the chancellor thought it was a matter that fell within the scope of the Reichstag, which would no doubt give the various interests an opportunity to make themselves heard before the Reichstag committee having the tariff bill in charge.

As the object of creating the commission was to obtain information of a practical character which would throw some light upon the needs of the German industries, the first task assigned to the commission was the collection of data as to the output and value of the products of German industries, their sources of supply of raw material, and the markets serving as outlets.

The questions asked by the commission of the manufacturers related to the number and extent of machinery and steam power employed in their factories, the number of men engaged, the wages paid, the quantity of domestic and foreign raw material used, the quantity and value of animal products, and the quantity and value of sales at home and abroad. The list of questions wound up with this query, "What suggestions have you to make as to measures to be taken for the encouragement of the production and exportation of the articles you manufacture, especially with regard to foreign competition at home as well as abroad?"

These questions were sent out to more than fifty manufacturers, of whom more than 92 per cent. replied, thereby providing a mass of data and other information which proved invaluable to the work of the commission.

In the meantime a draft of the new tariff was prepared by the Treasury Department, and, before the close of 1898, copies of the draft were sent out for criticism and suggestions to

the governments of the states constituting the empire and to the imperial ministry of the interior.

The draft was now discussed by tariff experts and customs officers of the constituent states, as well as by the officials of the ministry of the interior.

After the copies of the draft were returned to the Treasury Department by the different government institutions, with their criticisms and suggestions, the treasury officials recast the entire draft, and in the fall of 1899 sent out the new draft to the same bodies. The new draft was gone over with the same care as the first and returned to the Treasury Department.

After remodeling the tariff schedules in accordance with the new suggestions, the treasury submitted the draft in its completed form to the commission on January 17, 1901—i.e., after nearly three years' preparatory work on the part of the government officials.

The commission did not confine its labors to the work of its own members, but in addition to that consulted recognized leaders in the business world, technical and economic experts, chambers of commerce and national associations of manufacturers organized by industries. In all more than two thousand experts took part in the work.

While the hearings of the various experts were conducted by the commission, the replies from the manufacturers and the farmers to the inquiries sent out by the commission had all come in and were sifted and analyzed by the commission with the aid of technical and statistical experts. The results, when compiled, were not made public, but turned over to the treasury.

Thus, the two bodies—namely, the

commission of business men and the treasury officials—starting at the beginning upon distinct lines of procedure, were now, after nearly three years' effort, in a position to exchange the results of their preliminary work. The commission took up now the draft of the tariff schedules, prepared by the treasury officials, while the latter undertook the study of the results of the statistical inquiry of the commission, which were to be used as a basis in working out the different rates.

The rates set down by the treasury officials for the different tariff schedules were accompanied by detailed statements, in which the statistical data obtained by the commission were used as a basis for determining the degree of protection required by the various products.

When the entire tariff was thus completed, the whole draft, consisting of the schedules, rates of duty, and the explanatory statements on which the rates were based, was sent out again by the Treasury Department to the various departments of the imperial government interested therein, as well as to the separate governments of the constituent states, and to the commission.

After recasting the entire tariff once more in accordance with the suggestions received from the bodies just mentioned, the Treasury Department was finally in a position to submit the draft of a new tariff law to the Bundesrath (Federal Council) for its approval.

The bill was published in the official Government Gazette on July 25, 1901. As the various preliminary stages described above were conducted in secret sessions, the public at large now got the first opportunity of examining the proposed tariff law.

The Bundesrath passed the bill

with a few unimportant changes, and it was now laid before the Reichstag, November 25, 1901.

By this time the various industrial agricultural and commercial organizations had had time to examine and criticize the bill, and were prepared to bring pressure on the members of the Reichstag and to give expression to their views in the press.

After devoting nine days to a continuous discussion of the bill on its first reading, the Reichstag turned it over to a committee of twenty-eight members, in which the various parties, from the ultra-protectionist conservatives to the radical socialists, were represented. The majority of the committee, however, was protectionist, and it gave no end of trouble to the government, insisting on raising still further the already increased rates of duty on agricultural products. The struggle in the committee proved so intense that in spite of its continuous sessions, both during the sessions of the Reichstag and after the adjournment of the latter, no agreement could be reached until October, 1902—i.e., after ten months' continual work.

The bill, as finally reported to the Reichstag from the committee, with rates greatly increased, pleased nobody. The secretary of the interior, who had charge of the government tariff measure in the Reichstag, exclaimed: "I fear that our commercial armor will prove too heavy for a successful struggle." The conservatives, representing the agricultural interests, thought they needed more protection, and the radicals and the socialists denounced it as robbery.

It was soon perceived that only heroic measures could save the tariff from wreck. Accordingly, the government and the conservatives agreed on a compromise, by which the former accepted the increased rates adopted

by the committee, and the latter agreed to vote with the government on a motion to cut off the debates and to vote the measure as a whole. This was carried over the vehement opposition of the Left, and the bill became a law and received the Emperor's signature on December 25, 1902.

The government was now ready to enter into negotiations with the differ-

ent foreign countries for the conclusion of commercial treaties based on the new tariff. It took two years to conclude the new commercial treaties, which were ratified by the Reichstag and received the sanction of law on February 22, 1905. One year's notice was then given to the outside world of the termination of the old tariff, which will give place to the new on March 1, 1906.

E. D. Smith, M.P.—Successful Canadian.

BY D. B. GILLIES, IN CANADIAN GROCER.

A succession of successes in the alliterative phrase with which the writer characterizes the career of Mr. E. D. Smith, M.P. Denied the profession of a civil engineer on account of weak eyesight, the young man heavily faced the situation and took up the work that lay to his hand, to wit fruit-growing on his father's farm. This was the beginning. To-day we have the successful farmer, nurseryman, manufacturer and member of parliament.

FARMER, fruitgrower, nurseryman, wholesaler, manufacturer, member of Parliament—these are some of the honorable titles belonging to Mr. E. D. Smith, member of Parliament for Westworth, who alone of the opposition candidates weathered the bye-election gales of November 22 and will represent his native constituency at Ottawa for the remainder of the present Canadian Parliament.

Indeed, Mr. Smith's life has been a succession of successes. Difficulties have been to him only so many things to be overcome. The effectiveness of hard work and persistency has seldom been better exemplified than by the subject of this sketch, who might well be taken for a model by the youth of this country who have their fortunes to make.

Mr. Smith was educated at the high school in Hamilton, intending to follow the profession of a civil engineer. He was a bright student and had secured the Gilchrist scholarship

(which entitled him to a four year course at London (England) University with all his expenses paid and pocket money as well), when his eyesight was affected by over-study and he was compelled to give up all thought of further pursuing the course to his intended profession.

Such a disappointment would have discouraged many a young man, but E. D. Smith was made of sterner stuff.

There was the old homestead and farm back in Saltfleet Township under the mountain, a hundred and seventy acres of good Ontario land that might well employ the best thought and energy of any ambitious young man, and the future M.P. was not without ambition.

It did not take long for the fact to be borne home that the prospect for rapid advancement in ordinary farming was not overly encouraging. New paths had to be blazed, new sources of wealth unearthed.

The young man showed such aptitude and steadiness that at 25 his father gave him half the homestead and sold to him the other half for \$5,000, and E. D. Smith set to work to win his fortune and pay off the debt on the farm.

Fruit-growing seemed to the young man to offer good prospects, although at the outset a costly affair entailing heavy expenditures with little or no income; and he bent his whole energies in this direction. It required grit and faith, but in time the orchards began to bear fruit and the tide of fortune to turn.

But the fruit business was not without its drawbacks. When the crops were heavy the markets were overloaded. Every fruit grower seemed to think it necessary to send his fruit to the few large centres. Gluts were the consequence, with prices below a profitable level. The situation required a mind of executive capacity. Mr. Smith had a theory that by developing the smaller towns and villages throughout Canada he would have a regular market for his fruit without the demoralizing conditions that prevailed at times in the old centres. The theory was soon shown to be correct. Mr. Smith found he could not only readily dispose of his own fruit at profitable figures but that the demand was such as to make it necessary for him to buy fruit to fill his orders. Thus came the development from a fruit-grower to a wholesale distributor.

In 1886 Mr. Smith added to the 170 acres that formed the homestead, the farm at the foot of the mountain on which he now resides. As his business of fruit-growing and fruit-buying gradually increased other farms were secured, until now Mr. Smith has under cultivation 750 acres.

It must not be thought that in his fruitgrowing and allied occupations old line farming was neglected. Mr. Smith is still the proud owner of 25 head of fine cows and raises sufficient hay and oats to winter his stock and to provide provender for his stable of horses, a large number being required on the estate.

Success is the result of building on foundations already well and truly laid rather than in launching into enterprises concerning the requirements of which we are uninformed.

About fifteen years ago the fact began to loom up very largely before Mr. Smith's vision that we were importing very large quantities of nursery stock from the United States. Why not grow our own? seemed a pertinent question to which no satisfactory answer could be given. The conditions in the Grimshy district were all favorable, and the requirements of the fruit men known. Mr. Smith began raising nursery stock. The venture was a success from the beginning and for some years past Mr. Smith has been among the two or three largest nurserymen in Canada.

At present, of the 750 acres of land managed by Mr. Smith, 250 acres are in fruit, about 250 in nursery stock, and the balance in ordinary farm crops, a portion of which being land in preparation for nursery stock.

The most recent phase of the fruit business upon which Mr. Smith has entered is that of manufacturing. In connection with his fruit shipping business, which for a number of years past has amounted to between 300 and 400 cars per annum, the possibilities of a jam and canning factory became apparent. It looked like a good investment and so a little over a year ago Mr. Smith erected a factory for manufacturing jam and can-

ned fruit, the building for which cost about \$15,000.

Here again Mr. Smith's genius for being just a little different from anyone else made itself manifest. There were many concerns putting up jams and jellies and canned fruits in tins. Mr. Smith figured it out this way: Canada is growing richer and richer; the consuming public are becoming more able and willing every day to buy a first-class article and pay the price for it. At the present time we are importing some million pounds of high class pure jams and jellies from England and Scotland. It is only reasonable to suppose that these can be made in Canada of equally good quality and at less price, particularly if the factory is located right in the midst of the orchard where the fruit can be secured freshly picked and direct from the trees.

Mr. Smith regarded this venture much in the light of an experiment, knowing how difficult it is to sell goods at a high price when apparently similar goods are on the market at a lower figure, and did not anticipate a large sale the first season.

He was agreeably disappointed. He placed his goods on the market in an attractive shape and advertised them on the ground of purity and quality, and has already found a large class of people who are willing to give his products a trial and on trial become regular customers.

One's Possibilities.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from these. If you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice.—EMERSON.

It is interesting to note despite the variety of Mr. Smith's interests how well they work in together. He grows fruit trees. The big rush in handling these is in the spring when not busy with anything else. He grows fruit in considerable quantities, which enables him to keep in close touch with the probable quantities which are likely to come upon the market at a given time. If he finds on his trees a very heavy crop of a certain variety of plums, grapes or peaches, he can pretty surely surmise that his neighbor will have a similar crop at about the same time, and can arrange for his market accordingly. Finally, if in shipping the fruit he finds there is an over-supply of peaches or any other fruit, such as likely to depress the market, he can turn the surplus into his factory, where it will reappear in the form of jam or preserved fruit to meet the demand which comes into play later during the fall or winter.

The fact that Mr. Smith's factory is located on his farm and communicates with the city only by means of the telephone and radial railway is significant. Indeed, it is no rash hazard to predict that with the development of radial railways and power lines throughout older Ontario similar industries will spring up all through the country and the centralizing movement that has been noticed for so long be checked.

The Fight for the "Open Shop."

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, IN WORLD'S WORK.

The great struggle going on at present between capital and labor centres about the "open shop." It was on this principle that the Chicago teamsters' strike was fought out, and it is the same principle over which employing patrons and the typographical union are now struggling.

TWO years ago no Chicago teamster dared to appear on his wagon without wearing the yellow button of his union, the Teamsters' Joint Council, which was the largest and most powerful union organization in the city. "As the teamsters go, all labor goes," was the saying. I stood at Washington and State Streets then and watched them drive by—the arrogant overlords of a great community's business. A month ago I stood at the same corner. One out of every four teamsters that passed wore the yellow button. It was no longer the badge of a defiant labor autonomy. The fierce strike in the spring had disrupted three teamsters' "locals" and broken their council's solid front. A non-union driver can now go through the streets without being assaulted or having his team wrecked. Hundreds of union men do not wear buttons. It was a victory for the open shop, the issue around whose far-flung battle line a great industrial fight is being waged.

What has happened in Chicago is happening in nearly every city in the country. Everywhere the excesses of labor unions and the abuses of their power are being resisted by strong organizations of employers. The employer is no longer the isolated prey of a powerful union. Organization has been met by organization and labor is embated by its own methods. To-day 500 employers' and other kindred associations, representing more than 100,000 employers, con-

front organized labor in the struggle for the maintenance of the open shop.

Now what is the open shop? Ask an employer and he says, "The right of any individual to work where and how he pleases without restriction or domination."

Ask a union man and he says, "The weapon for the destruction of the unions—a step to the non-union shop."

The tyranny of unionism precipitated the fight for the open shop. Primarily the causes are these.

(1) The restriction of product, which prevented able-bodied men from doing more work than the union rules imposed, often causing widespread idleness in shops and loss to employers.

(2) The limitation of apprentices, which deprived boys of the opportunity to learn trades.

(3) Interference by shop stewards and walking delegates with control of factories.

(4) Contempt for the authority of the employer and the law.

(5) The sympathetic strike, which forced thousands of employers into a contest in which they had no interest.

(6) The boycott, which blacklisted goods made in shops where union labor had been deposed.

The unions used to make joint agreements with employers to do certain things, but principally not to do things. But the "business agents," paraphrasing a New York politician's

picturesque remarks about the Constitution, asked, "What is a little thing like an agreement between unions?"

Thus agreements, principally to refrain from going on sympathetic strikes, were broken. The thralldom of employers and manufacturers is as old as the history of organized labor. They declared that the unions were running their shops and that they had no voice in the conduct of their own business. Competition made one employer profit by the labor troubles of his rival. The employers stood wide apart: the union workers stood together. The unions always won. In one year the losses from strikes were estimated at \$114,000,000.

Then came the organized revolt. It began at Dayton, Ohio, known as "the banner town of organized labor." Strikes had demoralized business. One day in 1900 the employers asked one another, "Why don't we organize and fight?" Then they formed the first employers' association in the United States; and, in a year, union aggression had ceased and the open shop was a reality. A year later the Employers' Association of Chicago, the largest and most militant of all associations of employers, was organized. It fought the unions in the stronghold of unionism. Its principles were "the open shop, no sympathetic strikes, no restriction of output, and the enforcement of the law." But the open shop was the principal issue. The example of Dayton and Chicago was quickly followed in Louisville, Indianapolis and other cities of the Middle West and East.

But they were having labor troubles in the farther West too. The Western Federation of Miners, for example, had run riot in lawlessness in Colorado and street-car operators

were terrorizing towns in Montana. The people, some of whom remembered the days of the Vigilantes, took the law in their own hands. This was the beginning of citizens' alliances. They, too, made the open shop their battle cry, but instead of being organizations of employers exclusively, they embraced citizens generally and employees. Out of these emergency organizations has grown the Citizens' Industrial Association of America, now numbering nearly a hundred organizations.

Thus there developed two kinds of agents working for the open shop—the employers' associations of the East and the citizens' alliances of the West.

In the meantime, the National Association of Manufacturers, now composed of 3,000 firms and individuals, which had been originally formed to develop our export business, turned its attention to checking what it considered a strong menace to industrial peace—the enactment of a national eight-hour law and the anti-injunction bill, which the American Federation of Labor persistently sought to get through Congress. With the election of Mr. D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, as president, the Association joined actively in the constantly growing movement against the unions. The fourth important agent was the American Anti-Boycott Association, organized to fight the boycotts instituted by the union hat-makers of Danbury, Conn. It used the injunction instead of the policeman and the strike-breaker, and it was just as effective.

One morning organized labor woke up to find arrayed against its hitherto impregnable line these four organizations whose members, handed by a common oppression, were dedicated to a mutual purpose—to curb the ex-

cesses of unionism and to secure the open shop. Let us see what they have done.

You will remember that the Chicago union teamsters (they number 35,000) had dominated the situation there and been a menace to its industrial peace and prosperity. But they are not so powerful now. Go to Sixteenth Street and Wabash Avenue, and you will see a big brick building with a sign "Employers' Teaming Company." Every day 150 teams come and go. The drivers wear no yellow buttons. Posted in a dozen places throughout the barn are these rules, the Chicago employers' declaration of industrial independence.

"Drivers at this stable must report for duty to the superintendent in charge and perform such work as he may direct.

"Any interference or discrimination of one driver against another by reason of his belonging or not belonging to any organization shall be considered cause for the discharge of the driver making such interference or discrimination.

"Absence from duty without giving a satisfactory reason or securing permission from the superintendent in charge, will be considered sufficient cause for dismissal from the service.

"Proof that any driver has unnecessarily obstructed the free movement of any conveyance on the streets will be considered sufficient cause for the discharge of such a driver.

"Drivers will not expose upon their person any button, badge, or pin, as they are objectionable to the employer."

The Employers' Teaming Company which was formed during the last teamsters' strike, has become a permanent business institution. Its teams, which went through the storm of bullets and bricks then, now move

unmolested in any part of Chicago. Its incorporators are all members of the Chicago Employers' Association and include such firms as Marshall Field & Company and Montgomery Ward & Company. It owns 150 teams and nearly 400 horses. It is open shop from end to end.

"We could do three times as much business if we had the teams," said the manager, Mr. E. L. Reed.

The Employers' Teaming Company has placed in the hands of the Chicago employers a powerful weapon for defense in strikes. Before it was organized, they were at the mercy of the union teamsters, the aggressors in nearly every labor disturbance. When they struck, business was tied up. Now the employers have only to increase their own teaming force to be independent and to keep their business moving.

Take the clothing trade, one of Chicago's largest industries, for another example. Three years ago all the shops were closed. Now they are all open, displaying this card:

"We run open shops free from union dictation, business agents, and shop stewards, where the best workmen receive the best pay."

There are peace and prosperity in the clothing industry in Chicago today. You don't see signs outside the shops, "Cutters wanted" or "Coat hands wanted," for the employers have their own labor bureaus. We shall see presently what these labor bureaus do.

Three years ago the machinists of Chicago were forcing agreements on the metal trades, "that only members of their union should be employed." To-day every machinist employed by a member of the Chicago Metal Trades Association signs an individual agreement, agreeing to work in an open shop and asking that there

be no discrimination against the union.

Go into any machine shop of the Chicago Metal Trades Association (and their membership is five-sixths of all the shops), and you will see the open-shop rules hanging where every man can see them. Among them are these:

"There shall be no restriction of the opportunities for deserving boys to learn a trade in this shop.

"There shall be no arbitrary limitation of the amount of work a workman or a machine may turn out in a day. We will not countenance any conditions which are not fair and which do not insure a good wage to a good workman."

The first is aimed at the union limitation of apprentices, the union contention being all along "that it is not fair to train too many skilled men."

At one union's limited rate of training apprentices, it was estimated that the craft would die out in fifty years! The second clause prevents restriction of output. There is no scarcity of men, because the Chicago Metal Trades Association maintains a labor bureau.

What has happened to the metal trades had happened with the brass workers. The brass manufacturers got tired of "restricted output," and they organized themselves and declared for the open shop. The union strack: their officers and the "business agent" are still out, but many of the men are back at work, in open shops.

The Carriage and Waggon Makers' Union had a strong organization. When the employers were rushed with orders, the men decided to make excessive demands. The employers met them with blank refusal.

"We must keep these shops open and running," they said. They lent

each other men to do it. They filled each other's orders. There was co-operation among competitors. But they won, and their shops to-day are open. Every employee signs an agreement which contains this clause:

"We, the undersigned employees of —, hereby agree to continue in their employment and faithfully and intelligently to work for them to the best of our ability, and to their best interests, until December 31, 1905. We also agree not to unite with other employees in any concerted action with a view to securing shorter hours, greater compensation, or interfering with the free conduct of the business of said —, in any manner."

Agreements still prevail between employer and employee, but they differ from the kind that the unions used to force.

A dozen other cases might be cited where the open shop has been established in Chicago. It includes the sash and door manufacturers, the packers, the master cleaners and dyers, the paint dealers, the furniture manufacturers, the cigar manufacturers, and the paper-box makers. In each of these organizations the employers are strongly organized and behind them is the Employers' Association, which has grown from thirty-two members in 1902 to 2,000 to-day. It has made every employer's fight its own fight. It fought and won the fight against the teamsters. Its work summed up is this: It has secured the open shop in establishments employing 114,749 men. It has a free employment bureau.

I asked Mr. Frederick W. Job, secretary of the association, how the fight would be continued, and he said: "The efforts of the association will be largely for the further establishment of the open shop and the elimination of the principle of the limita-

tion of output and of apprentices. In 90 per cent. of the industrial conflicts during the past four years, the open shop has won. We believe that the open shop is merely the embodiment of President Roosevelt's apt expression, 'a square deal, no more, no less.'"

But what is union labor in Chicago doing in the face of this battering? Two years ago, after a swift campaign, provoked by the activity of the Employers' Association, the membership of the Chicago Federation of Labor was 250,000. To-day it is scarcely 200,000.

"How is organizing coming on?" I asked District Organizer Fitzpatrick, who in one year added 40,000 members to the Federation.

"Not much doing now," he said. "Why?" I asked.

"It's hard to organize after losing strikes," he said.

Chicago's domination by organized labor has for many years been duplicated in San Francisco. They have no employers' association to oppose it. Instead, there is an aggressive citizens' alliance, with 17,000 members. In an election for mayor in which the two leading parties were sharply divided, the union labor candidate was elected. Then unionism ran riot. Everything and everybody was unionized. The newsboys, the sandwich vendors, even the girls who sold chewing gum on the street, were organized. Civil service in municipal affairs gave way to the closed shop. Then the Alliance got to work, and a change came, especially on the water front, where every man who worked or loafed belonged to some organization.

A vast business is done on the water front. Ships come and go from a hundred ports. One day a big ship came in from Tacoma, where there

was a strike among the stevedores. Its cargo had been loaded by non-union men. The San Francisco stevedores refused to unload it. Then, the ship owners said: "We will have it anyhow." They drove the union men from the docks and guarded the non-union men who went to work. This uprising resulted in the Water Front Association, composed of every employer with interests in a ship or shipping. To-day they maintain an open shop.

The opposition to union domination has reached the point in San Francisco where the Democrats and the Republicans put aside their party differences and fuse to defeat the union labor candidates.

Then there is the case of Los Angeles, where General Harrison Gray Otis fought and won a notable fight for the open shop in his paper, the Los Angeles Times. Without provocation, the International Typographical Union declared a strike. General Otis says, "It was not for wages but for the control of our business and the domination of our property." He had been a soldier and he resisted heroism, pocket, and the combined attacks of the allied labor strength of the Coast. He filled his shop with non-union men. They are still there, and the paper is more prosperous than ever.

This is the employers' and citizens' spirit that is sweeping the whole state. The fourteen California Citizens' Alliances have organized a State Federation which meets once a year.

We have seen what has happened in Chicago and San Francisco. How about New York, where for years unionism has been strongly entrenched and where the walking delegate has been a dictator?

It is first necessary to understand

these conditions: In Chicago the unskilled (and therefore more ignorant) workers dominate labor councils, while in New York the skilled and more intelligent workers are in the majority. Hence the situation in New York has been more difficult to handle. But the story of what the New York Metal Trades Association did to the Marine Trades Council is typical of the new conditions.

The Marine Trades Council is (or was) composed of the walking delegates of the unions working in the shipyards about New York. Chief among them was the Brotherhood of Boilermakers and Iron Ship Builders. They tyrannized the employers, for example, by doing half a job on a ship that had a contract to be ready to carry the mails under penalty for lack of promptness, and then they made an excessive demand. The ship builder or owner was helpless. He was obliged to yield. But they became tired of this domination and organized the New York Metal Trades Association, composed of men and firms who build and repair ships and manufacture boilers, engines, and machine tools. They declared for the open shop, but did not discriminate against any man who belonged to an organization. Then trouble began. The boilermakers demanded that the Townsend-Downey Ship Building Company should discharge two non-union men. The employer refused and the Metal Trades Association took up his fight and backed up his refusal. A sympathetic strike was called and 3,128 workmen went out because of the two non-union employees. The employers found out that the walking delegates had lied to the men by telling them that it was a strike against the introduction of piece work and longer hours. Then they printed a statement of the facts

and put it in the pay envelopes of the strikers. This presentation of the real cause of the strike, and the aggressiveness of the employers in replacing men, raised such a protest in their "locals" that the strike was called off, but only after the employers had forced an agreement that they might employ and discharge any employee whom they saw fit and would permit no interference by walking delegates with the men while at work. But when the agreement expired, there was a demand for a closed shop, which was promptly met by a refusal; and the boilermakers struck. Then the employers established a labor bureau and filled the places of the strikers with non-union men. They are still at work, and alongside of them are as many of the former strikers as have been able to get jobs. The walking delegate who precipitated the strike himself applied to the bureau for a place!

What is the result? To-day there is peace in the metal trades.

The business agent (or walking delegate) has been eliminated from interference with the men.

The Boilermakers' Union is practically disrupted.

Restriction of output has been abolished.

The right of the employer to distribute and to control his employees is recognized.

The open shop is in force in every metal trades establishment.

The Marine Trades Council exists only on paper.

In the New York building trades, the walking delegate is not as powerful to-day as he was when Sam Parks and his colleagues of the "Entertainment Committee" were rioting on money extorted from contractors. The building trades in New York and elsewhere are strongly unionized and

the closed shop prevails. But two significant things have happened.

The firms and individuals who build houses form the Building Trades Employers' Association. All labor disputes between its members and the building trades unions are now referred to what is known as the Arbitration Board of the New York Building Trades, of which Mr. Samuel B. Donnelly, a union man, is secretary. Formerly the New York building contractors made agreements with groups of unions; now they are made with single unions. It is a step toward negotiation with the individual. But — what is more important — in all the agreements now in force the walking delegate cannot do what Sam Parks and his kind did — hold the threat of a tie-up over a contractor until he should pay a big share of his profits for graft. In fact, the walking delegate has become what he was originally intended to be, merely the business agent of a union looking after its interests in a legitimate way.

The result may be summed up in a sentence: There has not been an important strike in the New York building trades for a year.

But all the fight for the open shop is not by employers' associations and kindred organizations. A way has been found through the courts. The case of Barry vs. Donovan is one in point. Barry was a shoe worker in the factory of Hazen B. Goodrich, at Haverhill, Mass. Donovan was the walking delegate of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. He made a closed shop agreement with Goodrich. Barry was ordered to join the union but he refused. He lost his job. Then he sued Donovan for damages for the loss of his place and got a verdict. The court held that Donovan had no right to induce an employer to dis-

charge an employee. It was an important precedent.

The now famous decision of Judge Holdom of Chicago on the Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Company strike, declaring picketing unlawful and a sympathetic strike a conspiracy, is a precedent successfully used in contests with unions during strikes. In three-fourths of the Chicago strikes, injunctions have been secured restraining strikers from interfering with non-union men on the ground that it was a conspiracy to prevent work. These injunctions are enforced. Hence the anti-injunction bill which the American Federation of Labor has tried hard to put through Congress. This bill, in the opinion of Mr. James M. Beck, chief counsel of the American Anti-Boycott Association, "legalized conspiracies" between unions but made it impossible to enjoin them.

The steady growth of litigation unfavorable to the unions, and the inability of employers' organizations successfully to oppose their favorite measures at Washington (where the unions on account of the pressure of the "labor vote" heretofore have been powerful), are signs of progress toward a restraint of unions.

You will have observed that nearly every strike ending in a victory for the open shop has been followed by the establishment of a labor bureau. The union men call it a black-list agency, because it keeps a check on a man's records, but employers have found it very useful. The National Metal Trades Association, in which practically all the local Metal Trades Associations are affiliated, furnishes a good example. It runs open shops. Therefore it cannot draw its men from the unions directly, and labor bureaus (which are employment agencies) have been established in a

dozen large cities. Take Chicago for example. The office is known as the Association Employment Bureau. Any man of good character wanting a job in the metal trades can apply there and in four out of five cases he secures work free of charge. He is required to give a complete record of himself, including the reasons why he left the shops where he was formerly employed. All the facts about him are put on a card which is kept in a permanent card catalogue. The secretary of the agency makes an investigation of the man's record. If it is found correct, he is given a card to an employer needing men. In this way the employers find out who the disturbers are, and they are kept out of the shops. Last year the Chicago labor bureau of the metal trades had 4,850 applicants and 3,000 men got jobs. No fee is charged in any of the bureaus.

The free employment bureau of the Chicago Employers' Association furnishes jobs for more than half the applicants. In hundreds of large stores and factories this sign is displayed: "Preference given to people having cards from the Employers' Association Employment Bureau."

But what is more important, the various metal trades labor bureaus in different cities are kept in touch with one another. If a man applying in Kansas City lies about the reason why he left a job there, he is sure to be found out if he applies in New York. The secretaries of bureaus have formed the Labor Bureau Secretaries' League. Mr. Henry C. Hunter, commissioner of the New York Metal Trades Association, is its president.

If a strike is threatened, for instance in the New York metal trades, Mr. Hunter can send a telegram to every labor bureau secretary, asking him to rush men to New York. In

twenty-four hours a hundred boiler-makers would be on their way from Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and a dozen other places. These labor bureaus all have competent men at their disposal.

These bureaus are an effective weapon against strikes. They have proved to the unions that the employers are no longer at their mercy, and that there is always a force of efficient men ready to be rushed to the union vacancies. It has made leaders cautious about calling men out. Formerly they called a strike and then considered the grievance. Now they consider the grievance carefully before ordering out the men, because these men have learned from experience that it is often difficult to get back, and when they return they must return to an open shop.

The non-union man is a large issue in the fight for the open shop. Who is he? The employer says that he is any individual who wants to sell his labor as he sees fit. The unionist says that he is a "scab" and "a strike-breaker."

There are good non-union men and bad non-union men just as there are good unions and bad unions. The good kind are not "strike-breakers," but decent citizens who want to work without restraint, and who sometimes cannot afford to pay union dues and assessments. The campaign for the open shop protects such as these. But strikes have produced strike-breakers of the type employed by Mr. James Farley, "the professional strike-breaker." They are the bad kind, to whom unions refer as "the scabs always looking for a decent man's job." They comprise the labor adventurers (no more "crooked," to be sure, than grafting walking delegates), most of whom are men chronically without jobs, and often

without countries, willing to go where there is danger.

There is the same distinction between the unions as between the men. For example, the Brotherhood of

Locomotive Engineers requires character as a requisite to membership as well as ability to handle a throttle; the men of the Teamsters' Union are of a much lower grade.

Charles M. Schwab Advocates Quality.

BY JAMES GREELMAN, IN NEW YORK WORLD.

Speaking as an American, the multi-millionaire steel manufacturer, Charles M. Schwab, admits that in the matter of quality, the United States is outstripped by Germany. In the United States, quantity, cheapness and speed are sought after first and quality second. In Germany, quality always takes first place.

It was of the titanic struggle between Germany and the United

States in steelmaking—that Charles M. Schwab was speaking. The president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation — acknowledged master steel-maker of the age—had touched upon his recent visit to the great steel plants of Germany, and the subject seemed to stir him profoundly. With characteristic frankness and simplicity, Mr. Schwab went directly to the heart of the subject, comparing the American love of brute bulk with the German pride of scientific perfection, and throwing a new and startling light upon the so-called primacy of America in the industrial world.

In the face of Mr. Schwab's opinion—and there is no more authoritative and responsible voice on this matter to be found anywhere in civilization — the piled-up statistics of manufacturers that have swelled the American bosom and tilted the American nose so high in the air take on a new and impressive significance.

"After going through the great German steel works this Summer I came back convinced that, in manufactures, the ideal of Germany is

quality, while the American ideal is quantity," said Mr. Schwab.

"In this country we have solved the question of vast economical output and have thus rendered a great service to civilization, but, meanwhile, the technical schools of our rival, Germany, have helped her to take the lead in the higher grades of manufactures.

"Our next great industrial problem is not simply to match Germany but to beat her in the quality of our products.

"This is a matter which deserves the serious attention of the nation. It will have an important bearing on our future leadership in the industrial world."

There is in Mr. Schwab a suggestion of tremendous force and movement that may be arrested only momentarily. He seems like some driving, impersonal energy, inseparable from flaming furnaces and roaring mills.

Looking into those keen dark eyes and masterful face, so full of eagerness and impatience, one forgets Mr. Schwab, the many-times millionaire, and his palace home, and thinks only of clanking machinery, of gun forg-

ings and armor plate and of 11,000 picked men working out one imperative will at Bethlehem.

For all the stillness and modesty of that little green-walled office in the tall Trinity Building—with imminent brown church spire and hoary graveyard and flashing expanse of ruffled water seen over jagged rooftops—it is the weekly, sometimes the daily, theatre of technical counsels involving the expenditure of millions of dollars.

In spite of the strain upon him, there was no sign of worry in that strong, un wrinkled face. He was as buoyant, as fresh and as interested as though he had just risen from a good, sound sleep. It is probably this ability to completely throw off the burden of one subject and easily grasp the details of another that enables Mr. Schwab to get through the prodigious amount of work which amazes all who know him.

"Nothing better illustrates these differing ideals of quality and quantity than the rival steel industries of Germany and the United States," he continued. "Take the automobile business, for instance. It is one of the largest and most active phases of modern development. It affects the convenience and the pleasure of all civilized countries. It involves vast capital and armies of workmen. Yet it is notorious that American automobiles have not ranked as high as European automobiles.

"Considering our matchless supply of raw materials and the energy, intelligence and practical ingenuity of our people, it has puzzled some people to account for our failure to keep abreast of Europe in this distinctly modern industry, an industry well adapted to our resources both of men and material.

"The truth is that we have hitherto made no genuine effort to produce forged steel working parts of automobiles of the highest quality. That is one of the reasons why our automobiles have not ranked with those of foreign make.

"Why, in Germany this Summer I saw them making automobile parts of the same fine steel used in guns. Now, how can our products compete with that sort of thing?

"It is a common saying that there is no demand for high quality in this country: that there is no market sufficient to justify first-class standards in manufacture.

"Let us see. When I returned from Germany, not so many weeks ago, I had a large shop for the making of high-grade forged automobile parts set up beside the Bethlehem Steel Works. What I had seen in Germany was the decisive influence in a long-considered project. I could see no reason why the United States should not attempt to take the lead in the manufacture of automobiles.

"What is the result? We already have orders for the full capacity of that shop for a year ahead, and my manager informs me that the plant must be quadrupled in size if we are to take care of the business in sight.

"That seems to me to be a practical and complete answer to the claim that it does not pay to turn out the highest type of finished products in this country.

"We have long since outstripped the rest of the world in manufacturing on a large scale, in producing cheaply and in supplying quickly. I suppose that in concentrating ourselves upon this task we have largely forgotten the higher standards of production. While here and there one finds high-grade manufacturers in

America, the highest world-standard is not characteristic of our industries.

The influence of science upon Germany is unmistakable. The supreme aim of the Germans seems to be to produce the very finest thing in the world, and then to produce something finer than that, and so on. You have a sense of an ambition to lead the world in quality wherever you go in Germany to-day. It impressed me as a wonderful national characteristic. The same spirit which has kept Germany ahead of all other countries in industrial chemistry, and in all industries allied to it, is observable, too, in her steel industries.

"You get some idea of the difference in practical ideals of Germany and the United States in conversing with manufacturers. The American expresses his success, his leadership, in immensity of output. The German dwells upon the unapproachable quality of his work. The American is apt to boast that he produces, say, five locomotives a day. The German would rather boast that he produced one locomotive a day but the best locomotive in the world. So it is through the whole range of industry.

"I suppose that it is only natural that our attention should have been concentrated almost entirely upon a great and quickly-delivered supply of cheap products, because our national growth has been so great and so swift. There has been nothing seen like it before in human history. And it is only proper that the United States should have credit for bringing the steel industry to a point, both as to supply and price, which made possible the present movement for the reconstruction of the world on a steel basis. The glory of that

can never be taken away from us. It may be that we have not developed an art or a science as great as that of Europe. But each country must contribute to civilization in its own way and in its own time; and America has certainly broadened the foundations of the world's industrial life and has in that way contributed to the comfort and betterment of humanity.

"But, having mastered the problem of immense and economical production, we are now face to face with the question raised by Germany, with her scientific spirit and technical schools. We have the best supply of raw materials in the world. We have the most energetic and intelligent population in the world. There is no reason why we should not now address ourselves to the question of the highest world-standards in everything.

"We are apt to forget that the world is constantly seeking for the best, that we cannot make anything too good for the market. We can overcome competition in two ways: one is by selling cheaper and the other by making better. There is no reason why we should not lead the world in both.

"Some years ago an American engineer invented a rolled steel column that could be made in one piece. It was a great improvement on the ordinary steel column made in this country, which consists of two or more pieces and is riveted together. This column is a highly scientific and simple device which effects a saving of 10 per cent. in material for the same strength. He tried in vain to have the scheme taken up by American steel men. Then he went to Germany, where the idea was at once adopted and a large steel mill built

to carry it out. On my visit to Germany this year I went through this plant. The advantage of the new steel column was obvious. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation is about to build the largest works in the world for the construction of these steel columns.

"The reason why the rails of our great railways wear out so rapidly is not that the quality of the steel has deteriorated, but traffic has increased and the weight of the cars has grown and we have not raised the standard of our steel rails sufficiently to keep pace with the increasing demands made upon them. One of the most important railway presidents in the country said to me not long ago that he didn't seem to be able to find steel rails that would stand the test of modern traffic. They wore out too soon. He said that he would be willing to pay almost any price for the right kind of rails. It was not alone the cost of repair and replacement that he had in mind, but also the costliness of an interruption of traffic.

"The other day I was talking to Admiral Melville, the chief engineer

of our navy, about the materials for naval boilers. My idea is a nickel steel that costs about a dollar a pound. The steel in our naval boilers at present costs something like eight or ten cents a pound. The only thing that stands in the way of the non-corroding nickel steel is the cost of the material. 'No price, however great, should stand between us and the highest obtainable standard of efficiency,' said the admiral. He was right.

"My own experience in the American steel industry convinces me that no standard can be too high in manufacture. There is a ready market awaiting all who have courage enough to aim at the best in material and in workmanship. There is no reason why Germany should lead us in anything. Four years ago the Bethlehem steel works employed only three thousand men. We have devoted ourselves entirely to steel making of the highest grade. To-day we employ eleven thousand men. What has proved to be true in the steel industry will, I believe, be true in any other branch of manufacture."

Cultivate Happiness

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come, as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come and is sure.—T. FULLER

Railroad Rebates.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER, IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Investigation by the State Government of Wisconsin disclosed the appalling fact that every railroad of any importance in the state was a rebate law-breaker. Every road gave rebates every year, on both passenger and freight earnings. This article details the rebate and shows how it is paid and its general effect on industry.

WHAT is a rebate? Strictly speaking, a rebate is a sum of money secretly paid back by a railroad company to a favored shipper as a refund upon his freight rate. And in this narrow sense, rebating is undoubtedly much less common than formerly. But the people, who are unaccustomed to making close distinctions—to whom stealing of any one of the seventeen kinds known to the law is still plain stealing—use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics, "bribery" in the narrow sense—the ugly crude payment of cash—may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial green bay-tree.

Indeed, there has been the same development in railroad (and in wider business) corruption, as in political corruption.

The railroad Crooks have followed the railroad Tweeds; and we discover that the crude cash rebate is being replaced by scores of cunning devices of discrimination which accomplish the same results even more successfully and secretly than the cash rebate. Such, for example, are the widespread abuses that have grown up around the private car system, the industrial railroad, the "line" elevator; such is the midnight tariff, the abuse of the carting and switching

charge, and innumerable other devices. And these new methods have not even the virtue of open-air robbery; they are the work of underhand cunning, performed in the twilight of legality.

But I do not wish to admit for a moment that even the crude cash rebate has disappeared—vulgar and criminal as it is, and boldly as the railroad presidents have denied its existence. It has not disappeared, and really frank railroad men will admit it. I quote, for example, from a pamphlet by L. F. Day, vice-president of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad:

"After the passage of the Elkins law," he says, "there was a very great improvement in the rate situation, because shippers, as well as railroad men, were of the opinion that convictions could readily be obtained under the law. . . . This better condition has not steadily continued, because the belief has grown among shippers and others concerned that there is to be no serious effort to bring about the maintenance of rates under the provisions of the Elkins law."

Corroborating this view, we discover that the first conviction under the Elkins law was obtained only the other day (September 21, 1905), about two and one-half years after its passage. Four beet-packers in Chicago were fined \$35,000 for accepting rebates.

On the very face of it the Elkins law, being a federal statute, did not

and could not apply to the immense traffic carried within the limits of the various states. though the plausible impression has been given by the railroad men that it did away with all rebates. Here, then, in state business, we find exactly what we might expect to find: rebates still paid in large sums.

But perhaps I can best illustrate this fact, as well as many other remarkable features of the rebate evil, by recounting the recent experience of the state of Wisconsin, where Governor La Follette has just completed the most thorough investigation perhaps ever made by a state into railroad affairs.

In most places I visited, both east and west, I found plenty of individual charges of rebates, but they were not easily substantiated. A merchant or manufacturer would give me the most convincing circumstantial evidence that his competitor received rebates. If I went to the competitor he would, of course, flatly deny receiving any such rebates and the railroad officials naturally supported him.

This condition of vague charges boldly denied, with no way of getting real proof, has long prevailed throughout the country. Every one concerned is in a conspiracy of secrecy and the outsider who knows to a certainty that he is being discriminated against, who sees his business dwindling away in loss and ruin, can obtain no relief because he can not prove his case.

Governor La Follette had not been long at his work before he saw that legislation, so he really effective, must be preceded by a thoroughgoing knowledge of the facts.

No one, indeed, who looks into the efforts of the states to restrain the excesses of railroad rate-taxation can

fail to be amazed by the misinformation upon which much of the legislation has been founded.

The method of seeking facts has often been puerile in the extreme, as far from the intelligent directness of the business man, who wants to buy a railroad, as could be imagined. Many valuable and interesting things were said last Winter and Spring before the United States Senate Committee which investigated the railroads. Legal details—which don't much matter—were well thrashed out. But the facts, the real facts, as to rebates and discriminations, cost of service, true profits of railroads, definite information as to valuation, ownership, capitalization, taxation, and so on, which must, after all, be the basis of intelligent legislation, were curiously slighted. This is the way, for example, the committee got evidence regarding rebates. They called a railroad president and asked him soberly:

"Does your company pay rebates?"

"No, sir," he said, with equal sobriety, "rebates have disappeared." They called another railroad president.

"How about discriminations?"

"Discriminations are unknown, sir, to the ——— railroad."

The accumulation of denials before they got through was something prodigious! As for looking into the books of the companies for real proof—no one, apparently, thought of it!

In Wisconsin—and that has been the cause of the terrific political struggle out there—Governor La Follette wanted, not mere charges on the one hand and denials on the other—both quibbles, perhaps, on the meaning of the word "rebate"—but downright, definite facts.

The information regarding rebates in Wisconsin came out as the by-pro-

duct of an investigation into railroad taxation. It was charged a number of years ago that the railroad corporations were avoiding taxes—that they did not pay their full share.

"The tax law," said Governor La Follette, in his message of May, 1905, "was of their own devising and in practice it permitted them (the railroads) to tax themselves. The amount of earnings which they reported was the basis of their own taxation. They were in control of all facts pertaining to their earnings."

Governor La Follette thought there should be some way of ascertaining the facts besides asking the railroad men themselves, and taking their ready assurances. In 1903, after a bitter fight, legislation was passed empowering the Railroad Commissioner, John W. Thomas, to employ skilled investigators who should go, not to the railroad presidents for denials, but into the railroad offices, among the actual books, files, receipts and vouchers and investigate the real accounts of gross earnings. Every one supposed that this investigation, like most railroad investigations, would be a farce. Governor La Follette said in his message:

"When public attention was directed to the subject by the special message which I submitted to the legislature two years ago, it was made a matter of jest and criticism. When the work was finally undertaken, it was predicted that it would fail of any results. It was a great undertaking. The work is involved and complicated. It has been prosecuted under many difficulties."

Governor La Follette possesses one quality sometimes lacking in reformers, thoroughness. For about two years, four or five skilled accountants have been at work in the main offices at Chicago and other cities, of all

the railroads that traverse Wisconsin. Before they began their work the railroad men denied just as plausibly and as positively as they did last Winter in Washington, that there were any such things as rebates; but the very first thing the investigators learned was that immense amounts of money paid as unlawful rebates did not appear in the gross earnings reported by the companies. And when the cases came into court a few months later, these same men, who had denied the existence of rebates, in order to prevent all the details coming out in court—for they fear nothing so much as real publicity—signed a stipulation admitting that they had made those illegal rebate deductions from gross earnings!

The total amount of all such deductions from 1897 to 1903 was found to be \$10,500,000 in the state of Wisconsin alone.

"Upon this amount," said Governor La Follette, in his message, "the railroads should have paid a tax of four per cent., or approximately \$420,000, of which sum the state has been defrauded."

Three small railroad companies at once paid up, but the others are now fighting the state in the courts.

Of the \$10,500,000 of illegal tax deductions about \$7,000,000 was in the form of illegal rebates and discriminations of all sorts. In getting at these figures the investigators went back in all cases to original records of the companies themselves and they excluded every sort of refund that could, by any excuse, be called legitimate—such as refunds on account of charity, courtesies between railroad officials, overcharges, mistakes, accidents, bankruptcies, and other refunds where no discrimination was practiced, as in the redemption of mileage-book covers. After leaving out

all these items it was shown that every railroad of any importance in the state was a rebate law-breaker. Every road gave rebates every year—and upon both freight and passenger earnings. Here is a table of passenger and freight rebates paid by the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin from 1897 to 1903:

	Freight.	Passenger.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	\$1,246,337.99	\$176,860.80
Chicago & North-western	3,053,696.09	\$14,250.50
Chicago & North-western		
Illinois Central	525,203.31	\$4,529.64
Wisconsin Central	244.6 2.12	\$3,475.35
San Jose	\$6,062.15	25,867.52
Rock Island	395,149.52	
Other railroads	154,677.82	\$19,401
	\$6,111,688.12	\$102,981.76

Large as these figures are, they represent only a part of the rebates really paid and do not, of course, give any idea of the tremendous machinery of favoritism which is not represented by actual cash items.

Part of these rebates were paid on state business, but a far larger part on interstate business. And the Elkins law, which was supposed to put an end to rebating, apparently had no effect whatever on the volume of rebates paid.

One of the most significant showings made by the investigation was the remarkable falling off in the amount of money paid in rebates the moment the expert accountants went to work. Here, for example, is a list of the sums of money paid monthly during 1903 in illegal rebates by one of the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin:

January, 1903	\$ 37,660
February	57,000
March	47,000
April	36,400
May	25,000
June	15,000
July	101,000
August	32,400
September	46,800
October	9,000

November	666
December	2,032

Is not this interesting? The Elkins law went into effect in February, 1903, and it will be seen that it hardly made a ripple in the amount of rebates paid. The Wisconsin investigators began work September 20, 1903, and instantly the rebates dropped off to \$9,000 in October and to only \$666 in November. This shows three significant things: First, how little the railroads care for law when there is no adequate machinery of enforcement; second it shows the marvellous efficacy of real publicity. Without any threat of prosecution, indeed, without any intention of looking for rebates at all, the very sunlight of publicity almost dried up this particular rebate plague spot. Third, it showed that the officials of this railroad, although previously denying rebates, knew that they were guilty of criminal practices; otherwise, they would not of their own motion have cut off the payment of rebates in October and November. One of their rubber stamps, "Not conflicting with the Elkins law," used on certain vouchers showed how clearly they recognized what the law really was—though they did not obey it until October, when threatened with actual exposure. These are certain excellent lessons for Congress and for state governments which really and honestly wish to make the railroads obey the law.

But there is evidence that the railroads have really made an attempt to obey the Elkins law and that this attempt has actually resulted in decreasing largely the amount of cash rebates paid.

It can not be too often pointed out that the railroad man no more desires to pay rebates than the people desire to have him. It is plain that

every rebate paid represents just so much money lost in earnings. Indeed, the Elkins law was originally drawn up in the office of A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was a railroad measure, else it would never have passed Congress so easily. And the railroads really wanted to obey it, but one reckless traffic agent cut the rate here, another there, and soon they were all foundering again in the old bog of lawlessness and favoritism where they are struggling at this moment. The secrecy and mystery with which railroad men cover their operations made them the easier victims of the irresponsible rate-cutter and the avicious shipper.

But the fact that cash rebating has decreased in volume is by no means evidence that the principle of railroad discrimination has been changed. New ways of rebating were devised, but the thing itself—the injustice, inequality and favoritism—continued with uninterrupted vigor.

As a single example, the Elkins law, as I have said, applied only to interstate business. Accordingly, the Wisconsin investigators found that the railroads sometimes divided their interstate shipments so as to pay the rebate only on the Wisconsin or Illinois end of it. In one instance a railroad made out a "mem-bill" and shunted the carload across the state line where a new bill of lading was made out and stamped "Purely State Business"—and the rebate was then paid without fear. Innumerable other ways were devised. I saw a most remarkable statement of the amounts paid by one railroad to "encourage new industries." This is one of the points upon which railroad companies commend themselves—very often justly; they help establish infant industries, "develop the country." So

this particular list was most impressive. Such evidence of activity in new industries along this line of road seemed a tribute to a most enterprising industrial agent. But the investigators looked into some of the new industries so greatly encouraged by contributions of cash. One was established in 1873—an infant thirty-two years old. But others were really younger, scattered through the 80's and 90's mostly—and the cash they received were old-fashioned rebates!

After I had examined a few dozen of such devices I was inspired with a new respect for the genius displayed in railroad bookkeeping. Some one should write a book on the "Marvels and Possibilities of Astute Accounting."

The conclusive upshot of the whole matter lies in the discovery by the investigators that the total rebates paid by the railroads in 1903, under the regime for ten months of the Elkins law (which took effect February 19, 1903), were greater than the rebates of 1902. In 1902, according to Mr. Thomas' report to the governor, the Milwaukee Railroad paid \$224,445.71 in freight rebates; in 1903 the payment was \$295,572.77. The Northwestern road jumped from \$212,075.31 in 1902, before the Elkins law, to \$410,476.90, mostly after the Elkins law took effect. This shows how little effect in stopping rebates the Elkins law really had. It is unfortunate that a change in the Wisconsin tax laws should have served to re-strengthen the investigation from going beyond December 31, 1903, but it can be said with absolute certainty that rebates and discriminations continue to-day exactly as in the past, though often in changed forms, and probably in certain parts of the country in much smaller volume than formerly.

There are reasons, indeed, why rebating should have decreased in the last three years. That decrease is not so much due to the Elkins law, which so far has been a harmless bagaboo, or to the pious resolve of the railroad men, but to the rapid consolidation of railroads in non-competing ownerships; in other words, to railroad monopoly. There is not the temptation now to pay rebates in the northwest where J. J. Hill controls all the railroads, or in the southeast where Morgan is king, or in California which is dominated by Harriman; monopoly arms the railroads against the greedy big shippers. But even where monopoly ownership exists, rebates, as I shall show, are still paid by the personally ambitious traffic officials of the subsidiary roads.

But if monopoly decreases rebates it introduces quite a different and a very real new danger—that of rate extortion, a most important subject which I shall treat in another article.

What is true in Wisconsin is true in various degrees elsewhere. An investigation along similar lines in Minnesota, begun before that of Wisconsin, though by no means so complete and definite, showed precisely the same facts, that enormous amounts in rebates were paid by the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and other Minnesota railroads. And in the Minnesota cases, to prevent the full facts being made public in court, most of the railroads paid the additional taxes demanded by the state and thereby forestalled further agitation and publicity.

Let us examine, now, the methods employed by the railroads in making these discriminatory payments. I cannot attempt completeness, for the devices are legion, but I can perhaps give enough illustrations to show the general system.

In the first place, all rebates are law-breaking conspiracies. To call a spade a spade, they are conspiracies to rob, as much so as if the general freight agent and the shipper got together and agreed to hold up another shipper in the night and steal his pocketbook.

Rebates and discriminations are forbidden by law, the same as highway robbery; therefore they must be accomplished by roundabout, secret, devious methods, some of which plainly break the law, others of which are so neatly adjusted that they narrowly escape the letter of the law.

The common method of rebating in past years was for the railroad company to charge the favored shipper the full freight on his goods, and then at stated periods send him a check to the full amount of the agreed rebate. That was one way—crude and easily discovered. Another way was and is to pay the favored shipper a so-called commission on his business, as though he were an agent of the company. Still another way is to pay a real traffic agent, say at Milwaukee, a large commission or a large salary, which he divides with the favored shipper. This method has spread enormously in the past year—to the alarm even of the railroads. The Wisconsin investigators found innumerable other devices, like the under-billing and the under-weighing of freight, the allowance to the favored shipper of cartage or switching charges, or the permission to hold cars as storage for coal or lumber for a long time without demurrage, or refunding the demurrage, if charged.

From figures given above, showing that the St. Paul Railroad paid only about half the amount of rebates in 1903 as the Northwestern Railroad, it may be concluded that the St. Paul is therefore the more virtuous.

But figures are proverbially deceptive. It was found that sometimes when one railroad frankly paid cash the rival road had another more secret, underhanded way of doing the same thing. In one city there are two equally important shippers in the same business. One of them used one railroad and received large rebates, the other, shipping by the other road, apparently received no rebates. But the investigators knew that the second shipper could not have done business for a month in competition with the first unless this great discrepancy in rebates was somehow equalized. Upon instituting inquiries they found that the local agent of the second road was empowered to correct the way-bill and deduct a certain percentage from every freight bill presented to the favored shipper and to forward the amount collected as the full payment taking the necessary credit in the agent's weekly report. By this method no incriminating evidences of rebates crept into the books of the St. Paul road.

And now the Northwestern Railroad has chosen new methods; it is learning by experience. When the Wisconsin investigators began work the Northwestern Railroad stopped paying cash rebates almost entirely; but immediately it began to issue a great many so-called "holograph tariffs"—that is, rate schedules, not regularly printed, and barely creeping within the fringe of the law, even if they do that. And the effect of the holograph tariff was to give certain shippers advantages over others—exactly what the rebate did. Nothing could show better the progress from the crude cash rebate to the underhand device which accomplishes the same end.

In some cases discriminations are the result of intentional mistakes in

printing rate schedules. A defective tariff is issued to the shippers in which, let us say, the very natural error of a 3, used for an 8, appears—a rate of 33 instead of 38. When a few copies have been printed the error is "discovered," and the schedule corrected for all ordinary shippers.

Another device shows how the passenger and freight departments of a railroad work together in giving rebates. It has long been known that the favored shipper could often get a pass not only for himself, but for his entire family. This is, of course, a true rebate, for it saves the shipper just so much money. But it is more or less public, therefore undesirable. Accordingly, one Wisconsin railroad, among others, has been employing a much shrewder device. Certain large concerns in Wisconsin who employ traveling men, purchase the ordinary passenger mileage-books, upon the cover of which, when the mileage is used, the railroad will refund \$20. But it was discovered that in the case of certain favored shippers, when the cover was sent back the railroad refunded \$20 in the ordinary way and then afterwards and secretly they rebated the entire original cost of the book—or \$60. In other words, these favored Wisconsin industries were able to send out their entire force of traveling men without paying one cent of railroad fare—while their competitors paid full fares. A good many business men of Wisconsin do not know, to-day, of this insidious and despicable competition which is undermining their business. This article may give them the first news of it!

One of the concerns thus enabled to send out its traveling men free was the Northern Grain Company. I am allowed to print the names in this case because they have already been

publicly exposed by Governor La Follette. The Northern Grain Company owns a large number of elevators along the line of the Northwestern and the Wisconsin Central railroads. It has been successful in driving out competition and monopolizing the grain business in many towns. Independent elevator men have been forced out of business, and the Northern Grain Company has the farmers of a large territory wholly at its mercy. Why? In five years the Northern Grain Company received in rebates from the Northwestern Railroad alone \$151,447.47—or \$30,000 a year, a fine profit in itself if they made no money at all on the grain business. Part of this was paid in passenger mileage-books in the way I have described; the remainder in cash rebates. The traveling men of this concern apparently paid their fare like ordinary citizens, arousing no suspicion, while as a matter of fact they were traveling free. But this is not the only interesting thing about the Northern Grain Company. Its president is O. W. Mosher, of New Richmond, Wisconsin. In 1901 and 1903 Mr. Mosher was a state senator. And as a state senator he was one of the leaders in the fight against every reform measure proposed by Governor La Follette, especially the railroad bills. He defended "individual liberty" and the right of the railroad companies to "control their own property"—and at that very time, though no one knew it then—his company was getting more than \$30,000 a year rebates from the railroads. All of which throws an interesting light upon the business man in politics and accounts for some of the opposition to proper railroad regulation. A real investigation of railroad affairs in other states would show many a similar "coincidence"—as I

heard this case euphoniously called.

Here is a copy of an actual letter, names withheld, sent by a general freight agent at Chicago to a local station agent in Wisconsin, directing him how to give a rebate to a certain shipper of coopeage stock. It shows one way of granting a rebate from the published freight rate:

"To the agent at ———:
 "Dear Sir:—For your information I would state that we wish to have the rate on coopeage stock for ——— 15c. There are some reasons why we do not wish to put in this tariff. Please bill all future shipments for ——— via ——— care of ——— R. R. at the through rate of 17½c per cwt. For instance, a car weighed 40,000 lbs. at 17½c would be \$70.00, and you would show in prepaid column \$10.00. This would leave \$60.00 to be collected, which would be 40,000 lbs. at 15c. You will please send me at the close of each month a statement of the amount you are outstanding on account of the 3¼ billed prepaid, and your station will be relieved. In this way shippers will not be required to pay more than 15c through. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this letter, stating that you understand.

"Yours truly,

"Gen. Frt. Agent."

This letter is the evidence of a deliberate violation of the law. The law requires that new rates shall be printed and filed, that no reduction shall be given without three days' notice, and makes it a criminal offence to discriminate secretly between shippers. And yet here is a signed letter of the general freight agent of a great railroad company ordering the station agent to break all these laws!

But in this case, as in most cases, the railroad man was no more to

blame than the shipper of the coopeage stock. It was exactly the case of briber and bribed in politics. The general freight agent surely would have preferred to get a 17½-cent rate rather than a 15-cent rate. It would have meant \$10 a car more income for his company. But in order to get the business of the coopeer away from a rival railroad he thought he had to break the law and make this reduction. Of course the coopeer knew his power, and used it. He literally dazzled the eyes of the various rival railroad agents with his carloads, until they were all bidding against one another—and the law was tossed to the winds. The point that I wish to

make strongly is that this was a conspiracy, with the shipper fully as much to blame as the railroad men—if not more to blame.

Thus Rockefeller got his first rebates—actually driving the railroads to his terms. He had such large shipments that the loss of them to a railroad company meant large losses in earnings, large losses in earnings meant no dividends, and whenever the Wall Street owners of a railroad learn the appalling fact that there are no dividends to be paid, the command goes forth, "Off with the president's head." And off it goes.

"Get dividends," say the owners of the railroads, "or get out."

The Grand Canal of China.

BY FREDERIC WILLIAMS, IN TECHNICAL WORLD.

The Grand Canal of China was built fifteen hundred years ago, and today it is one of the marvels of the world. It is by far the longest artificial waterway on the face of the globe. It passes through a densely populated country, and carries all sorts of merchandise in all sorts of craft. As an engineering feat, the building of this canal ranks with any work of a similar nature to-day.

DIFFERENT from all other great canals—as its country is different from other countries—is the Grand Canal of China. While Europe was settling down to the long lethargy of the Dark Ages, centuries before America was discovered, the Chinese began the construction of a waterway for internal communication which became and for many hundreds of years remained one of the engineering marvels of the world. Even to-day, perfected as engineering art has become, the Grand Canal of China excites admiration. No other artificial waterway of a period prior to the last half-century is comparable with it. As an evidence of the canal-building skill of mankind fifteen hundred years ago, it is of unique present-day interest.

The hand of progress, so noticeable in almost all other countries, has been little felt in the China of recent dynasties; and the Grand Canal has fallen into the same neglect which has marked everything else in the Celestial Empire. The people who practiced many useful arts long ages before the rest of the world had emerged from comparative barbarism, have been smitten with a palsy of inaction; and engineering science, which demands inventiveness and application, has sunk to the lowest level. But the swing of the pendulum, making the rise and fall of nations, the births and deaths of world-powers, seems now to be bringing China again into line in the march of progress. The evidences of her awakening are on every hand. In engineer-

ing alone, notable advances are being made. The Grand Canal, which ten or twelve years ago had fallen into such disuse that Sir Charles Beresford wrote of seeing pigs burrowing in its bottom below Soo-chau, is being repaired; and commerce, which had begun to be diverted to coast-wise routes, is once more taking its way along its channel.

Almost twice the length of the Erie Canal, or about 700 miles, the Grand Canal of China is by far the longest artificial waterway in the world. With its connecting rivers it links together parts of the empire which are separated by more than one thousand miles. It passes through one of the most thickly populated sections on globe; and the variety of craft which navigate its waters is the most wonderful on earth. Large Chinese junks, with wide-spreading sails, alternate with little canoes sculled by a man standing in the stern; barges, laden with every kind of merchandise, drag their tedious journey past small slipper-shaped craft used as despatch boats, which can go everywhere, so little water do they draw; there are boats with paddle-wheels at the side turned by coolies who work within—a half-dozen or so on each vessel; boats owned by heggars, who sail through the canal from one town to another, anchoring in the channel while they go ashore to ply their mendicant trade; and boats filled with lepers being transported to some colony of their kind.

For ninety miles between the Hoangho and Yangtze rivers, the Grand Canal is an elevated waterway, carried over the country on embankments twenty feet high and of varying thickness. The canal along this elevated structure is about 200 feet wide, and the current runs at a rate of about three miles an hour. The

mound of earth which supports the water is kept together by retaining walls of stone; and so staunch is the work that the lapse of centuries has seen no damage caused by break to the cities and towns which stand on the lower level along the route.

In just what year and by what ruler the construction of the Grand Canal was begun, is not known. That famous traveler, Marco Polo, says it was constructed by Kuhlai Khan (13th century); but other historians give it an earlier date. At any rate, that part which lies between the two great rivers was made some time in the seventh century, by princes of the Tang dynasty; the channel from Lintsing-chau to the Yellow River was dug by the Mongols in the thirteenth century; and the southern portion was completed by the Chinese under the Ming dynasty, in the fourteenth century.

The conception and construction of the waterway give evidence of great mental breadth and skill; and, although one of the chief purposes of its building was to facilitate the transport of tribute rice to the imperial granaries, due credit must be given to its projector for opening up so great a general trade route for the empire. About 1,500,000 quarters of rice alone are transported by way of the canal from the southern provinces every year.

The Grand Canal, together with the rivers which it forms into a connected system of inland navigation, waters a plain which contains about 200,000,000 inhabitants. It serves not only for navigation, but also for draining and irrigation. At one time, before the fury of the Taiping rebellion laid alive but one-thirtieth of the population of a province, dwelling touched dwelling along the entire route; and such a collection of

bridges of all types spanned the canal as the rest of the world could not equal. Then there was a continuous stone embankment, with a smooth granite curb, for 600 miles along the waterway, and on either side a well-kept road formed by the earth thrown up from the channel.

The route of the Grand Canal is from Hang-chau, south of the Yangtze Kiang, to Tientsin and Peking; and in its course it cuts both the Yangtze and Yellow (Hoang-ho) rivers, as well as several smaller streams. The channel varies greatly in width, in some parts following the beds of rivers, winding in and out for many miles without a lock. There is not a lock for 380 miles north of Chinkiang.

As the canal passes mostly through alluvial soil, the chief labor problem of the builders was in making the banks, rather than in digging the channel. In some places the bed was cut down from forty to seventy feet, but so great obstacles were encountered. The banks were formed by building stone facings, and also by using the natural soil in combination with the thick stalks of the gigantic native millet.

No machinery except that of the simplest character was used in digging the canal. With the Chinese, machinery is intended merely to assist and not to replace hand labor. Consequently the expenditure of human effort in the construction of the Grand Canal was enormous. Any estimate of the cost of the waterway would be a mere guess, but it is probable that if the labor had been paid for on a fair commercial basis it would have amounted to much more than the \$120,000,000 required to build the Suez Canal.

Some of the work was performed in equal portions by soldiers, workmen,

and the inhabitants both of the towns and rural districts. Each family within a certain radius was required to furnish a man of between fifteen and fifty years of age, to whom the Government paid nothing but his food. The soldiers to whom the lot fell to work on the canal, received an increase in pay, which was made up for by the specially hired laborers receiving no pay at all on certain days of the month. The method of operation was simply by hand shovel and bucket, horses and donkeys being used at times to convey the excavated earth to the bank.

In places where the soil was clayey it was cut into blocks by shovels and tossed from hand to hand by coolies standing in rows from the workings to the bank. Where the clay would not retain its form well enough to permit of tossing, it was carried in baskets suspended at the end of bamboo shoulder-poles.

The contrivances for locks along the canal are very simple—stout boards, with ropes at each end of them, being let down edgewise over each other through grooves in the stone piers. Boats are dragged through and up the sluices by means of ropes communicating with large windlasses worked on the bank, which haul them safely but very slowly. Artificial basins were hollowed out in the banks of the canal at these locks, where boats might anchor securely. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of very rude construction. Soldiers and workmen are constantly in attendance at these sluices, and the danger to boats is diminished by coils of rope hung down at the sides to break the force of possible blows.

The canal is fed by innumerable creeks and rivers, the current flowing in one direction from the highest point (the influx of the Yun-ho), and

in the other direction beyond it. Part of the water of the Yun-ho runs south and part north, and a great stone facing has been built along the side of the canal opposite its inflow to break the force of the current. Here a temple has been built to the Dragon King, or genius of the watery element, who has the canal in his keeping. To concentrate the waters of the Yun-ho and other rivers at this point, in order to secure an adequate supply for the canal, an engineer named Sung Li, in the service of the Emperor Hing-wu, in 1875, employed no fewer than 300,000 men at one time. He accomplished his object in seven months.

Much money has been set apart every year for the maintenance and repair of the canal; but, as a general rule, the appropriations have gone to line the pockets of dishonest officials. Of late, however, an improvement in conditions is noted, and the canal is being dredged at several places where it had become filled with silt. The disastrous invasions of floods from the Yellow River, which have diverted considerable of the former carrying trade of the canal to the Yellow Sea, constitute still another phase of the problem, which is receiving attention at the hands of the canal engineers.

The opening of the interior waterways of China to foreign trade a few years ago has done much to increase the commerce of the treaty ports, and is leading to a greater use of the Grand Canal. The imports of Tientsin, at the head of the canal, increased over 50 per cent. during the decade 1894-1904. The right of foreigners to travel to all interior points for business or pleasure, and the privilege of navigating all

streams with small steam vessels, are making their effect very noticeable.

Travel by boat is the most convenient and comfortable method in China; and throughout the basin watered by the Grand Canal there is so vast a system of natural and artificial waterways that there is scarcely a dwelling which may not be reached by a boat of some sort. Along some parts of the canal steam-boats are as yet forbidden; but the native house-boats, which are of all sizes, can be made comfortable. On the larger of these, where there is no competition with steamers, the fare asked is 185 cash (10 cents) a stage; and where competition exists, this is cut down to 133 cash (8 cents). In addition, however, wine money and incense money must be paid, the latter to propitiate the gods and secure good weather. Food is extra, and a sumptuous repast of rice will cost the diner two cents.

The endless lines of large red-painted vessels which Marco Polo saw on the Grand Canal, laden with cargoes of tribute rice and with silks and other products of the south for barter with the Mongols of the north, have given place to small junks and house-boats; but the number of these is legion. They all have one feature in common, and only one. That is the wide-staring eye, painted on either side of the prow, with which the boat is supposed to see. A friend who had traveled on the canal told the writer he had once got into trouble with a boatman because he sat with a leg dangling carelessly over the bow, the foot now and then swinging over the painted eye. How, indeed, could the boat go straight with its vision thus obscured?

The Romance of the Auction Room.

BY J. A. MIDDLETON IN PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Extraordinary things have been sold in auction rooms. As the writer says "Nothing is sacred to the auctioneer." Great auk's eggs command an enormous price and are very rare. Relics of famous men, paintings, vases and art goods are largely traded in. A long list of articles which have sold high up, has been compiled by the writer.

QUEER things come under the auctioneer's hammer in cosmopolitan London. From an idol's eye to a lock of Napoleon's hair nothing is sacred to the auctioneer. It is odd, too, how the most gruesome relics will always find a ready sale—hoodstained garments and handkerchiefs worn by victims of assassinations or criminals on the scaffold or guillotine, bullets that have brought death, cases containing mummies, or skeletons, and so on. There was active competition lately for a small portion of the skin of a notorious Danish pirate, who had been (presumably) flayed alive, taken from the Norman Church at Hadsstock; and about three years ago, attention was drawn in the House of Commons to the fact that the bones of some British soldiers, who fell in the first Afghan war, were about to be offered as "curios" in a London auction room!

Perhaps the most remarkable "lot" ever put up to auction was the Roman Empire. It was sold to the highest bidder in 193 and knocked down to Julian, after a keen competition with Sulpician, for 6250 drachmas. Put this by the way.

Whenever a great auk's egg is to be sold by auction, great interest prevails.

The last great auk died in 1847. A perfect egg, with a pedigree, has fetched no less a price than £300. There are supposed to be seventy-

two of these eggs in existence, and nearly all those that have been under the hammer have passed through the hands of Mr. J. C. Stevens, the well-known curio dealer and auctioneer of Covent Garden, some which fetched £50 at his rooms being now valued at 300 guineas—in fact Mr. Stevens' rooms are sometimes referred to as the "Great Auk Rooms." One specimen sold last March realized £210. During its chequered career it was once lost for twenty-five years.

Many are the romantic stories in connection with great auk's eggs. One interesting anecdote about them is related by Mr. Stevens.

A country lad attended a provincial sale and bought a box of miscellaneous articles for one pound sixteen shillings. At the bottom of the box were two large eggs, which the lad took to Mr. Stevens.

They turned out to be the famous auk's eggs and Mr. Stevens sold one, almost immediately, for 280 guineas while the other was disposed of later for 180 guineas.

It was Mr. Stevens, by the way, who sold the hat of the late President Kruger. Although very old and greasy, it went for the sum of twenty-six guineas, amid the satirical comments of the crowd. A buyer who was present inquired if it was hall-marked. "No," replied Mr. Stevens, "it is Paul-marked."

The hugle with which Trumpet-Major Joy, of the 17th Lancers,

sounded the order for the famous charge at the Battle of Balacava in the possession of Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, of Mornington Road, Regent's Park, who paid 750 guineas for it at one of Messrs. Debenham & Storr's auctions.

Joy was standing close behind Major Nodau when that officer was killed at the beginning of the charge. He himself survived it, and when he left the army the Duke at Cambridge gave him a post in the War Office, which he kept until he retired on account of his age, on a pension. He died in 1893. The hugle is a treble instrument of brass, with a powerful, yet sweet tone. It holds the place of honor in Mr. Middlebrook's interesting private museum, where many other rare curios are gathered together, including a superb collection of great auk's eggs, for which the owner has paid almost fabulous prices. The sum he gave for the first was 180 guineas. Since then he has purchased three more eggs for 280 guineas, 160 guineas and 300 guineas respectively, this last price breaking the record.

Two good stories were once told at the auctioneer's conference:

At a certain rummage sale in London, one of the lots put down by the clerk consisted of three silver cups which had been found in a cupboard. They had been overlooked by the representative of a well-known firm, and nobody attached any importance to them. Presently, however, a gentleman drove up to the auctioneer's office in a hansom, and said he would like to buy the cups. The auctioneer asked him how much he would give for them, and the reply was £300.

The auctioneer was staggered, but

quietly remarked, "I do not think my client will take that." Soon after he sent out for an expert who examined the cups and pronounced them to be silver chalices of the sixteenth century, offering to give £700 for them there and then, which was refused.

The cups were put up for sale and realised £1135. They had originally come out of a monastery in Spain, and two Catholic noblemen hid vigorously for them. Had the man who discovered their value only kept silent, he might have picked them up at the auction for a few pounds.

A London auctioneer was once asked to make a valuation for probate at Wimbledon. The estate belonged to an old lady of miserly habits and was expected to be valued at about £1,500. A careful search was made for any little parcels of stray jewelry and it met with its reward, for jewels to the amount of between £5,000 and £6,000 were found, including a string of pearls which had never been worn, and which was worth £4,700. Some of the jewels were found hidden in pieces of toast and other strange substances, and a good deal of the property was found in a loft over a stable. The old lady's personal jewelry, which she always wore, consisted of a set of Scotch pebbles. She alone had had access to two of her rooms for twenty years, and in them a magnificent collection of old silver was found.

Christie's are distinguished for their connection with the fine arts. From 1766 down to the present day the most celebrated connoisseurs have gathered in their rooms. The first Christie, who was painted by Gainsborough, knew most of the eminent men of his time. Garrick, Richard Wilson, and Gainsborough frequently

dined with him, and he was known as the "princely minded Christie." The original Chippendale rostrum and the ivory hammer which has sealed so often the fate of the Lares and Penates of good old families, are still in constant use at King street, St. James.

A romantic story hangs around the famous Portland vase, probably the most interesting lot ever sold at Christie's. A chance discovery led to its recovery from a grave where it had lain for hundreds of years. In the early part of the seventeenth century some workmen, digging on a hill near Rome, came upon a large vault containing a marble sarcophagus in which was a dark blue glass vase, about ten inches high, ornamented with figures in relief, of opaque white glass. The vase was full of ashes, but there was no inscription to show whose remains were deposited in the urn.

For a long time the vase stood in the library of the Barberini Palace in Rome; then the story goes that a Roman prince, the representative of the Barberini family, parted with it to pay her card-playing debts. The circumstances reached the ears of the Pope, who forbade the owner to remove the vase from Rome. Nevertheless it was smuggled out of the city, and sold to Sir William Hamilton, who sold it, in time, to the Duchess of Portland. The transaction was conducted with so much secrecy that even the Duchess' own family were kept in ignorance of it.

When the Duchess of Portland died, in 1786, the vase came under the hammer. The Duke of Portland and Josiah Wedgwood were both equally anxious to possess it, and when the Duke learnt that the potter wanted it for

copying purposes, he offered to lend it to him if he would not compete at the sale. This was agreed to, and the vase was knocked down to the Duke for £1,029.

In 1810 the vase was placed in the Portland museum, then Montague House, but another chapter was still to be added to its romance. A man named William Lloyd, who was recovering from a drunken bout, picked up a Babylonian stone and hurled it at the vase. There was a crash, and the exquisite gem of ancient art fell, shattered by a barbarous act of vandalism. The pieces were put together again, and the vase, which is estimated to be worth at least £10,000, can be seen to-day in the Gold Ornament Room of the British Museum. The cameo-like figures upon it represent the meeting of Peleus and Thetis in the presence of Poseidon and Eros.

Other famous vases were the three Rose du Barri Sevres specimens, found by the Earl of Coventry in a long disused room of his mansion. On being sent to Christie's they fetched £10,500 on June 12th, 1874, and were purchased by the Earl of Dudley.

A famous sale in auction annals was that of the Wynn Ellis collection in May, 1876, for at it the celebrated portrait of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough fetched 16,100 guineas.

A few days later London was petrifled with astonishment to learn that the picture had been stolen from the rooms of its purchaser, Mr. Agnew, of Old Bond Street, having been cut out of the frame during the night.

A reward of £1,000 was offered, and for many years police investigations went on, but without success.

The following year a portrait purporting to be "The original and fam-

ous portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," was exhibited, but found to be an impudent fraud. Other so-called originals have made their appearance from time to time, but only last year the picture itself made a dramatic reappearance in London.

It had, it seems, been stolen by Adam Worth, an American professional criminal, who has since died in England. The robbery was carried out under cover of a London fog, and was not undertaken for the purpose of making money, but to induce Mr. Agnew to go bail for one of Worth's burglar friends, who was under arrest in Paris.

The picture was nailed into the false bottom of a trunk and smuggled to America. The hue and cry prevented Worth from coming forward, but eventually, through the mediation of two men, named Pat Sheedy and Robert Pinkerton, the painting was restored to the Agnew family.

Mr. Agnew eventually sold it to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in whose possession it now remains, for the sum of £40,000.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the proud possessor of many of the costliest things in the world, and the following are some of his treasures, with the prices he paid for them:

Raphael's Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua.....	£100,000
Van Eyck's Gothic tapestry	100,000
Fragonard panels painted for Madame du Barri...	70,000
Four tapestries after Boucher	80,000
Gainborough's "stolen" Duchess	40,000
Guilman silver collection..	60,000
Mannheim collection of majolika	90,000

The Limoges Triptych, by Nadan Penicault.....	20,000
Garland porcelain collection	150,000
Landscape by Hobbema....	50,000

At the sale of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill, Anne Boleyn's clock, in silver gift, bearing the initials, "H.A." above a true-lover's knot with motto "The Most Happy," was sold. It was given to her by the King on the morning of the marriage, and, as Harrison Ainsworth truly said at the time of the auction, "This love token of enduring affection remains the same after three centuries; but four years after it was given the object of Henry's eternal love was sacrificed upon the scaffold. The clock still goes; it should have stopped for ever when Anne Boleyn died."

This relic was bought by the late Queen for £110.

A silver mounted rock crystal ewer was discovered by an expert among some old rubbish in the pantry at Beaudesert, and sold among the late Marquis of Anglesey's effects for 4,000 guineas.

It was only 6 1/2 in. high and was of English sixteenth century workmanship, although the design was obviously inspired by some masterpiece of Benvenuto Cellini. The spout was formed by a dragon and the exquisite chasing of the handle was certainly reminiscent of early Italian influence.

The highest price previously given for a piece of silver sold by auction was fetched by the famous Tudor cup in 1802, which realized £4,100 at the Dunn-Gardner sale, so the Anglesey ewer beat the record.

But the record has again been beaten lately by the famous rock crystal biberon—a drinking vessel

with a spout—which fetched £16,275 at Christie's in May.

An exciting duel for its possession took place between Mr. Duveen and Mr. Charles Wertheimer, the latter gaining the victory. Mr. John Gashatas, the owner, had placed a reserve of only 5,000 guineas on it, so the result must have been a pleasant surprise to him.

The famous rose-pink "Agra" diamond formed the last item in the recent sale of Messrs. Streeter & Co.'s stock of jewels at Christie's. Like most big diamonds it has a curious and romantic history. Nearly five hundred years ago it was proudly worn by the Sultan Beher, the founder of the Mogul Empire. In 1857 it was taken from the King of Delhi, and smuggled out of India by being placed in a horse-hall, which a horse was made to swallow. In due course it became well known in Europe, and it formed the subject of a case in the law courts in 1892. Finally it reposed in a wadding-lined box at Christie's under the admiring gaze of experts who had journeyed from all parts of the world, several Indian gentlemen being noticeable among them. A bid of £1,000 was made at once, and the gem was ultimately knocked down to Mr. Max Mayer for £5,100.

As the Agra weighed over thirty-one carats this was a relatively small price. The "Hope" blue diamond, for instance, is valued at £20,000 to £30,000, and the "Koh-i-noor" is supposed to be worth £129,000.

Does the old proverb about lucky spoons affect the value of old silver Apostle spoons? They are so keenly sought after that a collection of sixteen Early English Apostle spoons realized £1,035 at Christie's last February, and these were odd spoons—

a complete set brought close upon £5,000 in 1904. Certainly the owner would be "lucky" in possessing them, if only for their marketable value. The highest price ever fetched by a silver spoon was reached at the Dunn-Gardner sale, when one with the motto "St. Nicolas pray for us" engraved on it was sold for no less a sum than £890.

A curious object came under the hammer in Wellington Street in 1901. It was no other than a preserved fragment of a "Protestant Cheese," which was presented to H.R.H. the Duke of York by the inhabitants of the County Palatine of Chester, in gratitude for his able vindication of the Protestant Ascendancy in Parliament on April 25th, 1825.

It was the largest cheese ever made and weighed 149 pounds. The Duke gave a small portion of it to Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, and this fragment realized £1 14s. in the sale room.

Sotheby's does for books what Christie's does for pictures. At a recent sale of autographs and manuscripts of exceptional interest one of the items revived memories of one of the most romantic love stories in history—that of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. It was in the form of a letter from the gallant sailor to his "Enchantress," addressed to "Lady Hamilton, 23 Piccadilly, London," both contents and address being signed in full, which was unusual.

The letter ran:

Amazon, off Folkestone,
September 25th, 1801.

My Dearest Emma—

I got under sail this morning at daylight, intending to return to the Downs on Sunday or Monday, but

receiving a note from Dr. Baird of our dear Parker's being worse, and requesting me to stay a day or two longer, and as it is calm, so that I can neither get to the coast of France or to Dungeness, I am returning to the Downs. My heart, I assure you, is very low; last night I had flattered myself, I now have no hopes. I dare say Dr. Baird will write you a line, but we must bear up against these misfortunes. I have not had your letters to-day; they are my only comfort. Yesterday the Calais flat boats, &c., came out. Captain Russell chased them in again, but they can join at any time, as the season approaches when we cannot go on their coast. You must, my dear friend, forgive me, for I cannot write anything worth your reading, except that I am at all times, situations, and places—Years,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Lady Hamilton has certainly con-

tributed more than her share towards the romance of the auction room. From time to time one or another of Romney's beautiful portraits of her comes into the market and she has been portrayed upon china plates and many other objects. The highest price ever paid for a letter (over £1,000) was realized for one written to her by Lord Nelson.

A series of epistles from Charles Dickens to George Cattermole included in the same sale threw an interesting light on the method of illustrating Dickens' books, and showed how much the illustrations really owed to the novelist's own suggestions. Cattermole was the well-known water-color artist who contributed illustrations to "Barnaby Rudge" and other books by Dickens, and in corresponding with him Dickens' suggestions often amounted to word-pictures.

Who Are Christians?

THE OUTLOOK.

At this happy Christmas time—a time when the name of Christ is on every lip in Christendom—the question is a perfectly natural one. "Who has the right to the name Christian?" The writer of this brief editorial goes back to the Gospel of Christ and from it constructs a definition of a Christian, which is as satisfying as it is simple.

THE non-acceptance of the Unitarian delegates by the Conference now in session in New York City under the title of The Federation of Churches is rightly regarded by our contemporaries as raising a very vital and important question. Thus, both the "Congregationalist" and the "Christian Advocate" make it a text for the discussion of the question, Who have "the right to the name Christian?" If Christianity is a system of philo-

sophy and it is the function of the Church to teach that philosophy, then it is clear that those who hold that the doctrine of the Trinity is an essential part of that philosophy cannot consistently regard Unitarians as Christians, and cannot invite them to co-operate in teaching Christianity, and that Unitarians could not accept the invitation if it were given to them.

To know what Christianity is, and what the function of the Christian

Church, we have but to refer to the original documents, and fortunately they are accessible to every one.

Jesus Christ in his first reported sermon defined his mission. He came to Nazareth, his childhood home, went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath Day, went into the pulpit, and found and read the following passage from Isaiah:

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

He had come, he said, to fulfill this prophecy; this was his mission. A year or so later he appointed twelve apostles to take up the work which he could not complete without help, and this was the commission he gave to them:

As ye go, preach, saying, The Kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers; raise the dead; freely ye have received, freely give.

John the Baptist was in prison. He wished to know whether Jesus was the Messiah, and sent two of his disciples to inquire. And this was the answer Jesus gave them, this the evidence that he was the Christ:

Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

He died. After his resurrection he gave his disciples their future world mission:

As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit: whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.

His disciples took up this work and carried it on, and after half or three-quarters of a century of Christian work one of their number, the author of the Epistle to Titus, epitomized in the following terms the message which had been given to them.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed life and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

What is the function of the Christian Church? It is to teach us how to live; it is to bring us into Christ's school, and make us his pupils; it is to receive the spirit of Christ and continue Christ's work; it is to carry to men the glad tidings of sin forgiven and life bestowed; it is to teach us how to follow Christ: it is to prepare men for the coming of the kingdom of God—the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of spirit: it is to carry to its completion the work which Christ said he had come to initiate—to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring recovering of sight to the blind and liberty to the captives; it is living soberly, righteously, godly, hopefully; it is faith, hope, and love—the spirit of vision, of aspiration, of good will; it is loving men as Christ loved men;

it is carrying out in our lives the spirit of the apostles' teaching: "He laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Jesus Christ was not the founder of religion. Religion existed long before his time. He was not the founder of a special religion. Each special religion has its creed, its ritual, or its ecclesiastical organization—generally all three. One looks in vain in the four Gospels for either. Jesus Christ was a giver of life. "I am come," he said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." To take this life which he imparts—the life of faith that looks upon the things that are unseen and are eternal, the life of hope that sees in every to-day a better to-morrow and aspires toward it, the life of love that counts all experiences as opportunities for service—this is to be a Christian. To have his spirit, if not to have it then to desire it above all else, this is to be a follower of Jesus Christ. And the men and women who possess this spirit, and have handed themselves together to give it to others, are the Church of Christ. This spirit of life transcends all rituals, is greater than all definitions, overflows all Church orders and organizations. It is in the Roman Catholic Xavier and the Protestant Zinzendorf, the Arminian Wesley and the Calvinistic Whitefield and the

Quaker Fox; it sings in the Catholic "Lead, Kindly Light," and in the Calvinist "Rock of Ages," and in the Unitarian "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We believe in the historic faith of the Christian Church. We believe that for us men and for our salvation Christ came down to earth. We see in him the supremest manifestation of the Infinite Father. We bow before him as the Son of God, the express image of his Person, the brightness of his glory. We offer to him our heart's highest adoration, and count it all too poor an offering. But to believe this is not Christianity. Christianity is the spirit of Christ, the spirit of love, and service, and self-sacrifice. He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his. Orthodox definitions will not make him Christian. He that hath the spirit of Christ is Christ's. Unorthodox definitions will not prevent his being so. For ourselves, we will work with all who profess and call themselves Christians if they will work with us. We will work with any man who is trying to do Christ's work in Christ's spirit. We will gladly accord to him liberty to work in his own way; we will insist on our liberty to work in ours. And in this liberty of the spirit, not in any conformity in a common ritual or to a common creed, we will find the bond of our unity as we find the inspiration of our service.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newswriters the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: ::

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED

A portrait of Ellis Parker Butler, author of the now famous story "Pigs is Pigs," is one of the features of the December number. The romantic serial "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley, reaches its second installment. There is a pretty set of colored pictures depicting "The Child's Christmas," while in an article on "The Story of American Painting," several very beautiful examples of the work of American artists are reproduced. Two or three especially clever stories appear in this number, notably "Peter Potter: Business Privateer." The leading contents are:

The Mastery of the Earth, by W. S. Harwood, which outlines the wonderful achievements made by the workers in agricultural experimental stations.

Who Shall Own America? by Judge Peter S. Grosecup, which discusses the problem of the control of corporations.

Charles E. Hughes, by Ralph H. Graves, a short character sketch of the great lawyer who has been conducting the investigation into

the affairs of the big American insurance companies.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

Articles of an instructive and entertaining character appear in this periodical. The hall of fame for December is particularly good. From it may be selected the following:

A Successful Flying Aeroplane describes the experiments which have led to the invention of an airship supported by the upward air reaction on plane surfaces.

A Suite of Solid Silver Furniture. A description of the beautiful production of a Sheffield firm for an eastern potentate.

The Tobacco Industry of the United States. A short article on an important phase of American industry.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS

The Christmas number of this magazine is a handsome publication, containing some very effective color work. Special mention might be made of the artistic work in connection with a poem, "The Princess of the Tower," by Bliss Carman, and the reproductions of four paintings by

Robert Reid in colors. The serial story "In Cure of Her Soul," by F. J. Stinson, increases in interest. The leading contents are:

Montmartre, by Alvan F. Sanborn, which describes a section of Paris little known from its artistic and literary standpoint to the average tourist.

The Work of Robert Reid, by Royal Cortissoz—giving some account of the artistic attainments of an American artist.

Algiers in Transition. An illustrated description of a city where orient and occident join hands.

Taormina the Beautiful. Some account of one of the most beautiful places in the world, situated in Sicily and daily becoming a more fashionable tourist centre.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

No special attention is paid to Christmas in the Atlantic Monthly, which continues the even tenor of its way. There is, to be sure, a Christmas essay by E. S. Martin on "Riches," which is well worth reading, but apart from this the contents are of a general character. There is a clever paper on Sir Henry Irving in this number and one or two excellent short stories, besides the following:

Is the Theatre Worth While? A thoughtful discussion on the problem as to whether the theatre art is to continue to survive as a commercial undertaking or as a real art.

Woman Suffrage in the Tenements. Some personal experiences of the writer as she sought to secure opinions among the women of the tenements.

German Ideals of To-Day. An explanation of how social justice and social efficiency dominate the desires of Germans to-day.

BROADWAY.

The Broadway always has an interesting table of contents, which have the merit of being short and to the point. In the December number are to be found articles on "Fortune Telling with Cards," "The Stage and its People," "Guying and Guys on the Stage," and "The Chorister Boy as He Is." There are several short stories and a plentiful supply of illustrations. The following articles are of special interest:

North Poleward. An account of the exploration tour last Summer on board the steamer "Miranda."

The Reformation of Manhattan's Bad Boy. A description of the manual training work done by boys at the State House of Refuge.

Modern Education of Children, by George Bernard Shaw. Some of the exaggerated views of the famous playwright.

CANADIAN.

One of the most interesting features of the Canadian Magazine for December, is a series of eight views of "The Harbors of Canada." These include Victoria, Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie, Depot Harbour, Toronto, Montreal, St. John and Halifax. In the series of Canadian celebrities, Jean Graham writes a short sketch of the poet, William Wilfrid Campbell. A paper on the work of Andrea Del Sarto, with illustrations of his work, occupies first position. Readers will find the following articles of special interest:

Canada After Twenty Years, by Sir Gilbert Parker. An interesting comparison, showing how a national Canada has sprung into being.

The Lure of the Better West, by Aubrey Fullerton. An account of immigration from the United States into Western Canada, accompanied by some interesting photographs.

CASSIER'S MAGAZINE.

The contents of Cassier's always have a practical and instructive turn, that makes this magazine very helpful to the busy man. In the December issue the following articles appear:

A New Type of Ocean Steamship. A detailed illustrated description of the new Hamburg-American liner "Amerika," which recently crossed the ocean for the first time.

Industrial Smoke and its Prevention discusses the problem of smoke prevention from the historical standpoint.

Pipe-Line Power in Niagara Gorge shows what could be done with the Niagara rapids in the way of developing power.

Dredging and Dredging Appliances is a long and elaborately illustrated article on a subject which commands much attention in this day of improved water communication.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Four excellent novelettes are added to the December number of Chambers's Journal, as a Christmas treat for readers. The regular section of the magazine is, as usual, full of good matter, most of which is instructive and all of it entertaining. The following articles will be found of special interest:

The Repairs of Life, by Dr. Andrew Wilson. This tells how nature sets to work to restore the human body to a normal condition whenever wounds or injuries have been inflicted upon it.

Millionaires' Hotels of New York.

The mammoth hotels of New York, with all their magnificent and luxurious appointments are here described, as they strike visitors from the Old Country.

Rejected by the Publishers. Interesting instances are given where famous books have been refused by publishers, showing that the judgment of these personages is not always infallible.

Wanted: A Christmas Grocer. This is a quaint essay, in which the virtues of the old-time grocer, with his genial manner and his generous gifts, are extolled.

CORNHILL.

One of the oddities of the December Cornhill is an article on the "Battle of Austerlitz," written by a French officer and published in the original French. The serial story at present running through the Cornhill is "Sir John Constantine," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Special mention might be made of a short story "The White Woodcock" appearing in this number. Of the other contents mention might be made of:

Reminiscences of a Diplomatist,—the third in a series, giving some account of affairs in St. Petersburg before the Crimean War.

The Christmas Book, by Joseph Shaylor. A paper tracing the origin and increasing popularity of Christmas editions and annuals.

The Fascination of Orchids, by Frederick Boyle. Something about one of the most wonderful flower creations in the world.

COSMOPOLITAN.

A notable serial begins in the December Cosmopolitan, one of H. G. Wells, fantastic prophecies of things to be, entitled "In the Days of the Comet." There is a beautiful essay

on "The Poetry of Jesus," by Edwin Markham, who wrote "the Man With the Hoe." Of fiction there is good store, mainly of the light love story style. The illustrations are numerous and some novel effects have been introduced. Particular attention is directed to:

Christmas With the Roosevelts in 1765. An illustrated account of how the progenitors of the President of the United States spent Christmas long ago.

Burdens Borne by Women. A description of some of the tasks performed by women in various parts of the world.

Story of Paul Jones, by Alfred Henry Lewis, continues the graphic account of the career of the famous sea captain begun in an earlier number.

Art for Business Sake, by David Belasco. A paper by the great dramatic critic on some phases of the commercialization of the stage.

EVERYBODY'S.

"The Spoilers," a serial by a new author, begins in this number, as also the first chapters of an account of economic conditions in the Old World by Charles E. Russell, called "Soldiers of the Common Good." "Frenzied Finance," by Thomas W. Lawson, still continues its course. There are a number of stories and the usual supply of illustrations.

McCLURE'S.

McClure's December number contains three or four good stories, notably a fantastic sketch by Jack London, called "Love of Life." Part second of Carl Schurz' "Reminiscences of a Long Life," appears in this number. This is one of the best

things McClure's has had for some time. Among the other contents are:

Folk, by William Allen White, a character sketch with portrait of the youthful Governor of Missouri.

Railroad Rebates, by Ray Stannard Baker, a further discussion of a subject which is agitating Americans at present.

METROPOLITAN.

"Shakespeare's Heroines," color drawings by Henry Hutt, of Rosalind, Ophelia and Juliet, are features of the Christmas Metropolitan. There are also some beautiful color illustrations accompanying an article on "Kairwan the Holy." "Pugilism and the Drama" tells of prize fighters who have gone in for acting. The remaining contents are mainly in the line of fiction.

PALL MALL.

Some appropriate Christmas fiction appears in the December number, redolent of the old romantic days. One of the best stories is "My Lady's Ring," by H. B. Marriott-Watson. "The House of the Evil Hour," by Sidney Pickering, is another of a like character. "The Message of Christmas," by the Bishop of Ripon is an illustrated paper on five parables of Christ. The fourth story in the series of "Trials of Commander Mc-Turk," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, appears, as also the final installment of "Kippes," the serial by H. G. Wells. Among the heavier contents are:

Sovereigns I Have Sung to, being reminiscences of Madame Sembrich, who has had the good fortune to be listened to many times by royalty in all parts of Europe.

The Picture of the Year. An inter-

view with the Hon. John Collier. This is accompanied by a half dozen reproductions of famous contemporary paintings.

London at Prayer, by Charles Morley, continuing a series and describing the singing of the Christmas carols at the Foundling on Guildford Street.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The Christmas number of the Pacific has been enriched with several very fine photos of natural scenery that delight the eye. There is an interview with the cartoonist, Homer Davenport, a number of short stories and

Driving the Iron Stallion Down to Drink, by Frank Ira White, discusses railroad construction to the Pacific Coast.

The Coming Supremacy of the Pacific, by Wolf Von Schierbrand, is the fifth in a series, and describes more particularly the influences of irrigation and immigration on western life.

A Mecca for Astronomers tells of the solar observatory on Mount Wilson in the Sierra Madres of Southern California.

PEARSON'S (American).

The December number is given over almost entirely to fiction, which will be found of a wide and varied interest. The articles of reminiscence by Albert Bigelow Paine, in this number, deal with the second attempt to relieve Fort Sumter. "Joseph, Chief of the Nez Percés," describes an interesting Indian character.

When the President is "At Home," gives a picture of the scene and ceremonies at the White House when the President receives.

The Greatest Standing Army in the

World, shows how the school children of the United States outnumber every standing army in the world.

PEARSON'S (English).

The double Christmas number of Pearson's with its thirty-two pages in color, is a splendid production. First there is a beautifully illustrated article on "Autumn and Winter in Art," by Rudolph de Cordova. This is followed by "Types of Terriers and Toys," also well illustrated. There are quite a number of excellent stories and articles, of which the following are of particular interest:

Famous Rascals, by Harry Furniss, telling anecdotes of Jerrold, Brookfield, Garrick, Bernard, Gilbert, Mark Twain, etc.

Queer Loads—an account of some extraordinary loads that have been carried on railroad trains.

SCRIBNER'S.

Fiction is the predominant note in the Christmas number of Scribner's. One of the best stories is "Captain Arendt's Choice," a modern nautical yarn. "The Man who Studied Continual" is a fantastic conception, but amusing at the same time. Richard Harding Davis contributes a story, entitled "The Spy," and there is a serial story by F. Hopkinson Smith. An illustrated paper on the work of the artist Holbein is also to be found in this number.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

The Christmas Success Magazine has much of live interest in its contents. Four stories and a number of good articles make up a bill of fare, that is bound to please. "The Art

of Christmas Giving," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and "Success with a Flew," by Orison Swett Marden, are two essays of special interest. Among longer articles are:

Turning Children into Dollars, which tells how the sweat shops are grinding hope, ambition and even life out of little toilers.

The Romance of News Gathering, which describes how the newspapers get their material and tells about some of the big scoops that have been secured.

Money-Making at Home, which gives some schemes by which women can make money at home.

SYSTEM.

Several notable articles are to be found in December System that merit careful reading. "The Organization of a Retail Store," for instance, is a most helpful paper on how the work of a retail store should be departmentalized. In the series, "How the Articles of Commerce are Made," the subject of "Twine" is taken up and the whole process of its manufacture illustrated in a set of nine pictures. Some half dozen articles give descriptions of business systems, with accompanying charts. Among the more important contributions may be mentioned:

Building a Business Machine—showing the necessity for a thorough coordination of interests among the individuals of a business house.

Wholesaling by Mail. A description of how the greatest wholesale business in the world was developed on this idea.

The Automobile in Business tells of the development of the motor car from a mere pleasure giver to a business utility.

The Parasites of Foreign Business. Some account of fake export associations, with their methods and how they may be counteracted.

How to Run a Mine Economically. The story of a mine manager who built up a group of losing mines into a property worth half a million dollars.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

Though its name might imply dry and learned contents, the Technical World is not so heavy as one might suppose. In fact much bright, readable matter of general interest appears in its pages from month to month. Take the following articles as examples:

Story of the Iron Industry, tracing the various processes which follow the digging of iron ore from the Lake Superior mines until it is turned into pig iron—profusely illustrated.

Anti-Auto Riots of 1830, tells of the efforts made to keep the first steam railways from doing business.

The Grand Canal of China, describes one of the most famous canals in the world.

THE ARENA.

The special feature of the Arena's December issue is "The Coal Trust of Colorado," designated an amazing revelation, by Hon. J. Warner Mills. The work of the cartoonist John L. De Mar is given some attention by B. O. Flower, and several of his best cartoons are reproduced. An excellent full-page portrait of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and a portrait of Count Tolstoi are features. From the literary contents the following may be selected:

Uncle Sam's Romance with Science and Soil. A description of the wonderful progress that has been

made of late years in scientific agriculture.

Economics of Moose. An interesting paper on the Moose law relating to land and tools, which is the basis of all economics.

The Reign of Graft in Milwaukee. A short and concise account of political corruption in Milwaukee.

THE CENTURY.

Some extremely fine color work is to be found in the Century's Christmas number. To illustrate a short poem, "A Christmas Hymn," an eight-page section on heavy coated stock has been used. The designing and coloring of the section are very fine. The principal feature of the literary contents of the number is the opening installment of "Lincoln the Lawyer," a study by Frederick Trevor Hill. There is also to be found the second part of Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial "Fenwick's Career." Other interesting contents are:

An Intimate Study of the Pelican. An illustrated article, descriptive of the extraordinary bird that inhabits the southern seas.

Historic Palaces of Paris. A description, with many handsome illustrations of the Hotel de Crillon, which has the most unique location in the world.

The Russian Players in New York. Some account of the Russian plays and the players who have been performing them on the New York stage.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE.

As usual, the Grand Magazine is full of articles of timely interest, covering a wide range of subjects. The absence of illustrations permits of a more extensive bill of fare than is given by the Illustrated Magazine.

In the series of "Best Stories of Leading Writers," one of Arthur Morrison's tales is published. There is a symposium of opinions by colonial authorities on emigration, in which Mr. Thomas Southworth, Ontario colonization officer, takes part for Canada. The articles of immediate interest to business men are:

How Bargain-Hunters are Swindled, dealing with the abuse of legitimate advertising methods by manipulators.

Work Done in Sleep, telling how intellectual feats have been accomplished during sleep which during waking hours proved impossible.

Should Women Wear Corsets? is discussed by two leading London physicians, who take opposite sides of the question.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A valuable commentary on British Russian relations on the Afghanistan border is supplied in a paper by Sir Charles Dilke, which is the most important feature of the December number. "The Anglo-French Agreement and What it May Lead to" is treated in an interesting manner by Sir Harry Johnston. "Underground Jacobitism" and "Forbidden Marriages" are two unusual articles. There are the opening chapters of a new serial "A Face of Clay," by Horace Vachell. Two specially strong articles are:

Public School Education. A condemnation of the existing traditional system of grinding knowledge into unwilling and uninterested pupils.

The Unemployed and the Unemployed Workmen Act, by Sir Arthur Clay. A review of that Act of 1905, showing wherein it will relieve the distress of the unemployed.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"The Progress of the World," with its accompanying illustrations, the cartoons of the month and the "Leading Articles of the Month," alone would make the Review of Reviews a valuable publication. But in addition the reader is given a number of special articles, which are always of timely interest. "The Russian Situation" and "The New King of Norway," are articles of political significance. "A German-American University Alliance" and "The University of Texas" are of educational interest. "What do our Church Buildings Express?" and "Foreign Conductors of this Season's Music," are illustrated articles that appeal to two different classes of people. To the business man the following articles will be found of interest:

America in Foreign Trade, discussing American trade with the Orient and with South America, with detailed statistics.

The Americanization of Mexico, showing how American capital and American influences are changing the character of Mexican life.

THE WORLD TO-DAY.

An excellent portrait of Premier Seddon of New Zealand appears as the frontispiece of the December number, accompanying an article on labor conditions in that colony. One of the most interesting of several contributions is "The Swedish-American," which is practically a character sketch of one of the best of American settlers. It is illustrated with portraits of Swedes who have won distinction in the United States. An instructive article discusses "The Aus-

tro-Hungarian Crisis." Of more particular interest to business men are:

The Responsibility of Insurance Officials. This article shows how far-reaching are the interests of insurance companies and how necessary it is that they should be well managed.

Americanizing the Japanese, by W. S. Harwood, gives an interesting picture of how American influences are telling on the Japs, who live in the Western States.

The Land Without Strikes supplies reasons why New Zealand is so prosperous, quoting the opinions of Premier Seddon.

Orchards in the Desert. A description of the wonderful apple orchards of New Mexico, produced by irrigation.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Illustrations are always a strong feature of the World's Work and the business man finds much to interest him even in a casual glance through its pages. The December number has some strong features. Of passing interest are "Gun and Camera in African Wilds," "Frederick MacMonnies, Sculptor," and "Full-Page Literary Portraits," while the following will be found instructive:

Venezuela and the Problem it Presents. A lengthy account of the political situation in Venezuela, a country plundered into weary acquiescence by its pompous dictator.

The Story of Henry B. Hyde, the man who founded the Equitable Assurance Society and through whose energy the colossal growth of life insurance has been brought about.

The Children Who Toil. A detailed account of some of the evils surrounding child labor, showing the proper light in which the problem should be viewed.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



Last month a number of novels, having business subjects at their themes, were referred to in this department. This month the scope of the department has been broadened and consideration has been given to a general range of fiction.

The Fall season has been prolific of good fiction. Nearly all the popular novelists are represented on the lists and many new writers have been brought to the front. Canadian authors, especially those who write about animals and nature, have produced some notable books.

Owing to the fact that this is the holiday season, attention has been limited to fiction almost entirely. Next month it is our hope to devote space to a number of books on business subjects, of which several excellent publications have recently been placed on the market.

SOME POPULAR NOVELS.

The Work of Our Hands. By Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Kenays. Toronto: The Mussen Book Co., Limited. Cloth, \$1.50.

Stories in which the struggles of capital and labor are detailed strike a popular note at the present time.

It is natural that they should do so, because these struggles to-day hulk largely in the public eye. Unlike the majority of labor novels, this story moves in an ethical rather than a practical plane. It traces the change in the mental attitude of the beautiful young wife of a millionaire mill-owner, and describes the combat which ensues between husband and wife. Gradually the author works her story up to a strong climax. The wife holds firmly to her position, defending the rights of the workers and maintaining the responsibility of the rich. Her philanthropy reaches an extreme, and a rupture between husband and wife is threatened. The outcome is as striking as it is unexpected.

Squire Phin, by Holman F. Day, New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

In this, his first long story, Mr. Day has transferred to paper a picture of village life as it appears down east in the State of Maine with the skillful touch of one thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He is a close observer of the characteristics of the people who live in his book, some of whom are irresistibly funny.

Squire Phin, a clever lawyer and philanthropist, is the hero whose love story and courtship are quite unique, while Aquarius Wharf, the weather prophet, the loungers with queer names about Ass Brickett's store, and best of all, Hime Fook, the show-man, furnish the comic element.

Lodgings in Town, by Arthur Henry. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50.

To those who have read the earlier work of this author, "The House in the Wood" and "An Island Cabin," this new book will be welcome, as giving a glimpse into the earlier life of the author, before he gave up life in the city for country life. He describes the various phases of modern city existence with a vivid pen and makes even the commonplace romantic. The illustrations are from photographs of New York City.

Yolanda, by Charles Major. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Cloth. \$1.50.

A very pretty and pleasing romance is this latest production of the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower." The scene is laid in the Burgundy of Charles the Bold, whose only daughter Mary is the heroine. She is well portrayed by Mr. Major, and is undoubtedly one of the most charming heroines of the season. The author has also been most happy in his portrayal of the hero, who is heir to the Duchy of Styria.

The Road-Builders, by Samuel Merwin. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. \$1.50.

The difficulties and dangers of railway construction in overcoming the forces of nature, in ruling large bodies of undisciplined men and in opposing the hostility of wild Indians and rival capitalists are all vividly set forth in this book. In Paul Car-

hart, the hero, the finest qualities of manhood are displayed. A skillful engineer, a horn leader and strategist and withal a tender and lovable man, one follows with interest the story of his struggles and successes. A book that enlists one's sympathies without the aid of a love story.

The Deluge, by David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

This is unquestionably Phillips' strongest work. He has made his picture of modern American life most convincing. The glimpse we are given behind the scenes in Wall Street is a memorable one. Financial methods are disclosed with a merciless band, and the mask is ruthlessly torn from the faces of the great manipulators. Withal there is an interesting love story interwoven.

The Grapple, by Grace MacGowan Cooke. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. \$1.50.

A story which has for its theme the much discussed question of "Labor versus Capital." The writer treats of trade unions and what they have effected in bettering the condition of the working man; of strikes and their industrial world, and advocates arbitration as a means of adjusting differences. The plot is simple. The love story of Mark Strong furnishes a touch of pathos, and Captain McIntock's funny stories brighten the pages of this very readable book.

Fair Margaret, by F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. \$1.50.

A story of theatrical life, the leading lady being Margaret Donne, a young English girl endowed with musical gifts amounting to genius. She is somewhat under the influence of a wily Greek, and is rescued from a dangerous situation by her lover,

Tushington, and his mother, a wilful prima donna. The denouement is reserved for another book, thus leaving the reader in a state of expectant curiosity.

The Memoirs of an American Citizen, by Robert Herrick. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. \$1.50.

These memoirs trace the evolution of an American citizen along commercial lines. A youth with brains, will-power and opportunity fights his way in the business world from the lowest to the topmost rung of the ladder. Cool, clear-headed, cynical, with an elastic code of morals suited to his occasion, Van Harrington tramples upon everything and everyone that stands in the way of success. He wins what he seeks, money and power, and becomes that finished product of the American social system—a senator. A strong and vigorous book.

The Black Spaniel and Other Stories, by Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

In this collection of short stories, as in his "Garden of Allah," there is abundant evidence that Mr. Hichens is no mere story-teller, nor does he much concern himself with the creation of individual character. The deep mysteries of nature and human nature are his theme. In the "Black Spaniel" the dual nature in man, the correspondences and antagonisms that exist between men, the relation of the human to the brute creation, and a metempsychosis upon which that relation is based, are the materials out of which a weird and tragic tale is woven. "The Mysteries of the Desert" form the staple of the remaining short tales.

Hearts and Masks, by Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

A charming romance, short, brisk and compelling. The story centres about two self-invited guests to a masked ball at a country club near New York. How they became unwittingly mixed up with a daring robbery, and how they escaped provides one interest of the book, while the other interest is afforded by the love element, which enters into their relations. The illustrations are numerous and beautifully executed.

Jules of the Great Heart, by Lawrence Mott. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. \$1.50.

A tale of the northern wilds. Nature as she reveals herself in some of her sterner moods of storm and stress is well interpreted. The hero, Jules Verbeaux, is an untamed trapper and free trader of the noble type of manhood. The simple tale of his strenuous life and adventures appeals to the sympathy of those who love what is genuine and true. The colloquial portions of the book are in the mixed jargon of the half-breeds, acquired by contact with the trading fur companies.

The House of a Thousand Candles, by Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

A medieval romance in a twentieth century setting is the singular theme of this absorbing story. A huge mysterious country house in Indiana, with many a secret passage, a buried treasure estimated in the millions, and a relentless hunt for this treasure furnish material for as exciting a yarn as has been written this year. The characters all play their parts well, and the denouement is as happy as it is unexpected.

A Maker of History, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. \$1.25.

A clever story which maintains its

thrilling interest till the final chapter. Guy Poynton accidentally becomes possessor of a paper containing part of a State secret, and the efforts of detectives and foreign spies to regain the paper furnish both Guy and his sister with many astonishing and unexpected adventures. A rather unusual trend of a love story runs throughout the book.

White Fire, by John Oxenham. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Limited. \$1.50.

A missionary story of the South Sea Islands full of romance and adventure. Kenneth Blair and his young wife, filled with a fine enthusiasm devote their lives to reclaiming the savage cannibals of the Pacific by bringing them under the influence of the gospel and instructing them in the arts of civilized life. His Christianity is of that muscular type which has no scruples in making use of Winchester and Maxims to protect his little community against unprincipled traders.

The Ballingtons, by Francis Squire. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A striking and original book. The ever-recurring problem of the liberty of the individual in the marital relation is handled with skill and deep insight into the ethical and spiritual questions involved. The theories of the writer are exemplified in the lives of two married couples. Frederick Ballington, armed with the power of the purse, seeks by a system of repression to destroy the individuality of his wife, Beatrice Sidney, the inheritor of immense wealth, tries to attain the same end by a lavish bestowal of her possessions on her young husband. In both cases the results are disastrous, because high ideals and spiritual aspirations prove stronger than mere selfish interests.

The Conquest of Canaan, by Booth Tarkington. Toronto: Poole Pub.

lishing Company, Limited. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

In this latest story by the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," the main interest centres about two characters, Joe Loudon and Ariel Tabor. As depicted first in their youth, Joe is the scapegrace of Canaan, while Ariel is a poor, despoiled little girl. After a lapse of years Joe returns and starts the practice of law. Hampered by his earlier bad name, he begins the conquest of Canaan as a weapon of warfare in Canaan. His final success is won with the assistance of Ariel, who had inherited a fortune and had grown into a beautiful young woman. On this groundwork Mr. Tarkington has built up a strong, convincing story with a deep, human interest.

TWO HANDBOOKS.

Choosing a Career, by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, illustrated.

This important volume discusses in a sane and logical manner one of the most momentous questions that can ever face a young man or maiden. The choice of a life-work, like the choice of a good many other things in life, is frequently made in a careless and hurried manner. Few give it the thought that it deserves, and very few indeed make adequate preparation for it. This is very often the fault of parents, who should direct the studies and aspirations of their children into the proper channels. To parent and child alike this book on "Choosing a Career" will be found very helpful. The first half deals with the theoretical side of the question: the second half with the practical side. Here are to be found the expert opinions of bankers, lawyers, railroad presidents, manufacturers, editors, printers, stenographers, artists, nurses, physicians—each a person of distinction in his own line.

Interspersed through the book are handsome photogravures of eminent business and professional men.

Everyday Etiquette. By Marion Harland. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, \$1.00 net. Postage Prepaid.

Though strictly speaking not a book of immediate interest to the business man, this volume will be found useful to many persons who have doubts as to the proper thing to do under given circumstances. No busy man lives who does not come into contact with the conventions,

either in business or socially. To all such this book offers a convenient means of learning the correct habits of everyday life. The book is divided into chapters, each treating of a single subject. Attention is naturally paid to such momentous themes as receptions, dinners and weddings, but there are also chapters on home economics, letter writing, and many other subjects of a lesser importance. The authoress writes in a pleasing and sympathetic strain, realizing that she is addressing people who want to learn.



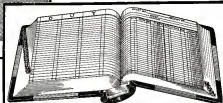
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